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CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME I.

EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM & ROBERT CHAMBERS.
1852.

270. g. 551.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
OLD AND NEW TRAVELLING,	1
EXCURSION TO THE GREAT ST BERNARD,	11
TAM O' THE COWGATE,	27
TALE OF THE SCOTTISH REBELLION,	38
JACQUES CALLOT,	55
STEAM—(VERSES)	83
BEGGING IN THE OLDEN TIME,	85
LEOPOLD OF BRUNSWICK AND HIS WRITING-MASTER,	96
CURIOUS DETECTION OF A MURDERER,	104
A CONCEIT—(VERSES)	108
AMERICAN PASSENGER PIGEONS,	109
STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION,	117
NIGHT ADVENTURE IN EGYPT,	130
BOGLE OF THE BROKEN,	133
SURRENDER OF CALCUTTA,	141
WANTS A PLACE—(VERSES)	148
GOSSIP ABOUT ANIMALS,	150
THE EMIGRANT GOLD-DIGGER,	161
THE RAILWAY TRAIN—(VERSES)	169
ISMAEL: AN EGYPTIAN STORY,	170

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

OLD AND NEW TRAVELLING.

THIS little book is probably in the hands of a person who is carried along by railway at the rate of thirty to forty miles an hour; if by the Great Western Railway, the speed is most likely beyond this ordinary limit. Now we all know that any such marvellously-quick travelling is quite of recent date. Every man in middle-life has a vivid remembrance of the times when eight miles an hour by a stage-coach were considered a very fair thing, and so much as ten miles altogether a wonder. And so were either eight or ten miles an astonishing rapidity in comparison with the slow method of travelling that prevailed in the days of our grandfathers. Let us, while going along almost at the velocity of a whirlwind, recall a few curious particulars of travelling in the olden time.

The modes of travelling and conveyance generally were of a comparatively rude and primitive kind in Britain till the latter part of the seventeenth century; and anything like comfortable and quick travelling cannot be said to have been known till a century later, when mail-coaching was introduced. In old times, people of a humble

rank travelled only on foot, and those of a higher station on horseback. Noblemen and gentlemen, as much for ostentation as use, kept running footmen—a class of servants active in limb, who ran before them on a journey, or went upon errands of special import. The pedestrian powers of these footmen were often surprising. For instance, in the Duke of Lauderdale's house at Thirlstane, near Lauder, on the table-cloth being one morning laid for a large dinner-party, it was discovered that there was a deficiency of silver spoons. Instantly the footman was sent off to the duke's other seat of Lethington, near Haddington, fully seventeen miles off, and across hills and moors, for a supply of the necessary articles. He returned with a bundle of spoons in time for dinner. Again—at Hume Castle, in Berwickshire, the Earl of Home had one night given his footman a commission to proceed to Edinburgh—thirty-five miles off—in order to deliver a message of high political consequence. Next morning early, when his lordship entered the hall, he saw the man sleeping on a bench, and conceiving that he had neglected his duty, was about to commit some rash act, when the poor fellow awoke, and informed Lord Home that his commission had been executed, and that, having returned before his lordship was stirring, he had only taken leave to rest himself a little. The earl, equally astonished and gratified by the activity of his faithful vassal, rewarded him with a little piece of ground, which to this day bears the name of the *Post Rig*—a term equivalent to the postman's field, and an unquestionable proof, as all the villagers at Hume devoutly believe, of the truth of the anecdote. The custom of keeping a running footman did not cease amongst noble families in Scotland till the middle of the last century. The Earl of March, father to the late Duke of Queensberry, and who lived at Neidpath Castle near Peebles, had one named John Mann, who used to run in front of the carriage with a long staff. In the head of the staff there was a recess for a hard-boiled egg, such being the only food taken by Mann during a long journey.

When the matter of communication was of particular

importance, or required to be despatched to a considerable distance, horsemen were employed; and these, by means of relays of fresh animals and great toil of body, would proceed journeys of some hundreds of miles to accomplish what would now be much better done by a post-letter. Some journeys performed on horseback in former days would be considered wonderful even in modern times with good roads. Queen Elizabeth died at one o'clock of the morning of Thursday the 24th of March 1603. Between nine and ten Sir Robert Carey left London, after having been up all night, for the purpose of conveying the intelligence to her successor, James, at Edinburgh. That night he rode to Doncaster, 155 miles. Next night he reached Witherington, near Morpeth. Early on Saturday morning he proceeded by Norham across the Border; and that evening, at no late hour, kneeled beside the king's bed at Holyrood, and saluted him as King of England, France, and Ireland. He had thus travelled 400 miles in three days, resting during the two intermediate nights. But it must not be supposed that speed like this was attained on all occasions. At the commencement of the religious troubles in the reign of Charles I., when matters of the utmost importance were debated between the king and his northern subjects, it uniformly appears that a communication from Edinburgh to London, however pressing might be the occasion, was not answered in less than a fortnight. The crowds of nobles, clergymen, gentlemen, and burghers who at that time assembled in Edinburgh to concert measures for opposing the designs of the court, always dispersed back to their homes after despatching a message to King Charles, and assembled again a fortnight thereafter, in order to receive the reply and take such measures as it might call for. Even till the last century was pretty far advanced, the ordinary riding-post between London and Edinburgh regularly took a week to the journey.

In consequence of the inattention of our ancestors to roads, and the wretched state in which these were usually kept, it was long before coaching of any kind

came much into fashion. Though wheeled vehicles of various kinds were in use among the ancients, the close carriage or coach is of modern invention. The word *coach* is Hungarian, and the vehicle itself is supposed to have originated in Hungary. Germany certainly appears to have taken the precedence of the nations of Western Europe in using coaches. They were introduced thence into England some time in the sixteenth century, but were, after all, so little in vogue throughout the whole reign of Elizabeth, that there is no trace of her having ever used one. Lord Grey de Wilton, who died in 1593, introduced a coach into Ireland, the first ever used in that country. One was introduced into Scotland about the year 1571. The Duke of Buckingham, in 1619, first used a coach with six horses—a piece of pomp which the Duke of Northumberland thought proper to ridicule by setting up one with eight. Charles I. was the first British sovereign who had a state-carriage. Although Henri IV. was killed in a coach—the only one, by the way, he possessed—his ordinary way of appearing in the streets of Paris was on horseback, with a large cloak strapped on behind, to be used in case of rain. It is very curious to find that the same sort of complaints now made by persons interested in coaching respecting the introduction of steam-locomotives, were made when coaches were introduced.

In a pamphlet called the 'Grand Concern of England explained,' published in 1673, the writer very gravely attempts to make out that the introduction of coaches was ruining the trade of England. The following is an example of his mode of reasoning:—'Before the coaches were set up, travellers rode on horseback, and men had boots, spurs, saddles, bridles, saddle-cloths, and good riding-suits, coats and cloaks, stockings and hats, whereby the wool and leather of the kingdom were consumed. Besides, most gentlemen when they travelled on horseback used to ride with swords, belts, pistols, holsters, portmanteaus, and hat-cases, which in these coaches they have little or no occasion for. For when they rode on

horseback they rode in one suit, and carried another to wear when they came to their journey's end, or lay by the way; but in coaches they ride in a silk suit, with an Indian gown, with a sash, silk stockings, and the beaver hats men ride in, and carry no other with them. This is because they escape the wet and dirt which on horseback they cannot avoid; whereas in two or three journeys on horseback, these clothes and hats were wont to be spoiled; which done, they were forced to have new very often, and that increased the consumption of manufacture. If they were women that travelled, they used to have safeguards and hoods, side-saddles and pillions, with strappings, saddle or pillion cloths, which, for the most part, were laced and embroidered; to the making of which there went many several trades, now ruined.' But the writer has other reasons to urge against coach-travelling. 'Those who travel in this manner,' he observes, 'become weary and listless when they ride a few miles, unwilling to get on horseback, and unable to endure frost, snow, or rain, or to lodge in the fields.' Besides, he asks, 'what advantage it can be to a man's health to be called out of bed into these coaches an hour or two before day in the morning—to be hurried in them from place to place till one, two, or three hours within night; insomuch that, after sitting all day, in the summer-time, stifled with heat and choked with dust—or in the winter-time, starving or freezing with cold, or choked with filthy fogs, they are often brought into their inns by torchlight, when it is too late to sit up to get supper, and next morning they are forced into the coach so early that they can get no breakfast!' These somewhat amusing remonstrances against coach-travelling, which, bad as it was, had the merit of being an advance on what preceded it, ought to afford a caution to the general opponents of improvement. Arguments of a similar nature are now used in reference to almost every proposed melioration in our social condition, and will doubtless, in a century hence, be quoted for their short-sighted folly, though at present meeting with countenance from a large class in the community.

Notwithstanding the introduction of stage-coaches in the seventeenth century, they were placed only on the principal roads, and used almost exclusively by persons of refined taste and wealth. The popular mode of conveyance continued for at least a century afterwards to be by stage-wagons; these were very large and cumbersome machines, drawn by six or eight horses, and devoted chiefly to the carriage of goods to and from the metropolis. The only part of the vehicle which afforded accommodation to passengers was the 'tail' of the wagon, as it was called—a reserved space with a hooped-up cover at the hinder part of the machine; and here, sitting upon straw as they best could, some half-dozen passengers were slowly convèyed on their journey. The chance attacks of highwaymen and other incidents which occurred to the occupants of the wagon, also their adventures at the inns where they slept for the night, are graphically described by the old novelists, and will be in the recollection of most of our readers.

The length of time consumed in journeys by even the best kind of carriages of past times is now matter for surprise. The stage-coach which went between London and Oxford in 1661, in the reign of Charles II., required two days, although the distance is only about sixty miles. In 1669 a great acceleration took place, and the distance was performed in thirteen hours—that is, from six o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock in the evening—which was reckoned a great feat. Within memory, six hours were ordinarily required in the journey by stage-coaches. The distance is now done by the express on the Great Western Railway in an hour and twenty minutes!

So shockingly bad were the roads, that in 1703, when Prince George of Denmark went from Windsor to Petworth to meet Charles III. of Spain, the distance being about forty miles, he required fourteen hours for the journey, the last nine miles taking six. The person who records this fact says, that the long time was the more surprising, as, *except when overturned*, or when stuck fast in the mire, his royal highness made no stop during the journey.

In 1742 stage-coaches must have been more numerous in England than in Charles II.'s time; but it does not appear that they moved any faster. The journey from London to Birmingham, 116 miles, then occupied nearly three days, as appears from the following advertisement:—'The Lichfield and Birmingham stage-coach set out this morning—Monday, April 12, 1742—from the Rose Inn, Holborn Bridge, London, and will be at the Angel, and the Hen and Chickens, in the High Town, Birmingham, on Wednesday next, to dinner; and goes the same afternoon to Lichfield. It returns to Birmingham on Thursday morning to breakfast, and gets to London on Saturday night; and so will continue every week regularly, with a good coach and able horses.' Thus the whole week was occupied in a journey to and from Lichfield by Birmingham, an entire space of probably not more than 240 miles—that is, at an average of forty miles a day.

The stage-coach journey from London to Bath, in 1748, occupied from the morning of one day to the evening of the next, a night being spent on the road, although the whole distance travelled was only 108 miles. So slow were improvements, that within the last forty years the journey by stage to Bath was accomplished in not less than fifteen hours; and to Exeter, 193 miles, double the time was employed. A lady mentions to us some reminiscences of her journey by stage-coach from London to Exeter forty-six years ago. She left London on Monday afternoon at two o'clock, and arrived in Exeter on Wednesday evening at seven o'clock—a period of fifty-three hours. The coach stopped one night on the road, so that the actual time in travelling was about forty hours. At present, the journey is performed by the express-train in less than five hours!

It is now about a hundred years since a stage-coach was started to *run* between Edinburgh and London. Previous to that event, when there was no regular conveyance, the Edinburgh newspapers occasionally presented advertisements, stating that an individual about

to proceed to the metropolis by a postchaise, would be glad to hear of a fellow-adventurer or more to lessen the expenses for mutual convenience. However, before 1754, there was a stage-coach between the two British capitals. In the 'Edinburgh Courant' for that year it is advertised that—'The Edinburgh stage-coach, for the better accommodation of passengers, will be altered to a new genteel two-end glass coach machine, hung on steel springs, exceeding light and easy, to go in ten days in summer, and twelve in winter; to set out the first Tuesday in March, and continue it, from Hosea Eastgate's, the Coach and Horses in Dean Street, Soho, London, and from John Somerville's in the Canongate, Edinburgh, every other Tuesday, and meet at Burrowbridge on Saturday night, and set out from thence on Monday morning, and get to London and Edinburgh on Friday. In winter, to set out from London and Edinburgh every other [alternate] Monday morning, and to go to Burrowbridge on Saturday night; and to set out from thence on Monday morning, and get to London and Edinburgh on Saturday night. Passengers to pay as usual. Performed, if God permits, by your dutiful servant, HOSEA EASTGATE.' Here a distance of 200 miles requires six days in winter, being at the rate of little more than thirty-three miles a day.

Within our own recollection, the mail-coach occupied fifty-four hours in the journey between London and Edinburgh. Look how the thing is now managed! The mail-train takes seventeen hours, and the express performs the journey in twelve hours. A person may comfortably breakfast in London, and be seated at supper in Edinburgh; and in reality be less fatigued than if he had been packed up for three hours in a stage-coach.

Many will have a vivid recollection of the difficulties in the way of transit before river and channel steamers came into operation. Twenty-four hours were ordinarily consumed in the voyage from London Bridge to Margate by one of the famous Margate hoys—a pleasant run down the Thames by steamer now settling this important affair

in less than a forenoon. Then, what an appalling enterprise in the olden time was the journey and voyage to Dublin—the long and dreary coaching from London to Liverpool, followed by the sea-passage in one of the sailing packets. An entire week was considered a fair length of time for the land and sea journey; but sometimes the sea part of it alone occupied eight or ten days, for the weather occasionally drove the packet for shelter into ports on the Welsh or Irish coast. A mighty pleasant way this was of reaching Dublin, half a century ago! *Now* observe the difference. By train and steamer, by way of Holyhead, the journey from London to Dublin may be done in fourteen hours! Practically, Dublin is now nearer London than Birmingham was thirty years ago. Hundreds of similar marvels are within everybody's knowledge.

Some very curious particulars could be given of the tediousness of goods-transit in past times by canals, wagons, and other conveyances. Robertson in his 'Rural Recollections,' referring to a period between 1770 and 1780, drolly observes, 'that the common carrier from Selkirk to Edinburgh, thirty-eight miles distant, required two weeks to make out his journey between the two towns, going and returning, with a suitable resting-time at each to his poor fatigued horse, which had perhaps not less than five or six hundredweight of goods to drag along. The road originally was among the most perilous in the whole country; a considerable extent of it lay in the bottom of that district called Gala Water, from the name of the principal stream. The channel of the water itself, when not flooded, was the track chosen, as being the most level and easiest to be travelled on. The rest of the way, very much up and down hill, was far worse. The townsmen of this adventurous individual, on the morning of his way-going, turned out to take leave of him, and to wish him a safe return from his perilous undertaking.' We occasionally perform this 'perilous undertaking' by the train down the vale of the Gala in an hour and a half!

It is vastly amusing to look back upon the fears, doubts, and perverse opposition which attended the introduction of railways. Everywhere, railway companies—by far the greatest benefactors of the age—were the objects of plunder by landowners, who affected to believe that their properties would be greatly lowered in value, if not ruined, by the passage of lines. Except in a few instances in which amenity has been partially damaged — and well paid for — it now appears that estates are immensely benefited by being penetrated by railways; while to agriculturists and stock-farmers, the neighbourhood of railways is of first importance. Perhaps the most instructive fact of all connected with the first starting of railways in England, was the manner in which 'learned counsel' jeered at the idea of travelling by locomotive power. When in 1826 the scheme of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway was before a committee of the House of Commons; and when no greater speed than six miles an hour was finally contemplated by its engineer, George Stephenson; a person named Harrison, acting as counsel for the opponents of the line, immortalised himself by declaring that the locomotives could not go six miles an hour—no, not even four miles an hour; because wind, rain, or snow would effectually retard them; and in the attempt to conquer these obstacles the boiler would burst! * Such is a specimen of the trash uttered prophetically to stay one of the grandest of modern inventions. Fortunately these sinister prognostications proved unavailing. Railways began, and after having literally fought their way, are now the universally-established agency of transit. Up till the present time, about three hundred millions of capital have been expended on the railway-system of the United Kingdom; and the number of persons conveyed by this stupendous mechanism in the year 1850 was upwards of seventy millions. In the year 1851 the number will have been considerably greater.

* See an interesting work, 'Rides on Railways.'

Quick travelling, whether by land or sea, is now so common, and seems to take place so naturally, that it ceases to excite surprise. We fail to observe how it widens social intercourse, saves time and money, and everyway enlarges our comforts and resources. We are, in particular, not sufficiently thankful for having exchanged stage-coaches with their dirt, extortion, and vexatious delays, for the clean, roomy, and expeditious railway-carriage. But one can now afford to laugh at what has disappeared everywhere except in some unfortunate nooks of creation—the everlasting stoppages to change horses, and the not less frequent demands for money by coachmen and guards; the ill-prepared, high-priced, and hastily-eaten meals at inns on the road; the crew of drunken, ragged, and blear-eyed porters who beset you at starting and arrival; the close jam of arms and legs you were compelled to suffer; the children, big and little, dishonestly thrust in upon you, and squalling in your face; the bundle of musty straw in which your feet were plunged; the broken windows, and windows without straps for pulling up or letting down, &c. Such were some of the features of the old coaching-times. Gone they are, and deservedly. The transition from the Old to the New Travelling is a lift from barbarism to civilisation.

EXCURSION TO THE GREAT ST BERNARD.

WHILE visiting Switzerland in the summer of 1850, we were able to realise the long-anticipated pleasure of visiting the renowned Hospice on the top of the Great St Bernard—an Alpine height where one may be said to look into the north of Europe on the one side, and the south, with its sunny skies, on the other. It was about six o'clock in a very delightful morning when we started from Martigny to go upon this interesting excursion.

But whilst we have been feasting our eyes with the scenery, our civil landlord of La Poste, and his most perfect waiter, have been waiting to hand us into the extraordinary char-a-banc which is to convey us to Liddes; after which mountain hamlet the road becomes impracticable for carriages, and we are to mount our mules. Our char-a-banc is guiltless of springs, and is in form not unlike a large bath, with a bench stretched lengthwise across it, which is lifted on wheels, in order that it may be drawn by the mule. We do not sit, as in our own conveyances, back or face to the horses, but sideways; and now, as the door is being violently slammed to, in the hopes that it will be jammed in—for lock there was none—our guide, who is at present our driver, shrugs his shoulders, and says something to the waiter; that worthy ejaculates, exclaims, tosses his hands on high, his napkin fluttering wildly, and then with streaming hair he rushes back to the hotel, followed more leisurely by his master. Both, however, immediately reappeared, laden with coats, cloaks, and mantles. In vain we remonstrate, or point to our own light, waterproof garments, or appeal to the glorious summer sky, or remind them that we shall be at the hospice before the close of the day. They know our wants far better; and so the heavy garments are stowed away under our feet, behind our backs, anywhere! Amid smiles, and bows, and 'bon-voyage,' off we set; Edward and I rattling, jolting, bumping up and down in our *batte*, and laughing so heartily, that our guide, seeing he had to do with merry souls, joined in chorus, cracked his long whip, shouting, 'Alii yip, Bardou,' to the mule, which fairly became excited, and drew us as never mule did before or afterwards.

The first part of our way lay through the usual character of Alpine scenery in its gentlest aspect; but soon we exchanged it for a ruder kind: plunging into narrow gorges, with rocks, some bare, some clad with pine forests frowning over our road, always a good one. At almost every turn, a waterfall—that 'laugh of the mountain'—leaped from some rocky chasm to join the impetuous

waters of the Drance—a river that cannot be said to flow, but rather to dash itself furiously onwards, from its rise in the mountain near the St Bernard, even to its less impeded progress in the valley by Martigny. The history of its inundation in 1818 is both appalling and interesting, from the heroic conduct of the men who bravely devoted themselves to stay as much as possible the devastating fury that would else have swept away whole villages. The immense fragments of rock embedded in its stream, and against which the water writhes and lashes itself into foam, are yet witnesses of the terrific occurrence; but at that time 'it was charged with ice, rocks, earth, trees, houses, cattle, and men,' borne upon its surface to destruction.

The pine forests that clothe some of the mountains do not wave in one heavy mass, but are broken into numberless forms, according to the varying surface of the soil whence they spring; whilst among their red trunks and dark branches, light and shade are ever most beautifully disporting.

Sometimes we passed clusters of Swiss cottages, or *châlets*, as they are termed, perched apparently on the very edge of a precipice; sometimes, from our own elevated pathway, we looked down upon them, dotting like dark specks the base of the mountain: ever and anon the music of the bells that are fastened round the necks of cattle that roam amid the high pastures came stealing upon our ears like music from fairyland.

Our road was anything but solitary, for both yesterday and to-day are kept as annual fêtes by the people; and three hundred peasants who had been to offer their devotions at the shrine of the Hospice of the Great St Bernard, and had slept at the convent the previous night, were now returning to their homes. Many had come from St Maurice, a town beyond Martigny. Their head-dress contrasted most ludicrously with the coarse and common gown, and kerchief pinned across the bosom: it consists of a narrow-rimmed black hat, that affords no protection to the eyes, and around whose

high crown there are pinned in slovenly flutings the gaudiest ribbons, full a quarter of a yard wide; the more flaunting the colour, the better pleased was the damsel: those bedizened with silver and gold ribbons held their heads very erect! In contrast to this, there was the pretty and appropriate mountain costume, or, as our guide called it, 'the shepherdess.' A simple, very broad-rimmed straw-hat, which effectually shades the face and throat from the sun, and flapping around them at every moment, imparts a breezy freshness to the sultry air. With this all the rest of the dress is in keeping: black stuff or woollen petticoats, with dark bodices, that are laced across full linen chemisettes, these being fastened at the throat with a black velvet ribbon, white linen sleeves, stiff as starch can make them! It had often puzzled us how women, whom we knew to have been working in the fields all day, could return with these long, full sleeves so spotless and clean; but we discovered the mystery in observing that, previous to leaving their employment, they drew forth a clean pair of stiff lappets, which they fastened with steel pins over the dirty sleeves beneath! To-day, however, no such manœuvre was necessary, as all were in their gala garb, with gold crosses, suspended by a ribbon or chain, hanging glittering on their bosoms. The men are dressed much the same as our own sturdy mountaineers—in good, homely broadcloth. Most of them had a smile for us, as well as a greeting for our guide. These pleasant rencontres passed away the time speedily; and we were somewhat surprised to find that we had already reached Liddes, of which our guide was a native, and where we were all to rest and dine.

In the little inn, we were ushered into a small room, already occupied by a numerous French family, returning from a mountain excursion, and by two parties of Italians. We were, however, accommodated with a table in the corner, and soon supplied with delicious venison, milk, bread, and a bottle of vin d'Asti, which one bottle was equal to any St Perry. We never afterwards had the

same good fortune when we called for similar wine. We were very hungry, and did ample justice to our excellent fare. The little room was very close from being so overcrowded, so that we did not at all regret the departure of the guests, who, with the exception of two Italians, speedily bowed themselves out of our presence. Edward, not having been lately much of a pedestrian, doubted his powers to keep up with my mule and guide, and it was therefore agreed that he should precede us at his own leisurely pace; so with his good oaken staff he also departed.

I felt not the least uneasy in being thus left to the care of my guide, and had never even given a thought to the two Italians, who remained with me in the salon. Seated on a sofa, I studied what my unfailing companion, 'Murray's Hand-Book,' had to say about our route; and occasionally I glanced anxiously at the clouds that began to scud across the sky more quickly than I liked. Soon, however, the loud, noisy altercation of my companions, drew my attention more to them. One was a fine, tall, athletic man, with a face as dark as a European's could well be; his hair and moustache, brows and eyelashes, perfectly black. The other was deformed, and had besides a club-foot, too plainly made manifest by his pacing in an irritable manner up and down the room. He bit his nails to a painful extent. Both appeared completely to have forgotten my presence, until the entrance of the landlady, who, by their orders, brought them some brandy and water, and who looked very hard at me, as if she expected that I would address her. But as I had nothing to say, she slowly retired. This slight action, however, seemed to remind the two Italians that they were not alone. The club-footed man stopped abruptly in his deck-like pacings exactly opposite me, making some observations which I did not understand; but to which, when he repeated them in French, I of course replied. His companion then addressed me from the upper part of the room, where he sat at the table, and also in French, asking me if I did not speak Italian.

I replied that I had lost all facility in speaking it; but that I understood it when spoken by others! My answer seemed to electrify him, so suddenly did he spring from his chair.

'Then madam has understood all that we have said?' he questioned in an angry tone.

'No, indeed,' I answered, looking I daresay as I felt, somewhat astonished; 'for I am perfectly ignorant of the language in which you were conversing.'

A scornful, half-doubtful laugh broke from the club-footed man. 'And yet, madam,' continued the other, 'we have been conversing in Italian!'

'Have you?' said I: 'then it is not the Italian which I have been taught; nor does it sound half so musical!'

I have read of the magic of a smile, but never saw it illustrated before, as I did on that dark countenance.

'Perhaps,' he replied in Italian which I did understand, 'you were taught the *dolce lingua Tascana?*' I assented; and he went on: 'Ah, it is no wonder, then, that madam cannot understand my friend and me, for we have been talking the common language of the people; and if madam means to visit our country, she had better try to know this language, which is now used by *the people*.'

A scornful curve of the handsome lip, and a marked emphasis on the latter words, made me dubious as to whether he despised me or his friend. However, I replied gaily: 'In truth, signor, if I can only make myself understood by speaking your friend's language, I might as well hope to be understood by the Turks.'

He threw himself back in his chair, and laughed heartily; then suddenly checking himself, he looked at me with half-closed eyes: 'Is not madam afraid of being left alone?'

'Afraid! Of what?' I repeated.

There was a pause, broken by Club Foot: 'Madam assuredly is not French?'

'No,' was my instant rejoinder. 'Thank God I am an Englishwoman!'

His companion walked to the window. 'Madam,' he said, 'had better decide on remaining at Liddes for the night. It would be impossible for so delicate-looking a lady to face the storm that is now breaking over the mountains. The rush of wind down the narrow abyss would unseat her!'

'Madam will see to perfection the torrent and water-fall of the Val Orsey!' musingly exclaimed Club Foot, to whom I had taken an invincible antipathy.

This warning only made me the more anxious to overtake my brother, who had left his overcoat and plaid with me. When, however, I anxiously inquired for the guide, the only answer I could obtain from both host and hostess was, either that he was coming, or that he could not be found. Thus full half an hour elapsed, whilst the rain beat in torrents against the windows. I lost all patience. I thought of my poor brother exposed to this pitiless storm, and for the fourth time inquired if my guide had not made his appearance. No, he had not! So I desired that another might be procured, as I was most anxious about my brother. All my expostulations were vain. It was evident that, as soon as the door was closed, both host and hostess troubled themselves no more about me.

All this time Club Foot seemed heartily to enjoy my vexation; whilst his friend, sipping his brandy and water, eyed me askant, as if I were some curious study. I got angry, and running down stairs, came full tilt against a boy, who was seeking for shelter in the covered archway. 'My boy,' said I, 'do you know Jean Joumont, a guide, who lives here?' He knew him very well; and, tempted by the reward of a few batzen, brought him to me in less than five minutes. Of course no message had ever been delivered to him from me. It was useless for him or any one to remonstrate, or to entreat me to wait until the storm was over. I had but one object before my eyes: Edward drenched to the skin, and peering out anxiously for us on an unknown

and perhaps dangerous road. So I was conducted to the shed where my mule awaited me. Encumbered as I was with shawls and wrappers, it was impossible to spring into the saddle! Moreover, flung across the creature's back was a sack of provender for its refreshment at the convent, no provision being attainable in that sterile, rocky land. How was I to mount? Ah! I was told there was the substantial rope-woven dunghill placed most conveniently at the entrance of each Swiss hovel! Well, many have risen from the same stepping-stone far higher in this good world's estimation than to the back of a mule; so why should I have objected? Nevertheless I did, and scrambled into my seat as best I could. A dozen kind peasant hands helped to arrange my coverings; and as I had insisted upon my guide wearing my large Macintosh, the same party fastened it around him with many a laugh and jest at his new costume. As I passed forth beneath the window of the salon, its sash was thrown up, and Club Foot's face was projected thence with a malignant grin, as he congratulated me on the weather. Of this I should have taken no notice, had I not perceived his companion behind him raising his hat in a manner which made me involuntarily bend my head in token of farewell.

With the wind howling round us, and the sleet and rain beating against us, my guide and I reached the wretched hamlet of St Pierre, where we trusted that Edward had taken shelter. A peasant informed us that a gentleman answering to his description had gone on towards the hospice. So we pushed forwards, until a shout and merry burst of laughter made us halt under a projecting rock, and where, in its farthest recess, we discovered Edward, perfectly dry, and extremely amused at our forlorn and dripping appearance. At first we felt provoked, but, thinking better of the matter, withdrew to the same shelter until the storm had spent its fury. With the first struggling sunbeam we pursued our route, our guide pointing out to us the spot where Napoleon fell as he preceded his artillery in 1800, and where he

encountered the greatest natural obstacles to his ambitious career across the Alps. We left this route above us, and gladly pursued the 'excellent road cut by the Valaisans across the precipices which overhang the deep course of the Drance, avoiding the steep rises and falls of the old road, and leading us by a safe path which their daring engineers have cut out of the rock through a savage and appalling defile.'—(*Murray.*) The trees and shrubs are now dwarfs in comparison to their brethren of the valleys; but there is rich pasturage in the Prou, where numerous herds are feeding. We still ascend, and come on a dreary, naked scene: not a blade of grass, not a sign of vegetable life; brown rocks, snow and ice. We shiver, our teeth chatter, and we draw our mantles more closely about us: my feet are benumbed. Six hours ago we could hardly endure the heat! We ask anxiously if that enormous mass of rock, which seems to shut out all further egress from the valley, is not the Great St Bernard. No; it is Mount Velau, and the guide points out the thread-like pathway. We have now reached the last human habitation ere we arrive at the hospice—a small inn, that can only be inhabited in summer. I gladly enter, to draw more stockings over my frozen feet. The peasants within are laughing, dancing, and drinking; the good-natured hostess pulls a blanket off her bed, and tucks me in it upon the mule. Three Piedmontese with returned mules joined us here. One, a very handsome lad, sat with his face to his mule's tail, in order to converse more freely with his companion who followed. Edward had also mounted a returned mule by the guide's advice, and he headed our party, all winding along the edge of the rock in Indian file. Be the road ever so wide, the mule chooses the edge; they derive this habit from being taught, when carrying burdens, to keep as far from the mountain-wall as possible: the least concussion against it would overbalance them on a narrow pathway, and would hurl them over the precipices. The Drance must now be crossed over that wooden plank; but is it wood or ice? The me-

back-rider shouts 'Coraggio, Signora!' and slipping and sliding, we venture over, and are safe on the other side. And as we still climb the icy pathway, my guide points to a small hollow between two rocks, and tells that had it not been for the Brethren of St Bernard, he would have died there three years ago. He, with two other men, had urgent business to transact at Aosta, which lies on the other side of the Pass of the Great St Bernard. It was in the spring, when the sun's influence detaches the avalanches from their snowy beds, and when, therefore, it is the most dangerous time to travel in their vicinity. It was a dull day when they set off from Oasieres, but they did not anticipate rain: at Liddes, however, a drizzling mist fell round them, which by the time they had reached the miserable inn where I had been lent the blanket, had turned into sleet and snow. The house was not yet occupied, it being too early to venture a residence there. So they pushed onwards, never speaking, for fear the sound of their voices should detach the loosened masses of snow that slightly adhered to the mountain's sides, and congratulating themselves each in his heart that thus far they had safely journeyed towards the hospitable walls of the convent, where they were sure of a welcome for the night. But on crossing the Drance, to their utter dismay all traces of the path to the convent had been obliterated by the recent fall of snow: to return to Liddes was hopeless; the shades of evening were closing in fast upon them. With beating hearts and uncertain steps they sought for the lost path in every direction — in vain. Terrified and bewildered, they seemed to be hunting in a magic circle. At last Jean declared that he had discovered it; the other two maintained he was mistaken; but he toiled onwards until, as his friends had refused to follow him, he lost faith in himself, and, as he expressed it, sank upon the ground with a 'dying heart;' and whence he instantly slipped down a shelving projection of the rock. His last recollection was hearing a terrific explosion, as if the solid rock had been rent from its base, and of his

agonising struggle to extricate himself from the soft, yielding snow, which, the more he wrestled with it, the more effectually wrapped him in its stifling embrace. He had a sensation of for ever sinking—sinking!—and he remembered no more, as all consciousness forsook him.

The monks of the hospice were out in that awful hour on their charitable mission, as is their usual custom. Provided with lanterns, and carrying vials of restoratives, and accompanied by their dogs, they had sallied forth in quest of any helpless travellers who, like Jean and his companions, might have lost their way across that dreary solitude. The unerring instinct of the dogs led them to the place where Jean was buried. They burrowed beneath the snow, scenting their course; whilst their long bushy tails rising above its surface told their masters at times where to follow them. When close to our poor guide's body, they commenced whining and scratching the ground. Forthwith the monks dug into the snow-heap, and discovered him almost dead! He was placed on a stretcher, and carried by them to the hospice, where they tended him with all tenderness for the following three weeks that he struggled between life and death. But notwithstanding all their skill he has never fully recovered the shock; and his eyes are ever most painfully affected by the snow. Most fortunate it was for him that he had slipped into this crevice of the rock; for the avalanche had rolled harmlessly over it: an instant later, and he would have been inevitably crushed to death. His companions were found close to the hospice, but in the blinding snow-storm had failed to discover its proximity: they had been walking about to keep off sleep, but were at last yielding to its fatal influence, and in despair had thrown themselves on the ground.

It was with a species of veneration for its inhabitants that I gazed upon the low massive stone-walls of the Hospice of St Bernard, which, at the conclusion of my guide's story, appeared in view. Here, 8200 feet above

the level of the sea, live a community of *religieux*, who, young, accomplished, with every feeling alive to the enjoyments of the world, still voluntarily devote themselves to a life of toil and dangers. In the spring and summer time of their existence, when 'youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm' beckon their bark forwards to sail on the stream of pleasure, they cast their anchor on this tempest-shaken rock, heart and soul, giving themselves up to the service of those fellow-beings who, in this dreary but frequented pass of the mountains, would inevitably perish without their aid. For here, across this savage solitude, is the great peasant-thoroughfare between Italy and Switzerland; across this pass come our organ-boys, our dormice-bearers, and those children of the south who swarm our streets. Almost all can tell, with raised caps in sign of reverence, that they have been welcomed on their homeless road by 'Our Brethren of St Bernard!' Without such aid hundreds would have perished. Even in the depths of winter such wanderers are forced to seek its shelter; and the hospice has never been known to be without its guests.

As we rode up to the low dwelling, one of the brethren stood at the door, bidding farewell to a party of travellers. We alighted, and craved his hospitality for the night. He was a young man of two-and-thirty, with a pale countenance and delicate frame; and yet he braved the midnight storm in the cause of charity! His dress struck me, woman-like, at once, as being most becoming. A long frock-coat, fastened down the front with large buttons, and descending even to the ankles; full sleeves falling over tighter ones of the same material; a white collar, worked bead-fashion with black; and a linen scarf, with black silk ends, thrown gracefully across the chest, composed an attire at once most clerical and most gentlemanly. He raised his velvet cap with courteous grace to welcome us, and expressed his pleasure at receiving an English gentleman and lady within the walls of the hospice. He was the clavendier, or the brother

deputed to welcome and entertain travellers. He laughed heartily at my blanket, and at once ushered me into the reception-hall—a large room hung with pictures, the gifts of travellers, and furnished solely with a long table and chairs—after which he hastened to conduct Edward into a sleeping-apartment, where he might change his thoroughly-soaked boots. By the wood-fire, at the end of the hall, were crouched two Aosta girls. Immediately on my entrance they rose, and offered me a seat between them, commencing a conversation in semi-Italian and French perfectly charming, so free was it from forwardness and its opposite extreme, sullen reserve. These maidens, with their golden-bodkined hair, were enchanted when they found that I had come from England; for at first they had taken me for a Frenchwoman. England with them was synonymous with gold; and many and curious, though not at all impertinent, were the questions they plied me with. 'Was it quite true that, though we all did as we liked, we would die for our Queen? Was she very pretty?' I replied, it was quite true that we all loved our Queen, and women as well as men would fight for her were it necessary: that our Queen was a fair, blue-eyed lady, with skin so dazzlingly white, that when the ermine of her royal robe had rested on her shoulders it looked to me yellow in comparison. Upon this the two maidens raised their own sunburnt hands, and nodded their heads, until their long earrings swayed to and fro with the motion.

Soon the clavendier joined us, and, rather to my dismay, every word of my conversation was volubly poured forth into his attentive ears by these Aosta maidens. He entered into their interest about trifles with childlike heartiness, but soon turned to other subjects; and I found him perfectly acquainted, not only with the graver topics of the day, but also with our light literature, poetry, and recent discoveries. In all this the peasant girls mixed with a propriety, where they understood the subject, which would have astonished me had I not met with it before. They soon, however, took their leave,

not without giving me a pressing invitation to bring my brother and see their beautiful Aosta. In the retirement of my own room, where I was now conducted, I could not but marvel at myself: here for an hour had I been chatting away with the monk and these peasant maidens without restraint—I, whom Edward is continually lecturing on reserve and hauteur. My bedroom contained two beds, a dressing-table, and washhand-stand, double windows, but no carpet. O how bitterly cold it was!—like an icy vault. I retained my shawl; and wrapping my veil round my head, once more descended to the hall, where I found fresh arrivals, who were conducting themselves less as guests than as travellers at a common inn. They grumbled at the lowness of the fire; so I drew out the wood from the closet whence I had seen the monk take it, and piled it on the hearth, but explained to them at the same time, that as fuel in these elevated regions was very scarce, it behoved us to husband it; and told them that for three months all the cattle of the convent were incessantly employed in bringing wood from the dangerous Val Ferret for the winter consumption, but that owing to the convent having been in forcible possession of the soldiers, even this supply had been rendered more scanty. The party assembled were infinitely more amused at my having discovered the wood-closet than concerned for the wasteful burning which ensued. The convent-bell had so often announced fresh arrivals, that before supper-time we had formed no inconsiderable party round the fire, among whom were three ladies besides myself. One poor little creature suffered cruelly from the cold, her nails being perfectly blue, and her eyes were often filling with tears from actual suffering. She was a young Italian bride! Edward and I were the only English.

Nothing could exceed the refined and polished manner of the clavendier; it was not merely gentlemanly, but *high* breeding. He had an easy way of adapting himself to all in our mixed circle, without losing one particle of his dignified self-respect—a talent in itself of no mean

value. Some of us tried him not a little: questions were asked which made Edward's blue eyes flash indignantly, and which brought the colour into my cheek. But nothing disturbed his equanimity: a slight smile, a kind glance towards those who were distressed by such thoughtlessness, alone evinced his feelings; and it was admirable how gently and firmly he good-humouredly evaded queries that were neither seemly nor necessary. And yet this young monk had never left his native valley of the Valais: all the brethren, indeed, were Valaisans. Frenchmen had entered upon the duties of their order with enthusiasm, but none had ever been able to brave the rigours of a second winter. Looking at their light dress, I asked if they had not warmer garments for their night-searches in the snow, but was assured that it would be impossible to tread the paths in heavier materials. Our entertainer had been fifteen years a member of the community, and had succeeded to the office of clavendier in 1845. On the 12th of November in that year his predecessor, with three of his servants, had perished beneath an avalanche, which had buried them fifteen feet deep! What must have been his sensations when, as he informed us, he dug out the body of his friend and faithful attendants! They were out in aid of travellers when they thus perished.

Each brother, for recreation, adopts some particular study or employment. One is famous for his knowledge of languages, another for his musical talent. Four pianos have been presented to the hospice; and they often amuse themselves with composing anthems and hymns.

In the depths of winter the only method of imbibing warmth, before setting out on their midnight search, is to slide up and down the ice-banks. The clavendier was eloquent in his description of the excitement of this exercise, on a cloudless, starry night, in that region of desolate grandeur.

We had a light, excellent supper of fish, soupe-maigre, vegetables, and apples: there is an excellent cellar, which is always of the same natural temperature. The

young brother did the honours of the table with a graceful cordiality that we have never seen surpassed. Before retiring he was anxious to procure me a cup of tea, but to this I would not listen.

The gentlemen, I believe, occupied one side of the dormitory, the ladies the other. I am told 'seventy or eighty travellers may be accommodated with beds; three hundred may be sheltered; and five and six hundred have received assistance in one day.' There was a *grille*, or iron gate, in the centre of the passage, which no woman's foot must cross.

Oh, how freezingly cold was the night! Although I had heaped upon my bed all the furniture of the spare one, I felt chilled to the bones. The atmosphere seemed laden with ice! At four o'clock I rose from my couch, and was conducted to the chapel, whence the pealing sounds of the organ had floated to my room.

A brother of the order, self-taught, was presiding at the organ; another was ministering at the altar; guides and peasants dropped upon their knees, said a prayer, independent, apparently, of the service then being performed, and departed. I had been conducted into the small space before the organ, whence I looked over the whole chapel. Beside me knelt a Capuchin friar, with sandaled feet, shaven crown, and dirty brown gown, girdled with a rope! As a Protestant, I could not enter into their whole form of worship; but I prayed sincerely in my own tongue for this benevolent and self-denying community.

After a cup of coffee and a roll we strolled forth, a small party under the guidance of the clavendier, to see the convent garden—a few feet of earth, containing a few lettuces! We gazed into the Inky Lake, where no fish can live; and placed ourselves with one foot in Italy and one in Switzerland; for here lies their respective boundary. And whilst the gentlemen visited the *morgue*, or dead-house—that melancholy receptacle for those unhappy wanderers who perish in the snow, and who, by the rarity of the atmosphere, are kept in a state

of wonderful preservation — I sought for such hardy plants as *try* to blossom here.

We returned, glowing with our ramble, to the hospice; the dogs, ten in number, gamboling and fighting around us. Before taking final leave, we repaired once more to the chapel, there to drop into the slit of the poor-box some acknowledgment of the kind hospitality we had received. With travellers, it is perfectly optional to give or to withhold a donation. But mean and niggardly in the extreme must be that hand that does not here give abundantly.

We have shaken hands with the courteous, kind brother clavendier; Jean is beside us; the mule descends the icy causeway; and though we turn our heads to the last to catch a parting glance of the Hospice of the Great St Bernard, it soon vanishes from our sight—not so from our hearts, where it will be ever remembered with a blessing and a prayer.

TAM O' THE COWGATE.

This ludicrous name was conferred by King James VI., of facetious memory, upon one of the most sagacious and respectable of his councillors, the first Earl of Haddington, who happened to reside in that dingy and now much-despised street, the Cowgate of Edinburgh. Thomas Hamilton, who raised himself by his talents from the Scottish bar to the peerage, and became the founder of a great family, was perhaps the most remarkable public man of his age, next to Napier of Merchiston, and possibly one or two others; yet he is hardly known to the present generation. We happen to be able to remedy this defect to a very surprising degree; for circumstances have put us in possession of a number of traditionary and historical anecdotes respecting him, such as may bring him almost alive before the mind of a modern reader, in full connection with all contemporary circumstances. We may indeed be permitted to remark, that rarely can such a minute and faithfully-drawn picture as

that which follows be presented two hundred years after the subject of it is in his grave.

THOMAS HAMILTON, otherwise called TAM O' THE COWGATE, is represented in Douglas's Peerage as the son of Hamilton of Priestfield, a branch of the House of Innerwick, which in its turn was a cadet of the noble House of Hamilton. Scott of Scotstarvit tells us, in his 'Staggering State of Scots Statesmen,' a very acrimonious and curious memoir, that his grandfather was a merchant in the West Bow of Edinburgh. If such was the case, it only renders the elevation of him of the Cowgate a little more honourable. The mother of our hero was Elizabeth Heriot, of the family of Trawbrown, probably a relation of Agnes Heriot of Trawbrown, the mother of George Buchanan. He was born in the year 1563, received his university and legal education in France, and commenced practice in Edinburgh as an advocate in 1587. His talents very soon attracted attention. In 1592 he was raised to the bench under the title of Lord Drumcairn. In 1595 he secured the office of King's Advocate; and next year he was found in the list of eight persons to whom King James committed the charge of all the state patronage and finances, and who from their number were called *Octavians*. After the departure of James from Scotland in 1603, Tam o' the Cowgate was one of the Commissioners appointed on the part of Scotland to manage the proposed union with England—a scheme, however, which was not destined to be crowned with success for another century.

As he now enjoyed some very lucrative offices, and was singularly moderate in his expenses, he soon waxed rich. There was at this time a great deal of church land under a very uncertain sort of proprietary, being only enjoyed by persons who had received grants of it from the Protestant regents in the minority of King James, and liable, it was generally thought, to be revoked, and again applied to ecclesiastical purposes, whenever the crown should be strong enough to carry such a measure

into effect. This land came into the market occasionally in large lots, and was sold at low prices proportioned to the likelihood of its revocation. King James, after his translation to England, and subsequently King Charles, were perpetually threatening to restore the church to its former wealthy condition: the proprietors were of course in a state of great alarm during nearly the whole of these reigns. But Tam o' the Cowgate, who was himself a sturdy Presbyterian, appears to have had the shrewdness to see that the sovereign would never be able to effect a purpose so contrary to the genius of the nation; and, accordingly, he bought the lands with as much confidence as the sellers disposed of them with fear. He began his purchases in 1597, and in the course of about thirty years had acquired about twenty large estates, besides all the vast territories and jurisdictions which had once belonged to the Knights of St John, the successors of the Templars. On some of these estates he wrought gold and silver mines. This is not believed to have ever been a very profitable business in Scotland, though certainly the country is not deficient in these precious metals. Tam, however, was one of those persons who can make silk purses out of sows' ears. Having worked a silver-mine in Linlithgowshire into something like a good character, he sold it to King James for L.5000; and it is said that the poor monarch never made 5s. more by the concern, the vein being in reality exhausted.

As he increased in wealth he increased in dignity, and was promoted in office. In 1612 he was appointed Lord Clerk-Register and Secretary of State—two excellent offices, though the salary attached to the latter was only L.100. In the following year he was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Binning and Byres, and in 1616 he succeeded Lord Preston as President of the Court of Session—a seat which it was not then illegal for a peer to hold, though so declared to be in the subsequent reign. 'For many years,' says Mr Tytler in his *Life of Sir Thomas Craig*, 'he [Lord Binning] conjoined, with apparent ease to himself, and acknowledged advantage to the

country, the occupations of these high offices. Nor was this all: he was a friend and patron of learned men; he was deeply read, not only in civil law but in matters of state policy and in general history. To those who, ignorant of its proper distribution, complain of the want of time, it may form a useful lesson to regard the multitudinous labours of this remarkable man. According to our modern notions of intellectual labour, the various notes and observations collected by him in the course of his studies, and the marginal references yet seen upon his books, would rather appear the relics of a life wholly devoted to literary labour, than the fruits of those scattered hours which must have been stolen from the duties of the bench, the severer labours of the council-board, or the pleasures and intrigues of a court.' As a judge he was chiefly remarkable for his shrewdness. 'In an action for the improbation of a writ,' says Forbes in his *Journal of the Court of Session*, 'which the lords were convinced was forged, but puzzled for want of clear proof, the Lord Binning, taking up the writ in his hand, and holding it betwixt him and the light, discovered the forgery by the stamp of the paper, the first paper of such a stamp being posterior to the date of the writ quarrelled.' On another occasion a Highland witness had come to give evidence for his chief. The feudal ideas of clanship are well known, even in the present day, to be on some occasions opposed to the fair expiscation of the truth; and if so now, it was still more the case in the time of Tam o' the Cowgate. Terror, however, and the questions of the president, had overpowered in Donald the love of the clan, and he had been compelled to tell the tale as it happened. On coming out of court he met a clansman who had arrived on the same errand, and was going in to be examined.

'Well, Donald,' said he, 'how did you come on?'

'God knows!' replied his bewildered friend, 'my wits are not just settled yet. But I am afraid I have told the truth.'

'Indeed! how could you do such a thing?'

'Oh! to be sure, I began, and was going to tell my own way, when an awful man that sits in the middle broke in upon me with such a multitude of interrogatories, as they call them, that he quite dumfounded me, and then I lay at his mercy, and he whirled the truth out of me as easy as ye would wind the thread off a pirn. He's a tall man, with a velvet cap on, and an eye in his head as quick and bright as a partridge. If ye would tell a good tale of the chief, beware of him.'*

In 1619 Tam was created Earl of Melrose, being then in possession of the lands of that abbacy. About eight years after he procured this title to be changed for that of Haddington, on the plea that it was more honourable to have his *style* from a town than from a 'kirk-living.' But his descendant, the present earl, has recently regained the interesting title of Melrose, on being raised to the British peerage, which is the last, and not the least-deserved honour of the family.

When Mylne wrote his account of Melrose, about 1750, he found a tradition that the first earl was a somewhat severe landlord, and had thereby provoked the satire of Mr Thomas Forrester, the eccentric and poetical minister of that parish. It is not supposed, however, that there was any farther reason for such an unfavourable report than that the earl was a good lawyer, and, as such, probably seemed strict in his claims upon his vassals and feuars. Though he was perhaps anxious to turn everything to the best account, and certainly must have been possessed of great talents for money-making, since he became the richest man of his time in Scotland, he is not remembered as having been what is called *miserly*—a disposition as seldom connected with a degree of ambition like his as is want of foliage the characteristic of tall trees. On the contrary, to judge by the traditions of his family, he possessed a vivacity of temper not generally endurant of the slow pace of avarice. The old lord was one evening, after a day's hard labour in the public

* The story is thus told in a somewhat amplified manner by Mr Tytler, from the original anecdote in 'Forbes's Journal.'

service, solacing himself with a friend over a flask of wine in his house in the Cowgate *—attired for his better ease in a nightgown, cap, and slippers—when he was suddenly disturbed by a great hubbub, which arose under his window in the open street. This soon turned out to be a *bicker* between the High School youths and those of the College; and it also appeared that the latter, fully victorious, were, notwithstanding a valiant defence, in the act of driving their antagonists before them. The Earl of Haddington's sympathies were instantly and warmly awakened in favour of the retiring party, for he had been brought up at the High School, and going from thence to complete his education at Paris, had no similar reason to affect the College. He therefore sprang up, dashed into the street, sided with and rallied the fugitives, and took a most animated share in the combat that ensued; so that, finally, the High School youths, acquiring fresh strength and valour at seeing themselves befriended by the prime judge and privy-councillor of their country (though only in his nightgown and slippers), succeeded in turning the scale of victory upon the College youths in spite of their superior individual ages and strength. The earl, who assumed the command of the party, and did not hesitate to excite their spirits by word as well as action, was not content till he had pursued the Collegioners through the Grassmarket, and out at the West Port, the gate of which he locked against their return, thus compelling them to spend the whole night in the suburbs and fields. He then returned home in triumph to his castle of comfort in the Cowgate, and resumed, where he had left off, the enjoyment of his friend and flask. We can easily imagine what a rare jest this must have been for 'King Jamie.'

When this monarch visited Scotland in 1617 he found the old statesman very rich, and was informed that the

* The earl rented from Macgill of Rankeillor that fine old house, or rather palace, which latterly went under the name of Merchant's Court, and has been removed to make way for one of the new bridges giving access to the Old Town.

people believed him to be in possession of the Philosopher's Stone; there being no other feasible mode of accounting for his immense wealth, which rather seemed the effect of supernatural agency than of worldly prudence or talent. King James, quite tickled with the idea of the Philosopher's Stone, and of so enviable a talisman having fallen into the hands of a Scottish judge, was not long in letting his friend and gossip know of the story which he had heard respecting him. Whether the Lord President was offended at the imputation has not been recorded; but it is probable that he took it in good part, as he immediately invited the king and the rest of the company present to come to his house in the Cowgate next day, when he would both do his best to give them a good dinner, and lay open to them the whole mystery of the Philosopher's Stone. This agreeable invitation was of course accepted; and the next day accordingly saw his castle thronged with the gay and gorgeous figures of England's king and courtiers, all of whom the president feasted to their heart's content. After dinner the king reminded him of his Philosopher's Stone, and expressed the utmost anxiety to be speedily made acquainted with so rare a treasure, when the pawky lord addressed his majesty and the company in a short speech, concluding with this information, that his whole secret lay in two simple and familiar maxims: 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day—Nor ever trust to another's hand what your own can execute.' He might have added, from the works of an illustrious contemporary—

'This only is the witchcraft I have used.'

The guests, who expected to find the earl's talisman of a more tangible character, were perhaps disappointed that the whole matter turned out to be, like the subject of Hamlet's reading, mere 'words;' but the king, who could appreciate a good saying, took up the affair more blithely, and complimented his host upon the means he had employed in the construction of his fortune, adding that these admirable apophthegms should henceforth be proverbial, under

the appellation of 'TAM O' THE COWGATE'S PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.' The king appears to have been obeyed in this by his Scottish subjects with more readiness than he found in certain other of the edicts which he issued upon the occasion of his visit to Scotland; for long after the Episcopal forms of worship which he then ingrafted upon Presbytery had passed away and been forgotten, *Tam o' the Cowgate's Philosopher's Stone* was remembered with satisfaction, and it has even been used as an adage within the recollection of aged persons still alive.

A striking and most ludicrous idea may be obtained from the following anecdote of the estimation in which the wisdom of the Earl of Haddington was held by the king, and at the same time perhaps of that singular monarch's usual mode of speech. It must be understood, by way of prefatory illustration, that King James, who was the author of the earl's popular appellation, '*Tam o' the Cowgate,*' had a custom of bestowing such ridiculous *sobriquets* on his principal councillors and courtiers. Thus he conferred upon that grave and sagacious statesman, John Earl of Marr, the nickname *Jock o' the Sklates* —probably in allusion to some circumstance which occurred in their young days, when they were the fellow-pupils of Buchanan. On hearing of an alliance between the Haddington and the Marr families, his majesty exclaimed, betwixt jest and earnest: 'The Lord haud a grup o' me! If Tam o' the Cowgate's son marry Jock o' the Sklates' daughter, what will come o' *me?*' The good-natured monarch probably apprehended that so close a union betwixt two of his most subtle statesmen might make them too much for their master—as hounds are most dangerous when they hunt in couples.

The Earl of Haddington died in 1637, full of years and honours. At Tynningham,* the seat of his descendant, the present earl, there are two portraits of his lordship, one a half-length, the other a head. Both have the same

* The old earl had a watchtower at the top of his house, where he used to sit whole days (when not better employed) making observations of the proceedings of his labourers and workpeople out of doors.

costume — namely, the gown of the keeper of the Privy Seal, of black satin, twisted with gold, a ruff, &c. The face represents a man of sixty-four and upwards, with a very short crop of hair, which, originally light-coloured or reddish, has become gray through age. His features are thin and sharp, expressive of peculiar acuteness; the forehead narrow, tall, and wrinkled; while the dark hazel hue of his 'partridge-eye' quite justifies the Highlander's expression. At Tynningham is also preserved his state-dress; and it is a circumstance too characteristic to be overlooked, that in the crimson-velvet breeches there are no fewer than *nine pockets!* Among many of the earl's papers which remain in Tynningham House, one contains a memorandum, conveying a curious idea of the way in which public and political affairs were then managed in Scotland. The paper contains the heads of a petition in his own handwriting to the Privy Council; and at the end is a note 'to *gar* the chancellor' do something else in his behalf.

The cynical Scotstarvit who could find throughout the continued sunshine of the earl's prosperity scarcely a single shade whereon to exercise his malicious pencil, records with his usual satisfaction, that if his lordship was fortunate till the day of his death, at least his children were involved in disasters and poverty. This seems to have been fully as much, however, the result of accident and the troubles of the civil war as of any degeneracy in point of personal talent or virtue. The second earl (Thomas) joined the Covenanters, and was made colonel of one of their regiments. In 1640, when stationed at Dunglass Castle in East-Lothian, in order to watch the motions of the garrison of Berwick, he met his death in the following singular manner:—His lordship had for his page an English boy, named Edward Paris, whose temper he had the misfortune to exasperate one day, by telling him jestingly before company that his countrymen were a pack of cowards, for having suffered themselves to be beaten, and run away, at Newburn. The boy resolved upon revenging this insult in the most

decisive manner, and that not only upon the author of it, but also upon those who had witnessed and partaken in it. Sir James Balfour says, that Paris was intrusted with the key of the powder-vault, and that Lord Haddington reposed so much confidence in the youth, that he considered no other individual of his company so worthy of this important charge. He paid dearly for his jest and for this misplaced confidence. On Sunday the 30th of August, at noon, as the earl and many of his officers and vassals were standing in the courtyard of the castle, the page went down to the vault, and, with the utmost deliberation, thrust a hot iron into one of the powder-barrels, which, instantly exploding, blew the principal building of the castle into the air, with all the people in it, and threw down the side-walls of the court upon the unfortunate earl and his attendants. Lord Haddington, with his brother and other kinsmen, all the tenants, it is said, of the estate of Tynningham, about thirty gentlemen, a great number of soldiers, and not fewer than fifty-four male and female servants, perished in this dreadful calamity; together with the wretched page himself, of whose body no part was ever found, except an arm, the hand of which still grasped the iron spoon with which it had kindled the barrel! While the surviving children of Tam o' the Cowgate shared in the misfortunes of the time, or dilapidated their patrimonies by what Sir John Scott calls their riotous style of living, the line of the family was carried on by a series of luckless representatives, in whose hands the immense estates acquired by their sagacious ancestor rapidly disappeared. The eldest son of the second earl died before he came of age, after having made an imprudent match with a beautiful and accomplished, but profligate Frenchwoman,* who, in little more than six

* This lady (Henrietta de Coligny, great grand-daughter of the celebrated Admiral Coligny) afterwards married a Huguenot count, from whom she speedily got herself separated; and as she turned Catholic immediately after, Christina, queen of Sweden, took occasion to say that her apostacy was owing to her hatred to her husband, for she had desired never again to meet him either in this world or the next.

months of married life, involved his estates in such debts as were not fully paid by his successors in twice as many years. Other minorities succeeded, and were attended in those disastrous times with effects the very reverse of those which are now so favourable to infantine heirs. The languishing talent and impaired wealth of the family were, however, at length revived by an alliance with that of the celebrated chancellor, the Duke of Rothes; from which proceeded two successive generations of poets, and other *ignes minores*,* whose spirited characters reflected back credit on the name of their distinguished ancestor. It is needless to remind the reader that another century has not seen this *second* flame exhibit symptoms of decay.

To all that has been said respecting the philosopher of the Cowgate, we may add, that, though his land-buying propensities were such and so well known that everybody who wished to reduce their 'dirty acres' to the pleasant form of cash, thought of applying to nobody but him, yet he does not seem to have ever felt a desire of living in a house of his own property. What makes the circumstance of his continuing to *rent* the house in the Cowgate the more remarkable is, that the son of his landlord, Macgill, was 'in a *selling* way' long before the decease of the Earl of Haddington. We can only account for this seeming inconsistency, by supposing that the earl had got an exceedingly long and exceedingly cheap lease of the house when he first inhabited it, and found the rent which he paid for it to be less than the interest or yearly value of its purchase-money. That the rent was very moderate, is proved by a circumstance still remembered in the family—namely, that he also rented a tenement on the opposite side of the Cowgate, which he occupied as a coach-house and stables, and the rent of which, though perhaps little enough, caused him to complain, not without some show of reason, that he paid more for his stables than for his house!

* One of these was a *lumen magnum*, the late Lord Hailes, whose mother was the sister of the amiable, witty, and unfortunate Lord Binning.

A TALE OF THE SCOTTISH REBELLION.

NEVER perhaps did any city, upon the approach of a foreign enemy, betray such symptoms of consternation and disorder as did Edinburgh on the 16th of September 1745, when it was understood that Prince Charles Edward, with his army of Highlanders, had reached a village three miles to the westward, unresisted by the civic corps in which the hapless city had placed its last hopes of defence. A regiment of dragoons, which had retreated on the previous day from Stirling, and another which happened to be encamped near Edinburgh, having joined their strengths to that of the town-guard and volunteers, had that forenoon marched boldly out of town, with the determined purpose of opposing the rebels and saving the town; but after standing very bravely for a few hours at Corstorphine, the spectacle of a single Highlander, who rode up towards them and fired off his pistol, caused the whole of these gallant cavaliers to turn and fly; nor did they stop till they had left Edinburgh itself twenty miles behind. The precipitate flight of regular troops was the worst possible example for a body of raw, undisciplined citizens, who were too much accustomed to the secure comforts of their firesides to have any relish for the horrors of an out-of-doors war with the unscrupulous mountaineers. The consequence was that all retreated in confusion back to the city, where their pusillanimity was the subject of triumphant ridicule to the Jacobite party, and of shame and fear to the rest of the inhabitants.

In their dilemma, as band after band poured through the West Port, and filled the ample area of the Grass-market, the magistrates assembled in their council-chamber, for the purpose of 'wondering what was to be done.' The result of their deliberations was that a full meeting of the inhabitants should be held, in order that they might be enabled to shape their course according

to the general opinion. Orders were immediately given to this effect, and in the course of an hour they found a respectable assemblage of citizens, prepared, in one of the churches of St Giles's, to consider the important question of the defensibility of the town.

The appearance of the city on this dreadful afternoon was very remarkable, and such as we hope it will never again exhibit. All the streets to the west of St Giles's were crowded with citizen volunteers, apparently irresolute whether to lay down their arms or to retain them, and whose anxious and crestfallen looks communicated only despair to the trembling citizens. The sound of hammers was heard at the opening of every lane and at the bottoms of all important *turnpike* stairs, where workmen were busied in mounting strong doors, studded thickly with nails, moving on immense hinges, and bearing bolts and bars of no ordinary strength—the well-known rapacious character of the Highlanders, not less than their present hostile purpose, having suggested this feeble attempt at security. The principal street was encumbered with the large, tall, pavilion-roofed family carriages of people of distinction, judges, and officers of the crown, which, after being hastily crammed with their proper burdens of live stock, and laden a-top with as much baggage as they could carry, one after another wheeled off down the High Street, through the Netherbow, and so out of town. A few scattered groups of women, children, and inferior citizens stood near that old-accustomed meeting-place, the Cross, round the tall form of which they seemed to gather like a Catholic population clinging to a sacred fabric which they supposed to be endowed with some protecting virtue.

At the ordinary dinner hour, when the streets were, as usual, in a great measure deserted, and while the assemblage of citizens were still deliberating in the New Church aisle, the people of the High Street were thrown into a state of dreadful agitation by a circumstance which they witnessed from their windows. The accustomed silence of 'the hollow hungry hour' was suddenly broken

by the clatter of a horse's feet upon the pavement; and on running to their windows they were prodigiously alarmed at the sight of one of their anticipated foes riding boldly up the street. Yet this alarm subsided considerably when they observed that his purpose seemed pacific, and that he was not followed by any companions. The horseman was a youth apparently about twenty years of age, with a remarkably handsome figure and gallant carriage, which did not fail in their effect upon at least the female part of the beholders. The most robust Highland health was indicated in his fair countenance and athletic form; and, in addition to this, his appearance expressed just enough of polish not to destroy the romantic effect produced by his wild habiliments and striking situation. The tight tartan trews shewed well upon a limb of which the symmetry was never equalled by David Allan the national painter, so remarkable for his handsome Highland limbs, and of which the effect, instead of being impaired by the clumsy boot, was improved by the neat brogue, fastened as it was to the foot by sparkling silver buckles. He wore a smart round bonnet, adorned with his family cognizance—a bunch of ivy—and from beneath which a profusion of light-brown tresses, tied with dark ribbons, flowed, according to the fashion of the time, about half way down his back. He carried a small white flag in his hand, and bore about his person the full set of Highland arms—broadsword, dirk, and two silver-mounted pistols. Many a warm Jacobite heart, male and female, palpitated at sight of his graceful figure, and a considerable crowd of idle admirers or wonderers followed him up the broad, noble expanse of the High Street.

By this crowd, who soon discovered that his purpose was the delivery of a letter from the Chevalier to the magistrates, he was ushered forward to the opening of a narrow passage, which in those days led through a pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, towards the door of Haddo's Hole Church, a passage called in the old Scottish language a stile, which, moreover, was traversed in 1628 by King Charles I. when he went to open the

Scottish Parliament in the High Tolbooth. Here the Highlander dismounted, and after throwing his bridle over the hook at a saddler's door, close to the corner of the stile, was led forward into the lobby of the church, from which the hum of active discussion was heard to proceed. On requesting to be introduced to the magistrates, he was informed by an official wearing their livery that the church was so very much crowded that 'there would be nae possibility of either getting him in to see the magistrates, or the magistrates out to see him,' but that his letter might be handed into them over the heads of the crowd. To this expedient the messenger consented, and accordingly it was immediately put in execution. In a few moments after it had left the keeper's hands a dead silence seemed to fall upon the company, and after a renewed tumult and a second silence, those who stood in the lobby heard a voice reading a few words aloud, apparently those of the letter. The voice was, however, interrupted in a few seconds by the clamour of the whole assembled people, who presently rose in confusion, and made a tumultuous rush towards the door. On hearing and observing these alarming symptoms, the city officer, with inconsiderate rashness, thought it his duty to seize the author of so much supposed mischief, and accordingly made a dash at the stranger's collar, calling upon the town-guardsmen present to close in upon him and intercept his retreat. But the prompt and energetic Highlander was not to be so betrayed. With a bound like the first movement of the startled deer he cleared the lobby, and made for his horse. Two dragoons standing without, and who, observing the rush from the door, threw themselves in the stranger's way, were in the same instant felled to the ground; and before any other person could lay hands upon him, the maltreated messenger threw himself upon his horse, drew his sword, and in a transport of rage shouted defiance to all around. Whirling his weapon round his head, he stopped a few seconds amidst the terrified crowd; and then, striking spurs into his horse's sides, rode along the street, still

vociferating loud defiances to all the detached military parties which he met. No attempt, however, was made to prevent his escape, or to offer him further violence. One symptom of offensive warfare alone occurred, and that originated in an accident; for an old guardsman, who was overturned on the causeway by the brush of the passing steed, could not help discharging his redoubted piece—the shot, however, doing no other harm than *winging* a golden peacock which overhung the window of a fashionable milliner in the fourth flat of the Luckenbooths. After clearing the narrow defile of the Luckenbooths, and getting into the full, open street, the Highland cavalier for once turned round, and, with a voice broken by excess of indignation, uttered a thundering malediction against all Edinburgh for its breach of the articles of war, and a challenge to the prettiest man in it who would meet him upon honourable terms. He then gallopped briskly down the High Street, still brandishing his broadsword, the people making way for him on all sides, by running down the numerous alleys leading from the street; and terminated his daring exploit, unscathed and undaunted, by passing out at the Netherbow Port, of which the enormous folding-doors, like the turnpikes in John Gilpin, flew open at his approach.

It is irrelevant to our purpose to describe the consternation under which the inhabitants of Edinburgh passed the whole of that evening and night, or the real terror which next morning seized them when they understood that the insurgents were in possession of the town. Moreover, as it would not be proper to encumber our narrative with well-known historical details, we shall also pass over the circumstances in this remarkable civil war which followed upon the capture of the city, and content ourselves with relating the simple events of a love-tale, in which the hero just introduced to the notice of our readers acted a conspicuous part.

About a month after the rebels had entered Edinburgh, and while Prince Charles Edward was still fondly lingering in the palace which had sheltered so many of

his ancestors, a young gentlewoman named Helen Lindsay, the daughter of a Whig writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, was one fine October evening taking a solitary walk in the King's Park. The sun had gone down over the castle, like the fire-shell dropping into a devoted fortress, and the lofty edifices of the city presented on the eastern side nothing but dark, irregular masses of shade. The park, which a little before had been crowded with idle and well-dressed people, waiting perhaps for a sight of the prince, was now deserted by all except a few Highland soldiers, hurrying to or from the camp at Duddingston, and by the young lady above mentioned, who continued, in spite of the deepening twilight, to saunter about, seeming to await the hour of some assignation. As each single Highland officer or group passed this lady, she contrived to elude their observation by an adroit management of her plaid; and it was not till the gathering darkness rendered her appearance at such a time and place absolutely suspicious, that at length one gallant mountaineer made bold to accost her. 'Ah, Helen,' he exclaimed, 'how delighted am I to find you here!—for I expected you to be waiting at the bottom of the walk; and thus I see you five minutes sooner than I otherwise would have done.'

'I would rather wait near the palace than at that fearsome place, at this time o' nicht, William,' said the young lady; 'for, let me tell you, you have been a great deal later o' comin' than you should have been.'

'Pardon me, my angel!' answered the youth: 'I have been detained by the Prince till this instant. His Royal Highness has communicated to me no very pleasant intelligence: he is decisive as to our march commencing on the morning after to-morrow, and I am distracted to think of parting with you. How shall I—how can I part with you!'

'O never mind that, Willie,' cried the lady in a tone quite different from his, which was highly expressive of a lover's misery. 'If your enterprise prove successful, and you do not get your head broken or beauty spoiled,

you shall perhaps be made an earl, and marry some grand English countess; and I shall then content myself with young Claver the advocate, who has been already so warmly recommended to me by my father, and who would instate me to-morrow, if I chose, as his wedded wife, in the fine house he has just bought in Forrester's Wynd.'

'To the devil with that beast!' cried the jealous lover in Gaelic. 'Do you think, Helen, that I could ever marry any one but you, even though it were the queen on the throne? But perhaps you are not so very resolute in your love-matters, and could transfer your affections from one object to another as easily and as quickly as you could your thoughts or the glance of your eyes.'

'Ah, Willie, Willie,' said the lady, still in a jocular tone, 'I see you are a complete Hielanter—fiery and irritable. I might have kenn'd that the first moment I ever saw ye, when ye bravadoed a' Edinburgh because a silly toon-officer tried to touch ye. Wad ye flee up, man, on your ain true love when she merely jokes ye a wee?'

'Oh, if that be all, Helen,' said the youth humbly, 'I beg your grace. Yet, methinks, this is no time for merriment, when we are about to part, perhaps for ever. How, dearest Helen, do you contrive to keep up your spirits under such circumstances?'

'Because,' said the young lady, 'I know that there is no necessity for us parting, at least for some time to come; for I am willing to accompany you, if you will take me, to the very world's end. There's sincerity and true love for you!'

Surprised and delighted with this frank offer, the lover strained his mistress passionately to his bosom, and swore to protect her as his lawful wife till the latest moment of his existence. 'You shall travel,' he said, 'in my sister Lady Ogilvie's carriage, and be one of the first British ladies to attend the Prince's *levée* in St James's at Christmas. Our marriage shall be solemnised at the end of the first stage.'

The project was less than rational; but when was reason anything to love? Many avowals of mutual attachment passed between the parties, and after projecting a mode of elopement they parted — William Douglas taking the road for the camp at Duddingston, and Helen Lindsay hastily returning to the town.

The morning of the 1st of November broke drearily upon Edinburgh, shewing a dull, frosty atmosphere, and the ground covered with a thin layer of snow. It was the morning of the march; and here and there throughout the streets stood a few bagpipers, playing a *réveille* before the lodgings of the great officers of the clans. One or two chiefs were already marching down the street, preceded by their pipers, and followed by their men, in order to join the army, which was beginning to move from Duddingston. The Highland guard, which had been stationed ever since the Chevalier's arrival at the Weigh-house, was now leaving its station, and moving down the Lawnmarket to the merry sound of the bagpipe, when a strange circumstance occurred.

Just as the word of command had been given to the Weigh-house guard, the sash of the window in the third floor of an adjacent house was pushed up, and immediately after a female figure was observed to issue therefrom, and to descend rapidly along a rope towards the pavement below. The commander of the guard no sooner perceived this than he sprang forward to the place where the figure was to alight, as if to receive her in his arms; but he did not reach it before the lady, finding the rope too short by several yards, dropped with a slight scream on the ground, where she lay apparently lifeless. The officer was instantly beside her; and words cannot describe the consternation and sorrow depicted in his face as he stooped, and with gentle promptitude lifted the unfortunate lady from the ground. She had fainted with the pain of what soon turned out to be a broken limb; and as she lay over the Highlander's arm, her travelling hood falling back from her head, disclosed a face which, though exquisitely beautiful, was as pale

and expressionless as death. A slight murmur at length broke from her lips, and a tinge of red returned to her cheeks as she half articulated the word 'William.' William Douglas—for it was he—hung over her in silent despair for a few moments, and was only recalled to recollection when his men gathered eagerly and officiously around him, each loudly inquiring of the other the meaning of this strange scene. The noise thus occasioned soon had the effect of bringing all to an understanding; for the father of the lady, in a nightcap and morning-gown, was first observed to cast a hurried glance over the still open window above, and was soon after in the midst of the group, calling loudly and distractedly for his daughter, and exclaiming loudly against the person in whose arms he found her, for having attempted to rob him of his natural property. Douglas bethought himself for a moment, and calling upon his men to close all round him and the lady, began to move away with his beloved burden, while the old gentleman loaded the air with his cries, and struggled forward with the vain intention of rescuing his daughter. The lover might soon have succeeded in his wishes by ordering the remonstrant to be withheld and taken home by his men; but he speedily found that to take away his mistress in her present condition, and without the means of immediately relieving her, would be the height of cruelty; and he therefore felt himself reluctantly compelled to resign her to the charge of her parent, even at the risk of losing her for ever. Old Mr Lindsay, overjoyed at this resolution, offered to take his daughter into his own arms, and transport her back to the house; but Douglas, heeding not his proposal, and apparently anxious to retain his mistress as long as he could, saved him this trouble by slowly and mournfully retracing his steps, and carrying her up stairs to her bed-chamber, his company meanwhile remaining below. He there discovered that Helen had been locked up by her father, who had found reason to suspect her intention of eloping, and that this was what occasioned her departure from the mode of escape pre-

viously agreed upon. After depositing her still inanimate person carefully on a bed, he turned for a moment towards her father; told him fiercely, that if he exercised any cruelty upon her in consequence of what had taken place, he should dearly rue it; and then, after taking another silent, lingering farewell look of his mistress, left the house in order to continue his march.

After this, another and longer interval occurs between the incidents of our tale; and this may perhaps be profitably employed in illustrating a few of the circumstances already laid partially before the reader. William Douglas was a younger son of Sir Robert Douglas of Glenbervie, the celebrated antiquary, and had been bred to the profession of a writer, or attorney, under the auspices of a master of good practice in Aberdeen. Being, however, a youth of sanguine temperament and romantic spirit, he did not hesitate a moment, on hearing of the landing of the Chevalier, to break his apprenticeship, just on the point of expiring, and set off to rank himself under the banners of him whom he conceived entitled to the duty and assistance of all true Scotsmen. In consideration of his birth, and his connection with some of the very highest leaders in the enterprise, he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Prince, in which capacity he had been employed to communicate with the city in the manner already described. As he rode up the High Street, and, more than that, as he rode down again, he had been seen and admired by Helen Lindsay, who happened to be then in the house of a friend near the scene of his exploit. Soon after the Highland army had taken possession of the city they had met at the house of a Jacobite aunt of the young lady, and a passion of the tenderest nature then took place between them. To her father, who was her only surviving parent, this was quite unknown till the day before the departure of the Highlanders, when some circumstances having roused his suspicions, he thought it necessary to lock her up in her own room, without, however, securing the window—that part of a house so useful and so interesting above all

others to youthful lovers, the chink of Pyramus and Thisbe not excepted. It only remains to be stated, that though the young lady recovered from the effects of her fall in a few weeks, she did not so soon recover from her disappointment, and she was doomed to experience a still greater affliction in the strange look with which she was afterwards regarded by her father and all her own acquaintance.

William Douglas performed an active part in all the scenes of the rebellion, and finally escaped the perils of Culloden almost without a wound. He fled to his father's house, where he was received joyfully, and concealed for upwards of a twelvemonth, till the search of the royal troops was no longer dangerous. His father frequently entreated him to go abroad, but he would not consent to such a measure; and at last, it being understood that government had passed an 'act of oblivion' in regard of the surviving rebels, he ventured gradually and cautiously to appear again in society. All this time he had never communicated with Helen Lindsay; but his thoughts had often, in the solitude of his place of hiding, turned anxiously and fondly towards her. At length, to the surprise of his father, he one day expressed his desire of going to Edinburgh, and setting up there as a writer—the profession to which he had been educated, and for which he could easily complete his qualifications. Sir Robert was by no means averse to his commencing business, but expressed his fears for the safety of his son's person in so conspicuous a situation in the capital, where the eyes of justice were constantly wide open, and where he would certainly meet with the most disagreeable recognitions. The lover overruled all these obstructions by asking the old gentleman whether he would wish to see his son perish in the West Indies, or become a respectable and pacific member of society in his own country; and it was speedily arranged that both should set out for Edinburgh, in order to put the youth's purpose in execution so soon as he should procure his indenture from his late master. In this no difficulty was experienced; and in a few weeks

the aged baronet set forth, accompanied by his son on horseback, towards the city which contained all the latter held dear on earth.

On arriving at an inn in the Canongate, the first thing Sir Robert did was to send a card to his cousin, the Earl of ——, informing his lordship of his arrival, and begging his company that evening at his hotel. The earl soon made his appearance, heartily welcomed the old gentleman to Edinburgh, and was introduced to young William. His lordship was sorry, however, that he could not stay long with them, as Lady —— was to have a ball that evening, where his presence was of course indispensable. He begged, however, to have the pleasure of *their* company at his house as soon as they could dress, when he would endeavour to entertain them, and, moreover, introduce his young kinsman to the chief beauties of Edinburgh. When he was gone, Sir Robert, alarmed at the idea of his son entering at once into an assemblage where many would remember his face, attempted to dissuade him from attending the ball, and offered to remain all the evening with him in the inn. But William insisted upon going, holding all danger light, and representing to his father that even though he were *recognised*, no one, even an enemy, would think of *discovering* him, that being generally held as a sin of the deepest dye. The truth was, that the earl's mention of *beauties* put him in mind of Miss Lindsay, and inspired him with a notion that she would be of the party, and that he might have an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with her, which he could not easily procure otherwise. Both, therefore, prepared themselves for the ball, and in a short time set off in two chairs for Gray's Close, in which the earl's house was situated.

That fine old spacious alley was found to be on the present occasion as splendid as it was possible for any close in Auld Reekie to be, under the double advantages of fashion and festivity. Two livery-men stood at the head with torches, and served as a beacon to mark to the gathering company the entrance of the strait into

which they had to steer their way. Between the head of the lane and the vestibule of his lordship's house, other servants were planted with torches, so as to form an avenue of lights, along which the guests were ushered. All the guests, as they successively arrived, were announced at the head of the stair by a servant—a custom recently adopted from London, and of little service in Edinburgh, where all people knew each other by sight. It served, however, on the present occasion, to procure for Sir Robert and his son, immediately on their entering the room, a general and instantaneous attention, which they would rather have dispensed with, and upon which they had not calculated. Both gentlemen were personally presented by their kinsman, the earl, to many persons of distinction of both sexes, among whom Sir Robert—though he had been for twenty years estranged in a great measure from society, in the prosecution of his studies and the management of his gout—soon recognised and entered into conversation with some old friends, while his son set himself to observe if Miss Lindsay was in the room. She was not present, but as company continued still to arrive, he entertained hopes that she would yet make her appearance. Disengaging himself, therefore, from his father, he withdrew to a corner of the room, where he might see, without being easily perceived by any person entering; and there, in silence and abstraction, he awaited her probable arrival. Some minutes had elapsed after the last announcement, and in the idea that all were assembled the earl had stood up at the head of a long double line of powdered beaux and ladies with enormous hoops and high head-dresses, in order to lead off the first dance, when William Douglas heard the name of Mr and Miss Lindsay proclaimed at the head of the stair, and presently after saw an old precise-looking gentleman lead into the room the elegant figure of his long-lost mistress. He saw no more for some time; for while his blood rushed upwards to the heart in tumultuous tide, a dimness came over his eyes, and obscured even the brilliant chandeliers that hung over the

company. On recovering his powers of observation, the dance was done, and the floor cleared of its revellers, who now sat all round in full view. Some of the ladies were fanning themselves vehemently with their large Indian fans; others were listening, with head awry, to the compliments of their partners; not a few were talking and coquetting with the gentlemen near them; and a great portion were sitting demurely and stiffly in groups, like hedgerow elms, under the awful patronage of their mothers or protectresses: all were companionable and looked happy except one—a silent and solitary one, who, less attractively dressed than any of the rest, yet more beautiful than them all, sat pensively apart from the throng apparently taking little interest in what was going on. Douglas needed no one to inform him that this was Helen Lindsay, though she was very different from the vivacious, sparkling girl she had been eighteen months before. He was shocked at the change he observed, and hastened to discover the cause by inquiring of a silly-looking young man near him who she was.

'Oh! that is Miss Lindsay,' quoth the youth, who was no other than her ancient admirer Claver, 'said to be the prettiest girl in Edinburgh, though Miss Pringle for my money—her you see with a flame-coloured sack, sitting next to the Lord Justice-Clerk. To be sure, Miss Lindsay is not what she has been: I was once thought in love with her [here he simpered], but she was one morning found on the tramp with a rebel officer, who is said to have been hanged, and she has never since then held up her head as she used to do; for indeed, let me tell you, some of our great dames here affect to hold up their noses at her adventures; so that, what with a lippet character and a hanged sweetheart you see she looks somewhat dismal on it.'

Douglas durst make no further inquiries, but shrunk back in the seclusion and concealment afforded by a corner of the room, from whence he continued for some time longer to watch his unhappy mistress, his father in

the meantime completely taken off his hands by a spectacled old maiden of quality, who had engaged him in a genealogical disquisition. By watching his opportunities, he contrived to place himself almost close beside his mistress without being observed; and gradually making still nearer approaches, he had at last the happiness of finding himself upon the very next seat to hers. Whatever change disappointment and wo had wrought in her, it did not amount to a fourth of that which William had achieved in himself by a change of clothes, and taming down to the expression of domestic life a visage which had shewed somewhat fierce and soldierly in the days of his acquaintance with Miss Lindsay. Instead of his former gallant and robust air, he was now pale and elegant; and though his eye still retained some of its fire, and his lip its wonted curve, the general change was such, and, moreover, the circumstances under which he was now seen were so different from those which surrounded and characterised him, that before any but a lover's eye he might have passed without recognition. As the case was, Miss Lindsay discovered him at the first glance, and with difficulty suppressing a scream, had nearly fainted with excessive emotion. In the words of Scotland's national poet—

> 'She gazed, she redden'd like a rose,
> Syne pale as ony lily.'

But she expressed no farther emotion. With presence of mind which was not singular in those times of danger, she instantly recovered her tranquillity, though her eyes could not but express that she half believed herself to be in the presence of a being out of this world. One affectionate look from William sufficed to put her alarm on that score to rest; but she continued to feel the utmost apprehension respecting his safety, as well as a multitude of other confused emotions, which fast awakened in her heart, as from his imaginary grave, where they had long been buried, and thronged tumultuously through her breast. A few words, heard by no ears but

hers, stealing under cover of the noise made by the music and the dancers, like the rill under a load of snow, conveyed to her the delightful intelligence that he was still alive and her lover, and that he was come thus late, when the days of peril seemed past, and under happier auspices than before, to claim her affections. When the dancers next arose upon the floor he respectfully presented his hand, and led her, nothing loth, into the midst of the splendid assemblage, where Lord ——, bustling about as master of the ceremonies, assigned them an honourable place, in spite of the surprised looks and reprobatory winks of not a few matrons as well as young ladies. The handsome and well-matched pair acquitted themselves to the admiration of the whole assemblage, except the censorious and the envious; and when they sat down together upon the same seats from which they had risen, the speculation excited among the whole throng by the unexpected appearance of such a pair was beyond all precedent in the annals of gossip.

Not long after, supper was announced, and the company left the dancing-room in order to go down stairs to the apartment where that meal was laid out. A ludicrous circumstance now occurred, which we shall relate, rather because it formed a part of the story as told by our informant, than from any connection it has with the main incident.

Sir Robert had all this time been so earnestly engaged in the genealogical discussion alluded to, that, interesting as the word supper always is on such occasions to those not given to dancing alone, he did not hear it. It was not till all were gone that he and the old spectacled lady discovered at what stage of the proceedings they were arrived. Recollecting his old-fashioned politeness, however, in proper time, the venerable antiquary made his *congé*, and offered his hand to the tall, stiff, and rigid-looking dame, in order to escort her, *more majorum*, down stairs. Sir Robert was a man somewhat of the shortest, and, moreover of the fattest, while a gouty foot, carefully swaddled, gave an infirm and tottering air to

his whole person. As they moved along, the two antiques would have reminded one of Sancho Panza leading the distressed old spectacled duenna through the dark labyrinths of the duke's castle. Thus they went along the room, down the earl's narrow spiral stair, and through an ill-lighted passage, he cringing and limping as gouty men are wont, and she sailing along erect and dignified after the manner of an old maid of 1750, who had seen good company at the hunters' balls in Holyroodhouse. Now it so happened that a servant, or, as some editions have it, a baker, had set down a small fruit pasty, contained in an oval dish, in a dark corner of the passage, intending immediately to return from the supper-room, to which he had carried some other dishes, in order to rescue it from that dangerous situation—to which, indeed, he had been compelled to consign it on finding that his hands were already over-engaged. Before he returned, as ill-luck would have it, Sir Robert's gouty and clouty foot alighted full in the middle of the pasty, and stuck in it up to the ankle—perfectly unconscious, however, in its swaddlings of having so shod itself, so that the good baronet walked on with it into the room. What was his surprise, and what the mirth of the company, and what the indignation of the old duenna, on finding that she shared in the ridicule of her esquire, may perhaps be imagined, but cannot be adequately described. Suffice it to say, that the whole assemblage were so delighted with the amusing incident that not one face exhibited anything of gloom during the subsequent part of the evening; and even the young ladies were tempted to forget and forgive the good fortune of Miss Lindsay, in having to all appearance so completely secured a first-rate lover.

Our tale now draws to a conclusion, and may be summed up in a few words. William Douglas soon settled in business as a writer to the Signet, and found no obstacle on the part of either his parent or his mistress in uniting himself to that amiable young lady. It was known to a few, and suspected by more, that, under the decent habit he now wore, was concealed the

very person who knocked down two of Gardner's dragoons in the Luckenbooths, and braved all Edinburgh to single combat. But he was never molested on this account; and he therefore continued to practise in the Court of Session for upwards of half a century, with the success and with the credit of a respectable citizen.

JACQUES CALLOT.

I.

In a spacious apartment of one of the oldest houses in Nancy, in Lorraine—such as served at that time (1603) for kitchen, parlour, and workroom to persons of respectability—a family was seated opposite to an open window breathing the balmy air of a spring forenoon. Behind them several female servants were employed in spinning and needlework, while on the outside of the window, which opened into a wide street, so little frequented that tufts of grass might be seen here and there growing in it, a pedler with his pack on his back was standing, finishing a story, which, to judge by the extreme attention with which it was listened to, must have been very interesting. The interior of the room was in accordance with the simplicity of those days. A large pot was boiling over the fire, shewing that the family had not yet dined; indeed the clock which hung from the whitewashed wall pointed to the early hour of eleven. At the lower end of the room a long oaken table was already laid. A kneading-trough for bread, a large chest curiously carved, a dresser filled with pewter utensils, some benches, and several wooden chairs, completed the furniture of this apartment.

When the pedler had ceased speaking, the soft, clear voice of a child broke the general silence by exclaiming, 'What then?'

At the same moment a little dark head peeped from behind the shoulder of a young woman, and immediately withdrew, blushing at what he had done, and at seeing every eye turned towards him.

'That child will be fond of travels,' said a man apparently about forty years of age, whose dress denoted him to be a herald-at-arms of that time.

'Oh, it is because Petrus is speaking about Italy,' said the child with joy sparkling in his eyes.

'Would you like to go to Italy, Jacques?' asked an old man who, from occupying a more elevated seat than the rest, and from the great respect with which every word he said was received, appeared to be the head of the family.

'To see Italy, grandfather,' exclaimed Jacques, whose expressive countenance reflected every feeling of his mind—'to see Italy I would give'——

Here the child stopped, as if endeavouring to find a word sufficiently expressive, or as if he were considering the magnitude of the sacrifice he was willing to make to obtain the object of his anxiety.

'Well, what would you give, Jacques?' asked another boy, who seemed a few years older, in a sneering manner.

'You, François, would be the first thing, just to go as far as Florence!' replied the boy without hesitation.

'He is a little fool,' said his mother, shrugging her shoulders.

'With the exception of giving your brother to gratify your fancy, Jacques,' resumed the old man in a tone of gentle reproach, 'I rather approve of your wish. Florence is such a beautiful city! It is a long time since I saw it—the year 1543—when I was an officer of police attached to the bodyguard of the Duke of Lorraine; but I retain a very pleasing remembrance of it.'

'The museum has been greatly enriched since then, Master Claude Callot,' said the pedler. 'I saw two new Titians of great beauty, a picture by Horace Vecelli, the son of Titian, very remarkable the connoisseurs say'——

Just then the clock having struck three-quarters after eleven, the servants, who had been bending over their work, rose up quickly: one ran to the pot of soup, another to the table, a third to the dresser, a fourth to the well to draw water, while an old servant, with a jug in his hand, slowly bent his steps towards the cellar.

Before the first stroke of twelve was heard, a wooden platter and spoon and a pewter mug had been placed for each person; at the second stroke, the soup was placed smoking on the table; at the third, every one stood up.

'Come in, Master Petrus, and partake of our mid-day meal,' said the old man, addressing himself to the pedler, and accompanying his verbal invitation with a gracious gesture of his hand.

'I could not make so bold, Seignior Claude,' said Petrus modestly.

'No ceremony, neighbour,' replied Claude Callot.

'A poor travelling hawker to sit down with people of rank!' said Petrus, yet not without throwing a furtive glance at the soup, with which his nostrils were already most agreeably regaled, and at the dishes of meat and vegetables which adorned the table.

'A noble of yesterday, as I am, should not look down upon an honest man from father to son, Petrus,' replied Claude Callot. 'Come in, then, neighbour, and take your place beside my son Jean.'

The Callots had, in fact, been first ennobled in the person of Claude Callot by Charles II., in consideration of services he had performed in the army, and particularly on one occasion, when he gave ostensible proofs of his fidelity and courage. His son, Jean Callot, was married to Renée Bruncault, and was herald-at-arms of Lorraine and Barois.

The venerable Claude Callot sat at the upper end of the table, having his son on his right hand and his daughter-in-law on his left; Petrus sat next to Jean Callot; and François, the elder of the two boys, placed himself beside his mother, taking care, however, to leave an empty space between them. The servants sat at the

lower end of the table, for in those days the old families still retained the custom of taking their meals in company with their domestics—a line of demarcation alone separated them from their superiors. As to Jacques, it seemed as if every one had determined to forget him. Two or three times he had approached the space left between his mother and his brother, and each time a supplicating look had been cast towards his father or mother; but neither the one nor the other pretended to see him, and the disappointed child, not knowing what course to take in order to make them sensible of their neglect, and to shew his dissatisfaction, revenged himself on a great tom-cat which was raising up his back at his feet, and looking up at him as if to say: 'They are all dining but you and I.'

Jacques trod heavily on his tail. At the plaintive cry of the cat every person turned towards Jacques.

'What is the matter?' asked his father.

'Nothing,' replied Jacques in a doleful tone; 'only puss is hungry.'

'And you, too, no doubt,' said old Claude, who was busily engaged helping the soup with a large pewter ladle.

'As well as every one else, grandfather,' answered Jacques, looking round the table.

'Why is not Jacques at dinner?' inquired the old man of his daughter-in-law.

'He is in punishment, sir,' she replied.

'I am very angry with him,' said his father, darting a look at his son which made him look down in fear: 'in place of studying, the gentleman only amuses himself in spoiling his books.'

'Oh, spoil!' muttered Jacques between his teeth.

'What do you call that?' said Madame Callot, taking a book from her pocket and shewing to the company every leaf marked with the most grotesque figures.

'Since Friar Sergius refuses to let me have white paper,' said Jacques, venturing to speak out, 'I am obliged to make my books of some use.'

Jean Callot interrupted his son with much displeasure:

'That is to say, you naughty boy, that if you do not daub your books all over with ink, they are of no use to you; but there must be an end to this. I agreed to-day with the prior of St Nicholas, and to-morrow you are to go to the convent, where you will remain. We have as yet had nothing but soldiers in our family, and now we must have a priest.'

'I a priest!' exclaimed the boy with tears in his eyes; 'I go into a convent! Oh! excuse me, father, but I will never be a priest.'

'As a younger son, however, you have no choice; what other profession would you like?'

'Oh, the arts!' replied Jacques unhesitatingly.

'Which?' asked his grandfather.

'Painting!' exclaimed Jacques, almost with enthusiasm. 'Grandfather, mamma, beg of my father to send me to Rome, that I may study the great masters, as Petrus says. It is a fine thing to be a priest, I do not deny that, but the arts! painting! that is what is really fine, great, noble! Oh, papa! pray do not make me a priest.'

'I will,' said the herald-at-arms in so firm and imperative a tone that Jacques saw there was no hope of altering his decision. He continued to weep in silence.

'Jacques,' said his grandfather after a little consultation with his son and daughter-in-law, 'sit down in your usual place—in consideration of the stranger who honours us with his company, your father forgives you.'

Jacques obeyed without answering, and with a full heart. His mother gave him a good plate of soup, and then addressing Petrus, she begged he would resume the conversation which had been interrupted by the announcement of dinner.

All travellers are fond of relating their adventures, and the picture-dealer was particularly so. Almost an artist, in consequence of frequenting their society in the way of business, Petrus spoke of Italy with the enthusiasm of all those who come from it. His narratives were simple—truth was their principal charm; never seeking to shine,

he was the more interesting; every one forgot to eat while listening to him. Jacques especially, with his eyes fixed and his mouth open, lost not a word, not a look of the traveller, his whole soul appeared to be suspended on the lips of the narrator; his little face reflected every emotion of the speaker, clouding or brightening as the circumstances varied.

Jacques was a very sensitive child, and it was probably for that reason, and on account of the impetuosity of his temper, which prevented him submitting to any contradiction, which had made his parents decide on educating him for a priest. They thought that the silence of the cloister and the leading a pious and tranquil life would soon calm this little volcano. But while listening to Petrus in a way that seemed as if his whole mind was absorbed in what he heard, he was at the same time busy in devising means of escaping from the lot that was designed for him.

When they rose from the table he had not even tasted his soup. Petrus then having ceased speaking, Jacques recollected his dinner, and began to eat it almost voraciously. He had finished before Petrus had again taken his bales upon his back.

'Farewell, neighbour Petrus!' said old Callot, pressing the hand of the pedler between his own.

'Whenever you pass this way about noon, Petrus,' said Madame Callot with a benevolent smile, 'remember that there is always a plate laid for a friend.'

'And pass by often at this hour, Petrus,' added Jean Callot.

'Stay, your strap is loose,' said François, going behind the pedler and settling his goods upon his shoulder.

'And you are forgetting your cap,' said Jacques, standing on tiptoe in order to reach up to Petrus, who stooped down good-humouredly for the little man. 'Is it very far to Italy, Petrus?' added he in a quick low voice.

'Too far for your little boots, Jacques,' replied Petrus.

'One word more,' said the boy, holding Petrus by the neck as if to embrace him, 'which is the way to go there?'

'The road to Italy!' answered Petrus.

'The road to Italy—that is clear enough,' said Jacques, as he was undressing in the evening to go to bed; 'that alone explains it. Ah! my dear parents, you want to make me a priest, you want to shut me up in a convent—that's what we shall see, and no later than to-morrow.'

II.

The night following this conversation Jacques was so restless that his brother, who was disturbed by him, inquired two or three times whether he was unwell.

'I am not sleepy,' was all that Jacques would say; for how could he acknowledge even to his brother the silly desire that was running through his brain?

Jacques had a very lively imagination, which was continually stimulated by the accounts he heard from travellers, and daily from his grandfather, respecting Italy, and he had come to one fixed determination, which never left him for a moment, and that was to go to Italy! He could think of nothing else, its name alone set his heart beating; what, then, must have been his feelings when, in place of seeing any prospect of being able to gratify his wishes, he found that his family had determined on placing him in a convent! A thousand schemes, each more wild and foolish than another, were running through his head.

First, without considering the deep affliction he would cause his parents, he wanted nothing less than to throw himself into the well, but the well appeared to be very deep, and the water very cold; he then opened his knife, intending to stab himself to the heart, but the remembrance of a cut on his finger, which had required some disagreeable dressing, turned him from that project; he next tried to strangle himself with the string of his kite, but the string hurt him, and he gave up the idea of suicide.

Another thought then took possession of his mind,

which he so fondly cherished, that at length it not only deprived him of sleep but of all reason, all feeling, and even of the respect which he owed to his parents.

His mother, in order to console him for the severity of the paternal decision, told him that she had succeeded in obtaining a respite for him, and that he should have time to take leave of his little play-fellows before he went to the convent of St Nicholas. Jacques made no reply, for he had not only determined that he would not go to the convent, but that he would go to Italy to study painting. Go to Italy! he, a child, and at a time when the roads were so infested by robbers and gipsies as to be often impassable even for armed men—when those who made preparations for such a journey never failed to make their will before they set off—and when those who returned in safety from a distant journey were so few that they were looked upon as wonders; and this was one reason that the people made so much of Petrus.

But nothing could cool the ardour of Jacques; and what appears scarcely credible, he fearlessly thought of venturing alone and unprotected into an unknown country; the frightful stories he had often heard of the disasters which happened to travellers were incapable of intimidating him; the only thought which distressed him, was that of opening his mind to his parents, of asking their permission for what nothing could convince him ought to be refused; this idea alone chilled him, and agitated every limb.

'No,' said he to himself, 'I never can acknowledge to mamma, though she is so good, nor to my father, who loves me so much, or even to my grandfather, the most indulgent of them all, that I wish to leave them; that I am going to leave them, for that I have determined on. I must go to Italy; I will be a painter, and it is not here that I shall become one—and then, after all, if I were to ask their permission, and that they were to refuse it, there would be an end of it for ever, for I could not disobey my parents; while, on the contrary, if I go without asking them, mamma may call me a young rogue, or a

vagabond, or a naughty boy, but she cannot say that I was disobedient, or that I broke one of the commandments; so I am determined to be off, and when they cannot find me, as I have never concealed my wish of going to Italy, they will be sure that I have gone there, and will wait patiently for my return. It cannot be very far to Italy: Petrus walks there with a load upon his back, and I have as good legs as he has, I think. Oh! how I wish the sun would rise that I may set off.'

A light glimmering soon after appearing through the windows, Jacques could no longer restrain his impatience, and he leaped out of bed.

'What! up already, Jacques?' said his father, who was just done dressing.

These words seemed to embarrass the child—he almost thought his project had been discovered.

'Well! it is no harm,' said his father; 'it is good to be an early riser. But why do you stand there twisting about your stockings in place of putting them on you? Have you anything to ask me?'

Alas! this question gave rise to an irresistible desire in the heart of poor Jacques. At the moment of leaving his father, and no doubt for a long time, he wished to embrace him, and he did not well know how to bring it about.

'You were angry with me yesterday, father;' said he, colouring.

'I have forgiven you—what more do you want?'

'That is true, father; but you did not kiss me.'

'Is that all? Come, then, and as you will soon go, like a good boy as you are, to the Convent of St Nicholas, I am quite willing to repair that forgetfulness.'

So saying Jean Callot opened his arms to his son, who rushed into them, unable to restrain his tears.

'My child!' said his father, embracing him, and patting his cheek, down which the tears were rolling.

'That is one over!' said Jacques, as he dried his eyes after his father left him; 'and now I must invent some excuse to get as much from mamma. As for my grandfather, there will be no difficulty with him, for he is always

the first to call me to kiss him—and then for the road, my boy!'

'What are you muttering there to yourself?' said his brother, who had now risen, and was dressing himself.

'Nothing that concerns you, François,' replied Jacques.

'Would you like me to go with you to the school this morning?' inquired François, as he finished buttoning his waistcoat.

'No, I thank you, brother.'

'Then good-by, Jacques; I will go and walk with my grandfather.'

Old Claude Callot took a walk every morning on the outside of the walls of Nancy. He was in the passage waiting for his elder grandson, when little Jacques ran up to him in a fond and caressing manner. The kind old man thought the child looked as if he wanted something from him, and putting his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, he took out a crown-piece of three livres. 'Here, my little fellow,' said he, kissing him, 'take this, it will buy you a new book in place of the one you spoiled yesterday.'

'Oh! Father Claude,' exclaimed his mother, who had just entered the passage, 'how you spoil children!'

Claude smiled, and placed his finger on his lips, as if to impose silence on his daughter-in-law. François then approaching, they both left the house together.

'Here, Jacques,' said his mother, giving him a little covered basket, 'here is your breakfast, go to school, and take leave of Friar Sergius and your schoolfellows; go, and behave better than you did yesterday.'

'A kiss, mother, will you not?' said Jacques in a coaxing voice.

Madame Callot kissed her son's forehead, repeating, 'Go, set off, it is nearly six o'clock;' she then returned to the house. Jacques looked after his mother till she was out of sight, then waiting a moment till he could no longer hear her footsteps, he turned on his heel, gained stealthily a little door which communicated with

the interior of the dwelling, entered on a little back staircase, and from thence reached his own room.

'I have always heard my grandfather say,' said Jacques when he had made sure that he was quite alone, 'that before setting off on a journey people should always pack their trunks, so I will pack mine. But who will carry them? I have neither chaise, nor horse, nor mule, and as for carrying them on my back, I fear I am not quite so strong as Petrus. Besides, what do I want with trunks? I suppose I shall not stay ten years in Italy: no, certainly not. I will put my nightcap in my pocket, my handkerchief here. Now I must count my money: a crown of three livres, which my grandfather gave me—poor grandfather! what a happy thought that was of him! it was just as if he suspected something, and yet he could not have guessed it; a new piece of twelve sous, which mamma gave me for a Christmas-box; one of twenty-four sous, my father gave me on my birthday; and some small change, that makes in all five livres, three sous, and two derniers. I have enough to take me round the world. Hurrah! for the road. But now, I think of it,' added he, looking down at his little boots, 'yesterday Petrus said in a contemptuous way, "It is too far for your little boots!" Truly he is right, nobody ever saw such little feet as I have. I could not go very far; and then, if mamma was to send after me, I could easily be traced! O dear! how unfortunate I am to have such little feet!' And Jacques, stamping with one of these little feet, had already began to cry—his usual resource—when his eyes fell on a pair of long boots which his father wore when he rode on horseback.

'The fine boots!' said he, going over to them, taking them up and putting them down, poising them in his hand and looking at them with admiration. 'It is no wonder that papa makes such long strides, and walks three times as fast as I can. With such boots as those I could do it just as well. But what a good thought!' added he, putting his hand to his forehead—'suppose I put them on! Papa does not want them, and besides he has others.

It is now my turn to take long strides—I shall get on famously—I defy them to overtake me when my legs are in those fine boots. What long steps I ought to make with them! But I think it will be better not to put them on till I am outside the walls of Nancy. I might be observed in the streets, and the children would not fail to run after me, and overwhelm me with questions: "Where are you going? that is not the way to school," "He has taken his father's boots." No, no; it is better to consider and reflect. I will not put them on till I am on the road to Italy.' As he finished this little soliloquy, Jacques tied the boots together, and hung them over his shoulder. They nearly touched the ground; but so far from that disconcerting him, the little traveller rejoiced at it. 'What a deal of the country I shall see,' said he, as he turned towards the stairs. He nevertheless advanced cautiously, looking to the right hand and to the left, behind him and before him, and not venturing to stir until he felt sure of not being seen; and thus he reached the street.

Fortunately it was deserted, but as it turned off to the country, Jacques met Petrus face to face.

'Where are you going with these great boots of your father's?' asked the hawker, stopping the boy.

Jacques was quite confounded. However, he answered with tolerable firmness and presence of mind, 'Taking them to be mended.'

'To whom?' inquired the hawker.

'To a man that lives upon the road to Italy! Is this the right way?'

Petrus burst into a loud fit of laughter.

'You are turning your back to it, child; but I know what you are going to say. Go straight forward, as far as the corner, where you see that wooden cross; then turn to your left, and the cobbler cannot be far from that.'

'Thank you, Petrus; and, hearken, Petrus,' added Jacques, scratching his ear with the hand that was free, 'if you go to our house, do not tell them that you met me.'

'Why?' inquired the pedler in astonishment.

'Because, you see, Petrus,' replied Jacques, 'that in place of going to school, I am doing a little business that I might have done yesterday, if your stories had not put it out of my head.'

'I am not going that way,' said Petrus with simplicity, and passed on.

Relieved from his uneasiness, and having cunningly discovered the way by which he should leave Nancy, Jacques took his course across the fields, nor did he slacken his pace until exhausted by heat and fatigue. The sun was now in the meridian, and Jacques was quite out of sight of the city of Nancy. The journey had awakened his appetite, and he began to think of appeasing it: he seated himself on the side of a ditch, and opened his basket: some bread and an apple was all he had for dinner; but when people are travelling, and especially when they are going to Italy, they must not be dainty. Jacques ate his bread and apple together, and then emptied a little bottle of milk which his mother never forgot to put into his basket. When he felt rested and refreshed, he thought of recommencing his journey. Being now sure that he was far enough from the town to be in no danger of being recognised, Jacques thought he might put on his boots.

Seated upon the side of a ditch, he found no difficulty in putting his legs into them; but he rises and tries to walk—utterly impossible! a difficulty of which he had never thought naturally presented itself: the legs of the child were in proportion to the size of his feet, and were by no means suited to the amplitude of the boots, which he found reached up as high as his hips. Judge if you can of the astonishment and anger of the little boy! Standing in the ditch, encumbered with boots, one of which would nearly have served him for a hiding-place, he could not stir, move, or make a single step, and what was still worse, he was unable to take them off. At that moment one of his grandfather's fairy tales reverted to his memory, and he almost fancied himself enchanted.

He bitterly repented his journey to Italy, and the tears again fell from his eyes.

He was roused from his grief by an extraordinary-looking man, mounted on a mule, who in a coarse voice, with somewhat of a foreign accent, asked him what he was doing there in that strange plight. Jacques looked up, and could not avoid a feeling of terror at the voice and appearance of the stranger. He was wrapped in a large brown cloak, which covered the lower part of his face; his hat was slouched down over his eyes, but could not conceal that one of them was covered with a black patch.

'Well! will you answer, you young chap, where are you going to?'

A shivering came over the poor child, nevertheless he answered in a trembling voice: 'To Italy, my good gentleman.'

'Oh, to Italy!' repeated the man. 'And what are you going to do in Italy?'

'To see the pictures in the Museum at Florence, and the Museum at Rome,' replied Jacques in the same tremulous voice.

'Have you money enough to carry you to Italy?' inquired the man.

'Oh, yes! I have plenty,' said Jacques, striking against a little bag which held his boasted wealth.

'Would you like me to take care of you on the way?' said the man. 'Italy is my country, and I am going there —come, I will take you behind me on the mule.'

'Oh! my good gentleman,' exclaimed Jacques, 'how kind you are!'

The noise of carriage-wheels being now heard, the man urged him to hasten, when, with the agility of a young cat, Jacques threw himself on the ground, and drew himself out of his boots, much as a snail divests itself of its shell: then jumping up, he rushed joyfully to the stranger.

'And your boots?' said the man, looking into the ditch where they were lying, one here and one there.

'I do not want them any more, they have given me too

much trouble already,' said Jacques, as he held up his arms to the man to be lifted on the mule.

Giving a rapid glance, as if to measure the distance between himself and the carriage, the man stooped down, and lifting Jacques like a feather, he placed him before him, and putting spurs to the mule, set off at full gallop. Feeling himself travelling so hastily with this ill-looking man with one eye, Jacques began to be a little frightened: he looked anxiously along the road—the trees, fields, and houses disappeared so quickly that he could almost fancy they flew past him as he advanced. Nevertheless, whether from fatigue or from the approach of night, or that his previous anxieties had prevented sleep, he began to feel so drowsy that he could with difficulty keep himself awake. His companion, who had not till then spoken a word to him since they commenced their journey, put his arm round Jacques to support him; and placing his head against his shoulder, he said: 'Sleep now, sleep till supper-time.'

The boy neither remarked the tone in which these words were spoken, nor saw the almost Satanic expression which accompanied them. He fell fast asleep.

III.

A cold shivering awoke Jacques. On opening his eyes, and seeing by the light of the moon a strange scenery around him, and himself lying on the cold, damp ground, he at first thought that his senses must be deceived by a dream. He waited a minute to try and recollect what had put him into that state, when his journey to Italy, the boots, and the man in the cloak, all rushed upon his memory, and he quickly arose. To his great astonishment he found himself quite alone. Where was his fellow-traveller and his mule? He called, but received no answer; he listened, but a profound silence reigned around. In addition to this trouble, hunger seized upon him, having eaten nothing the previous day but his apple and bit of

bread. He called again, but with no better success; he then began to examine the place he was in: it was a forest, where there was no beaten track; tall fir-trees formed here and there dark masses at which it frightened him to look.

O what a situation was this for poor Jacques! to find himself on a cold night in the midst of a dreary forest, hungry and deserted! How did he repent of having left his parents and his comfortable home to be devoured perhaps by wild beasts!—for where there were trees he thought there must be wolves, and wolves always devour children; he had heard so a thousand times, and if they came now, who would protect him from the rage of those carnivorous animals? In his terror he fancied every object was a wild beast, and he was in momentary expectation of being torn to pieces, when his fears were raised to the utmost pitch by perceiving in the depth of the forest what appeared to be an eye of fire fixed upon him in the most frightful manner. His hair stood on end, a cold perspiration covered his forehead. He would have fled, but his feet felt as if nailed to the ground; he would have screamed, but his voice was paralysed.

He had no longer any doubt but that his guide had abandoned him, and that he was about to become food for the beasts of the forest; the fiery eye seemed to be growing larger, and approaching still nearer to him—Jacques fell with his face to the ground, powerless and motionless. Yet though fear had nearly deprived him of his senses, he still retained enough to feel all the horrors of his situation, and his conscience told him that it was a divine punishment. He had left his father's house, and his parents and friends he could have little doubt were in the deepest affliction. At that moment they might be calling him, and he did not answer; they might be seeking him, and unable to find him; and he likewise was calling, but there was none to answer him; he had been seeking, but could find none to succour him.

The journey to Italy was forgotten—he could think of nothing but of his frightful situation. All the fine things

he had expected to see were off and from his memory, and he could only picture to himself his weeping mother, his disconsolate family. O what would he not have given to have been safe in his comfortable warm bed at home, instead of lying extended cold and hungry on the hard ground in danger of being devoured by wolves! But vain were his wishes; the fault had been committed, and he must bear the consequences.

I cannot say how many hours Jacques remained lying on his face and hands on the ground, but the time appeared to him to be very long. At length, however, finding that he was neither devoured nor torn to pieces, he ventured to raise his head and look about him. It was still night, now dark night, for the moon had set; but the fiery eye was yet there, only that it now appeared to increase and decrease, and to dance like a flame driven by the wind.

Then Jacques began to think that perhaps it might be only the blaze of a fire which some stray traveller like himself had lighted in the wood; and this thought having revived his courage, he arose and advanced towards the place. But the farther he went, the farther the light seemed to recede, and Jacques, who was not very warlike, felt every limb tremble; nevertheless he went on, and walked for about two hours guided by this plaguey light, which seemed to be only sporting with him—going sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, sometimes approaching so near that the poor child thought he had only to put his hand out to it, and at other times appearing at such a distance that he despaired of ever being able to reach it. At length it went out altogether, and with it was extinguished every hope of safety. 'I have committed a great sin,' said Jacques to himself; 'I left my parents, and I ought to be punished for it. I justly deserve all that can happen me, and it would be a shame for me to complain. Let me, then, suffer: but I will suffer in silence.' Saying this he raised his head resolutely, and determined to penetrate the depth of the forest, to try and recover that little light which had

vanished like a dream, and which, on reflection, he thought must be, what it really was, an *ignus fatuus*.

As he could no longer perceive it, he consoled himself by thinking it could not be very far from morning, and went on groping his way with great precaution, for at almost every step he stumbled over either a stone or a bramble-bush. He soon came to a stand, and his heart beat violently: he heard voices and loud fits of laughter, and made all the haste he could to the place whence it proceeded.

It was a woodcutter's cottage, which, from its ruinous state, and the absence of any door, seemed to have been a long time uninhabited. Jacques was on the point of running into it, when the spectacle he beheld made him draw back in terror.

Round a large pot hung over a fire kindled in the centre of the only room in this cottage, about a score of individuals of both sexes were assembled. The countenances of these persons, as seen by the light of the fire, appeared horrible: the features were beyond description hideous, and their tattered garments were unlike those of other people; their language seemed to be a kind of gibberish—they all spoke together, and their words were accompanied by most energetic gestures. A number of half-naked, ragged children united their bawlings to the unintelligible jargon of their parents. At a signal from an old woman, who was seated next the fire stirring the provisions of all kinds that were heaped together in the pot with a long stick, there was a general silence.

'What have you gained?' said she, addressing a man who was sitting behind her.

As she turned round to speak to him Jacques had a full view of the man, and could scarcely suppress an exclamation of surprise at recognising his Italian guide.

'The rope!' replied he laughing; 'and I believe that is the only thing in the world that I would not steal. A splendid hit, and missed by the awkwardness of decoy-bird, who kept going backwards instead of forwards.'

'No blood spilled, I hope!' interrupted the old woman eagerly.

'For what do you take us, mother!' cried out the man. 'We are robbers, but not murderers, thank God!'

'Then I suppose,' said the old woman, 'that none of you have anything to give me!'

'Except me,' replied Jacques' companion, slapping a sack; 'and that, thanks to the finest little brat, and at the same time the silliest little blockhead in Nancy.'

Saying this he drew from the bottom of his sack a small bag, which he chinked to the old woman.

'Thief, liar, wicked man! give me back my money!' exclaimed a voice, to which anger and indignation gave vehemence; and at the same moment, before the party had recovered from the surprise this unexpected interruption occasioned, Jacques had rushed into the cottage and snatched his bag from the hand of his treacherous guide. Till then he had been ignorant of his loss, and was unable to resist the impulse which the sight of it occasioned.

'How came you to follow me here, you young chap!' said the man angrily.

'I did not follow you,' replied Jacques; 'but you lost me on purpose in the wood, and it was in trying to find my way that I came here. And as a proof that I did not follow you, I am now going away'—and Jacques was preparing to walk out, when, to his astonishment and dismay, he was immediately surrounded by the whole troop.

'People enter here, but do not go out, youngster,' said the old woman, placing her dark withered hand upon the boy's shoulder.

'Are you going to kill me!' said Jacques, turning pale with fright.

'No; but to keep you with us,' said his old companion; 'and since you have such a fancy for going to Italy, we can all travel together.'

'Travel with robbers!' exclaimed Jacques, trying to disengage himself from the clutches of the old woman.

'You must follow us, do you see,' said she, shaking her stick in by no means an equivocal manner, 'either willingly or by force; and we have all sorts of means for taming the refractory.'

Jacques felt as if he would have expired, yet he endeavoured to put a good face on it, for, young as he was, he felt his own superiority over the sort of persons who surrounded him, and his inherent pride overcame his fear.

'I will remain if it suits my convenience,' said he, sitting down under the weight of the hands which pressed him on his seat.

'And you will partake of our supper,' added the old woman as she handed him a porringer of soup, the fumes of which were very inviting.

'Because that suits my convenience too,' replied Jacques, as he eagerly lifted the porringer to his mouth; and as he began to feel refreshed by his warm supper, his strength and spirits revived.

'What is your name?' inquired his next neighbour.

'Jacques Callot,' he replied.

'Why did you leave your parents?' inquired another.

'Because I wanted to go to Italy, and my father wanted to make me a priest.'

The whole party burst out laughing.

'Make you a priest, poor boy!' said the old woman. 'You had better be a gipsy—it is a much pleasanter trade.'

'And what,' inquired Jacques, 'makes it so agreeable?'

'First,' said the old woman, 'we do everything we like.'

'That would suit me very well,' said Jacques, as he held his porringer out to be replenished.

'Then the world is ours,' said she.

'As much mine as yours, I suppose,' replied Jacques.

'Our country is everywhere—to-day here, to-morrow there: all its wealth is ours!'

'Why, then, do you seem to be so poor?' asked Jacques,

as he looked contemptuously at the rags which covered them.

'I mean all its wealth is ours, if we only knew how to take it'——

'That is to say, to steal,' interrupted the little Lorraine.

'Steal! Be it so,' said the old woman; 'I will not contend about words; and as you are a pretty little boy, and are better bred than any of the troop, if you are willing to be good and obedient we will take you to Italy without costing you a single sous, not even your little bag, which shall be returned to you; besides you shall always have the best place at table, and the best parts of the dinner—you shall be the happiest and the best treated of them all.'

'And what am I to do for that?' asked Jacques, who had listened with great attention to all that the gipsy had said.

'O very little, child—very little. One of our party is a singer; he has a splendid voice, and whenever he sings in the public places a great crowd collects about him, and you have only to go and listen to him singing.'

'I am very fond of music, madam, and if I have only to go and listen to him singing to'——

'When I say listen,' interrupted the old woman, 'you are to appear to be listening; then you are to slip in among the crowd, who will be standing gaping and staring at the singer; your head will be exactly at the height of their pockets, and with a sharp pair of scissors you can be snipping away without being perceived.'

Jacques grew as red as fire.

'Is it to me!' he exclaimed with indignation—'to me that you would give such an employment as that!'

'What is there so disagreeable in it?' replied the old hag. 'Would you prefer'——

'O mother!' exclaimed Jacques, melting into tears, 'if you are now crying for my loss, I am crying for having ever left you. O my poor mother!'

'What a little fool!' said one of the women, looking

at Jacques, who with his face buried in his hands was sobbing as if his heart would break.

'What an ass!' said another.

'What sort of an education has he had that he is afraid of cutting a hole in a pocket?' added a third.

'He is afraid of the rope!' exclaimed a fourth.

'Perhaps young master is not fond of a prison,' muttered a fifth.

'He is a coward, a poltroon, an idle cur,' repeated they all in chorus.

'No; I am neither a coward nor a poltroon!' said Jacques, his eyes flashing and his knuckles bent. 'Who is willing to fight with me? I am not afraid of the biggest or the stoutest of you all!'

This challenge was answered by bursts of jeering laughter, and Jacques wept again as he resumed: 'But I am not a robber, and I will not be a robber—do you mind? I would rather you killed me. Yes; death, a thousand times death rather than do such a dreadful thing. O my God—my God! come to my assistance!'

'We must let him go,' said his former guide; 'this boy will pervert the whole troop.'

'Yes; let him go,' said the old woman, 'that he may send the Duke of Lorraine's archers after us! But since he will do nothing, we will not force him: robbing is a profession that must come naturally, and without a taste for it there can be no good robbers; only he must not complain if he is badly fed, and has the worst place to sleep in, and that none of us love him; but as to quitting us, he must never think of that: in partaking of our soup he became one of us, and Jacques is now a gipsy. Cretlé, is not day dawning, my girl?' added she, addressing a tall, thin girl, who was standing in the doorway.

'Yes, mother,' she replied.

The old woman rose, exclaiming, '*En route!*'

The troop was ready in an instant, each loaded—one with a bundle, another with some household article; this one with an iron pot, the other with a drum. Several with musical instruments of different kinds, who, on carts

or on horseback, but the greater number on foot, all set off on their travels together.

Jacques was restored to his old place on the mule, more for the purpose of preventing any possibility of escape than to spare him the fatigue of the journey.

IV.

On arriving at Lyons the wandering troop took up their abode in a barn, lent them by a neighbouring farmer, whose fortune the old woman had told for nothing. Jacques, who had been brought up with so much care and tenderness, was obliged to lie upon straw beside dirty, ill-behaved children. His grief was excessive at having left his family; and though he still strongly desired to see Florence and Rome, yet the difficulties which were incessantly succeeding each other made him every moment sensible of the rashness of his conduct.

The day after their arrival at Lyons they prepared for their several functions: some were to dance in public places, some to sing with a tamborine; another to dance with castanets; while others, more wise than the rest, were to ride in an old covered car drawn by a mule, to sell the inhabitants powders for the cure of every kind of disease; some even undertook to draw teeth without giving pain: their plan was to give a louder roar than the patient, which so stunned and astonished the latter that he readily declared he had felt no pain. As to the old women, who could neither dance nor sing, they contrived to insinuate themselves into gentlemen's houses, by first telling the servants their fortunes, in hopes of being employed by the families; for, as everybody knows, gipsies possess the art of reading in hands, cards, and stars, and in fact in everything where there is nothing to read.

All of them, even the children of the troop, had a particular employment: disguised as beggars, mountebanks, and tinkers, they infested the streets and the roads, asking

either for work, which was never given them, or for money, which was seldom refused, to those sprightly but miserable-looking people. But all their avocations were but the symbols of industry: their principal one, that by which they gained most, was robbery—plunder; therefore they never remained long in one town. Out from early morning, they never returned till night. Jacques was obliged to do the same; but as he never brought home anything from his excursions the poor boy was very ill treated; the coarsest epithets, and sometimes blows, were liberally bestowed upon him; and still more frequently he was sent supperless to bed.

But Jacques never forgot to pray to his heavenly Father; and every night, before he undressed, he kneeled down in tears upon the straw which served him for a bed. 'My God,' he would say, 'grant me strength to finish my journey, and, above all, give me courage to resist all the temptations and to endure all the mortifications to which I am exposed. My father and mother brought me up in the fear of displeasing Thee: I would not do anything to draw down Thine anger upon me; but I am young and weak, and if thou abandonest me, O Lord, I shall be lost.'

He would then lie down to rest amidst the jeers and laughter of the unfortunate little gipsies, who were brought up without any fear of God, and who died as miserably as they lived.

At length, to the great joy of Callot, they left Lyons. The troop set out again, and after incredible fatigues—for in those days the roads were not regularly laid out as they are now—after having travelled all through France, they arrived at Florence. The first thing Jacques did on entering that city was to bid adieu to the gipsies, which he did with all his heart; then without a single sous (for his little bag had not been returned to him) he ventured into the streets of Florence.

'Would you be kind enough to shew me the Museum?' said he to the first person he met, and who was an officer in a rich military dress, not a little astonished at being

addressed in the French language by a pretty and well-mannered little boy, though covered with miserable rags.

'Where do you come from?' he inquired in the same language.

'From Nancy, sir,' replied the boy. 'I left my home and my family to come and see the Museum at Florence; and when I have seen that, I will go and see the Museum at Rome.'

'Have you the means of travelling?' inquired the Florentine officer, who could not help admiring the fine intelligent countenance of the child.

'None, sir, whatever,' replied Jacques. 'But God, who gave me strength to come here, will provide for me the rest of the way.'

More and more astonished, the officer resumed: 'But what was your object in leaving your family to go and see museums?'

'To become a painter, sir.'

After reflecting a moment, the stranger inquired: 'What is your name, and what is your father?'

Jacques satisfied him on these two points, and then related with so much candour and simplicity his flight from his paternal home, and his journey from Nancy to Florence in company with a troop of gipsies, of whom he was in continual terror, lest he might be forced to take a part in their shameful actions, and his prayers to God every night that he might be kept in the right way, that the stranger was much interested.

'I am,' said he, 'one of the officers of the Grand Duke, and I have a friend who is a painter; if you wish it, I will take you to him!'

'You see, sir,' said Callot, raising his eyes to heaven, 'that I was right in trusting to the goodness of God, since He guided me to you. I have not words to thank you, but you have made me happy, as happy as you are good. O take me, sir, to your friend, and neither he nor you will find me ungrateful.'

Saying this he followed the officer to a very handsome house. On entering a large gallery where several young

persons were busily employed in drawing, the officer called out: 'Canta Gallina, will you admit among your pupils a poor little Lorraine, who has come all the way from Nancy on purpose to see the Museum?'

'Is it that little wretch?' said Signor Canta Gallina, coming up with a brush in one hand and a pallet in the other.

'My clothes are wretched, sir,' said Jacques, 'but I am not so: my father is a gentleman, herald-at-arms to the Duke of Lorraine, and I shall be rich some day if I am not so now.'

'But in the meantime you have not a sous to pay for your apprenticeship,' replied the painter.

Poor Jacques coloured, and looked down in much confusion.

The officer and the painter exchanged looks.

'I will pay for his maintenance,' said the officer.

'And I will instruct him,' said the other.

Jacques raised his head, and could only say from the depth of his heart, 'May God bless you!'

After being employed about two years in copying the pictures of the great masters, he perceived one morning on entering the Museum a man whose appearance seemed familiar to him. As he approached him, his heart beat violently. 'Petrus!' he exclaimed, and threw himself upon his neck.

The latter looked at him without answering.

'O Petrus! how are they all at home? How is my grandfather, my father, mother, and brother? Was my father very angry at my flight—was my mother very uneasy? What did my grandfather say?'

'What! is it you, Master Jacques?' said Petrus, beginning to recollect him; 'how you have grown! how much you are changed! But I recollect you now quite well. Fie upon you, sir; you behaved very bad in going off without saying a word to anybody, not even to me! If you knew all the tears that have been shed for you since you left your father's home! Your poor mother fell sick from grief, and is not yet recovered; your grandfather is

visibly declining; and I have promised to bring you back if ever I fell in with you, and I will certainly keep my word—I will not leave you. I shall set out to-morrow for Nancy, and you shall come with me—will you not? O do not refuse me, I beg of you; come, and restore your family to joy and health; so kind and so respectable a family, and yet without the least pride! I could almost fancy I hear your grandfather saying: "Ah, good-morning, Petrus;" then your father, giving me a cordial shake by the hand; and your mother, with her gentle countenance and sweet smile, saying: "Come in, neighbour, and take share of our dinner." Ah, you were very wrong to bring sorrow upon such a good and amiable family.'

Petrus might have gone on talking much longer. Jacques only remembered one sentence of this long discourse, and that sentence wrung his very heart: his mother was sick. The spirits of the poor boy gave way, and he burst into tears.

'Let us set off to-day,' said he, 'in place of to-morrow. Let us go at once, Petrus.'

Jacques left Florence the next morning with Petrus. His arrival at Nancy diffused the greatest joy throughout the family. He was received like the prodigal son. His parents were so delighted to see him that all reproaches were forgotten.

Nevertheless, as it is not a story I am telling you, but a history, and for history truth is indispensable, Jacques could not long remain satisfied with the peaceful, quiet life of his friends in Lorraine: the arts of drawing and engraving, to which he had been for two years devoted, accorded too well with his taste to be easily relinquished. He requested his father to allow him to continue these studies, but all entreaties were vain; and as he plainly saw that there was no hope of his father ever acceding to his wishes, he took his departure a second time, with equal secrecy, but under more favourable circumstances than before; for he had sufficient funds to bear his expenses, and was not obliged to travel in company with gipsies and beggars.

During his stay with Canta Gallina he had heard a great deal of a celebrated painter named Jules Parigi, who resided at Rome. Jacques proceeded to that city, and waited upon him.

After remaining for some time as one of Parigi's pupils, and having made considerable progress in drawing, he gave himself up to the practice of engraving under the direction of Philip Thomassin. The first engraving he published was one on a scriptural subject, which had great success.

Having returned to Florence, Callot was presented to the Grand Duke, who loaded him with honours, and retained him about his person.

This prince, the enlightened protector of the arts, was the founder of Callot's glory. After his death the pope invited him to Rome, while at the same time the emperor of Austria was urgent with him to go to Vienna, where he offered him, what was still better than wealth—his friendship; but Callot was too much of an artist and too fond of his liberty to confine himself to the etiquette of courts, and he therefore refused both the pope and the emperor. He came to Paris in 1628, and there designed and engraved the view of the siege of Rochelle, the attack on the island of Rhé, and that of Breda. He also copied two views of Paris. Louis XIII., having at this time taken the town of Nancy, which had belonged to Henry Duke of Lorraine, solicited Callot to immortalise the conquest by an engraving. But Callot refused to comply. Threats succeeded the most alluring offers: 'I would cut off my thumb,' replied he, 'sooner than employ my hand in anything which would be derogatory to the honour of my prince or of my country.' The king of France, in admiration of this artist's character, accepted his excuse. 'The Duke of Lorraine is happy,' said he, 'in having so faithful a subject.' He then offered him a pension of 3000 livres if he would attach himself to his service; but Callot, preferring his liberty to all the wealth in the world, refused that offer also.

Although Callot executed many fine pictures, and

especially portraits, with the graver, yet he owes his chief celebrity to those engraved with aquafortis; and much of his originality is no doubt to be attributed to his sojourn among the gipsies. Thus we have among his works—'The Beggars,' 'The Miserable Beggars,' 'The Frights,' 'The Grotesque Dances of the Harlequins,' 'The Rope-Dancers,' 'The Miseries of War,' in which, within a very small space, the most horrible sights are assembled, and 'The Gipsies,' his former travelling companions; besides many other amusing subjects calculated to excite laughter.

His pieces are said to amount to sixteen hundred, many of which are full of figures, in which he excelled, from beggars and peasants to knights and nobles, all characterised with the nicest touches of nature.

Callot died on the 23d March 1635, at the age of forty-one. He was interred at Nancy, where a magnificent monument was erected to his memory by his wife Marguerite Paffinger.

STEAM.

[TRANSLATED FROM AUERSPERG, AN AUSTRIAN POET.]

I HEAR sad hymns, and downcast faces see—
Our prophet-bards have had a boding dream,
A mournful vision of dear poetry,
For ever banished from the earth—by steam.

What! had your crooked roads then such a grace,
That long, straight lines must grieve a poet's eye!
Is just five miles an hour the poet's pace!
And must not Pegasus attempt to fly!

Out with your coach, as in a happier day,
Harness again your galled and spavined team
(But keep within the old ruts all the way),
And chase the goddess borne away by steam!

Or take a boat, and row well (if you can)
After a steamer on the swelling sea,
And never murmur though the waterman
Can tell you nothing of your poetry.

Or man a ship, and every random gust
Sent from the wind-god catch within your rag,
As gladly as a beggar some stale crust
Takes with a bow, and drops into his bag.

Or, if 'tis calm, 'twill quite poetic be
There, as if ice-bound, on a summer day—
Perhaps a dolphin rising from the sea
Of poetry may something have to say;

While I, along the vine-clad, rocky Rhine,
On a black swan, the steamer, proudly swim,
And lifting up a cup of golden wine,
Sing loudly human art's triumphal hymn;

And gladly celebrate the master-hand
That seized the fire-flame, like Prometheus old,
And, through the black shaft 'mid the grassy land,
Dragged up the iron from Earth's rocky hold:

And gave command to both—'Ye shall not rest
Till striving man is from his bondage free;
Go, fire, and bear man's burdens, east and west!
And, wheels of iron, on his errands flee!'

See how they go, with thunder, through the land—
Beneath the steam-clouds heavy masses flee;
So marches on an elephantine band,
With towers and battlements, to victory.

See, from his seat beneath the shady tree,
The village patriarch from his sleep arise,
And throwing up his nightcap hastily,
Share in his grandsons' rapture and surprise.

And, 'mid some fears, he hopes for better days,
For which, in youth, he ventured in the fight—
'May this new power,' the village patriarch prays,
'Establish Fatherland and freedom's right!'

BEGGING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BEGGING has latterly become a precarious and by no means respectable profession. The mendicant is exposed to occasional encounters with police, and he is not quite unacquainted with the prison and treadmill. A great change this on the good old times. A century ago begging was a recognised and tolerated craft, and even so late as fifty years since, mendicants were a respectable sort of persons. We may recall a few memorials of these worthies, as they existed in Scotland.

First, there were the regularly licensed Blue-gownsmen, who stood at the head of the fraternity; for they carried a recognised pass in the shape of a pewter badge, sewed on the front of their cloak. Next, in point of commanding influence, were the lame old women carried from door to door on handbarrows, and who scolded soundly those families who did not give them a good alms and help them forward on their journey. We have a distinct recollection of this class. On a particular occasion we remember one of them giving our servant-girl a good thwack with her crutch for not carrying her steadily. Then, there were certain miscellaneous classes of 'Daft Jamies,' blind-fiddlers, old soldiers with wooden legs, sailors without an arm, who bawled out famous sea-songs, besides a lower stratum composed of the sheer destitute, who fluttered in rags, and were thankful for an alms. Independently, however, of these varieties, there roved about bands of gipsies—a curious relic of an Eastern people, who have not even till this day amalgamated with the settled population.

In these old times money was less plentiful in Scotland than it is at present, and accordingly it was then the custom to give an alms in the shape of a few handfuls of oatmeal. As a receptacle for this bulky article the mendicant usually carried a wallet or small bag; and hence the term 'taking to the meal-pokes,' as equivalent to taking up the trade of begging. In some instances the beggar carried also a wooden bowl or cup, into which the meal was first poured; and this seems to have been by no means a local practice, for the beggar's wooden cup was also known in old times in the Netherlands. Burns, it will be recollected, in his 'Jolly Beggars,' likens a lady's mouth, rather irreverently to an 'awmous (alms) dish.' The meal so collected, besides supplying the personal wants of the mendicant, was sold as occasion required to the humbler class of cottagers.

All readers of Scott's novels will have a vivid recollection of Edie Ochiltree, the jocular Blue-gown in the 'Antiquary.' Sir Walter, by his early connection with the south of Scotland, had an opportunity of picking up the character of Edie, the original of which was an aged mendicant in that quarter, named Andrew Gemmel. This personage was about the last vanishing type of the Blue-gown—'the king and your honour's bedesman.' As long as the fraternity carried on operations, it numbered as many as the years of the king's age, one being added every year; when each was furnished with a gown or cloak of light-blue cloth, and a purse containing as many shillings as the years of the king might amount to. From the appellation of bedesman, it is more than probable that originally the members carried a string of beads, which they used in reciting prayers in behalf of the monarch.

Andrew Gemmel, whose history is not without interest, began life as a dragoon, in which capacity he fought in the wars of Anne, George I., and George II.; one of the last of his battles being Fontenay. Discharged from service he took up the begging trade, and was so fortunate as to be put on the list of Blue-gowns. He now com-

menced his perambulations over the Scottish border counties, and became a favourite at every farm and mansion-house from Berwick to the Bield—the vale of Tweed being his especial beat. According to Scott, Andrew sung a good song, told a merry jest with uncommon ability, and was a capital retailer of news; this last being not the least of his valuable qualifications, as newspapers as yet possessed a very meagre circulation. 'Andrew,' observes Sir Walter, 'had a character peculiar to himself. He was ready and willing to play at cards or dice with any one who desired such amusement. This was more in the character of the Irish itinerant gambler, called in that country a *carrow*, than of the Scottish beggar. But the late Rev. Dr Robert Douglas, minister of Galashiels, assured the author that the last time he saw Andrew Gemmel he was engaged in a game at "brag" with a gentleman of fortune, distinction, and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made at an open window of the château, the laird sitting on his chair in the inside, the beggar on a stool in the yard, and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The author expressing some surprise, Dr Douglas observed that the laird was no doubt a humorist or an original; but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gemmel. This singular mendicant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person as would have been thought the value of his life among modern foot-pads. On one occasion a country gentleman, generally esteemed a very narrow man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no silver in his pocket, or he would have given him a sixpence. "I can give you change for a note, laird," replied Andrew. As with most who have risen to the head of their profession, the modern degradation which mendicity has undergone was often the subject of Andrew's lamentations. As a trade, he said, it was L.40 a year worse since he a'

first practised it. On another occasion he observed begging was in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman, and that if he had a score of sons he would not be easily induced to breed one of them up in his own line.'

In confirmation of one of the above remarks, the writer of this notice may mention that his grandmother, the wife of a Peeblesshire farmer, who acquired a competency, studied the art of playing at draughts under Andrew while he was spending occasional evenings at her fireside. He was singularly expert at this game, but she in time became his equal, and he then shunned encountering her, apparently unable to bear a defeat with philosophy. There was less difference between Andrew's rank and hers than in the case of the laird above mentioned; but still a person of her condition in the present state of society would be not a little startled at the idea of playing draughts with a mendicant. A writer in the 'Edinburgh Magazine' for 1817 thus speaks of Andrew's reception at the farmer's ingle-side:—'His entertaining stories of his campaigns, and the adventures he had met with in foreign countries, united with his shrewdness, drollery, and other agreeable qualities, rendered him a general favourite, and secured him a cordial welcome and free quarters at every shepherd's cot or farm-steading that lay in the range of his extensive wanderings. Among his other places of resort in Teviotdale Andrew regularly visited at my grandfather's. It was one of his "Saturday-night houses," as he called them, where he always stayed over the Sunday, and sometimes longer. He usually put up his horse, on his arrival, without the formality of asking quarters, and had a straw-bed made up for him in the byre, claiming it rather as his acknowledged due and privilege than as a boon of charity. He preferred sleeping in an outhouse, and, if possible, in one where cattle or horses were kept. My grandfather, who was an old-fashioned farmer in a remote situation, was exceedingly fond of his company, and though a very devout and strict Cameronian, and occa-

sionally somewhat scandalised at Andrew's rough and irreverent style of language, was nevertheless so much attracted by his conversation that he never failed to spend the evenings of his sojourn in listening to his entertaining narrations and "auld-warld stories"—with the old shepherds, hinds, and children seated around them beside the blazing turf-ingle in the farmer's ha'. These conversations sometimes took a polemical turn, and in that case not unfrequently ended in a violent dispute, my ancestor's hot and impatient temper blazing forth on collision with the dry and sarcastic humour of his ragged guest. Andrew was never known to yield his point on these occasions, but he usually had the address, when matters grew too serious, to give the conversation a more pleasant turn by some droll remark or unexpected stroke of humour, which convulsed the rustic group, and the grave goodman himself, with unfailing and irresistible merriment.

'Though free, however, and unceremonious, Andrew was never burdensome or indiscreet in his visits, returning only once or twice a year, and generally after pretty regular intervals. He evidently appeared to prosper in his calling; for though hung round with rags of every shape and hue, he commonly possessed a good horse, and used to attend the country fairs and race-courses, where he would bet and dispute with the country lairds and gentry with the most independent and resolute pertinacity. My father remembers seeing Gemmel travelling about on a blood-mare, with a foal after her, and a gold watch in his pocket. On one occasion at Rutherford, in Teviotdale, he had dropped a clew of yarn, and Mr Mather, his host, finding him rummaging for it, assisted in the search, and having got hold of it, persisted, notwithstanding Andrew's opposition, in unrolling the yarn till he came to the *kernel*, which, much to his surprise and amusement, he found to consist of about twenty guineas in gold.

'Many curious anecdotes of Andrew's sarcastic wit and eccentric manners are current in the Borders. The

following is given as commonly related with much good-humour by the late Mr Dodds of the War-Office, the person to whom it chiefly refers. Andrew happened to be present at a fair or market somewhere in Teviotdale —St Boswell's, if I mistake not—where Dodds, at that time a non-commissioned officer in his majesty's service, happened also to be with a military party recruiting. It was some time during the American war, when they were beating up eagerly for fresh men to teach passive obedience to the obdurate and ill-mannered Columbians; and it was then the practice for recruiting sergeants, after parading for a due space with all the warlike pageantry of drums, trumpets, "glancing blades and gay cockades," to declaim in heroic strains on the delights of a soldier's life—of glory, patriotism, plunder—the prospect of promotion for the bold and young, and his majesty's munificent pension for the old and the wounded, &c. &c. Dodds, who was a man of much natural talent, and whose abilities afterwards raised him to an honourable rank and independent fortune, had made one of his most brilliant speeches on this occasion; a crowd of ardent and active rustics were standing round, gaping with admiration at the imposing mien, and kindling at the heroic eloquence of the manly soldier, whom many of them had known a few years before as a rude tailor boy; the sergeant himself, already leading in idea a score of new recruits, had just concluded, in a strain of more than usual elevation, his oration in praise of the military profession, when Gemmel, who in tattered guise was standing close behind him, reared aloft his *meal-pocks* on the end of his *kent* or pike-staff, and exclaimed with a tone and aspect of profound derision: "*Behold the end o't!*" The contrast was irresistible: the *beau ideal* of Sergeant Dodds, and the ragged reality of Andrew Gemmel, were sufficiently striking; and the former, with his red-coat followers, beat a retreat in some confusion amidst the loud and universal laughter of the surrounding multitude.'

Such was Andrew Gemmel, one of the last represen-

tatives of a class now unknown. He died in 1794, at the advanced age of 105 years.

An early contemporary of this worthy is mentioned by tradition, under the *sobriquet* of Jock o' the Horn. Jock—the vernacular for John—extended his walk as far as the frontier of the Highlands, and is understood to have done some useful secret service to certain families about the period of the rebellion of 1745.

Jock was a tall and powerful man. He usually rode upon a small gray horse, and was equipped in most of the usual accoutrements of a complete cavalier. He did not wear a sword, it is true, but he certainly carried fully as good a weapon, in the shape of a stout dagger, eighteen inches long, which was bound close to his body, under his clothes, by a broad leather belt. If he did not wear a gallant white plume on his hat, like what Sir Walter Scott has represented, in 'Rokeby,' as the distinction of the cavalier, he sported a bonnet equally redoubtable, being formed of the dressed skin of the badger, which gave an air of indescribable wildness to a countenance in itself sufficiently fierce. Seated on his ambling palfrey, his proud, erect, and almost noble figure gave him all the appearance of a knight of romance; while the immense horn from which he derived his title, slung below his right arm, at the same time communicated another and still more immediate idea of his pretensions to the character. On approaching the castles of his friends—he was too proud a beggar to enter a cottage—he rode briskly up to the gate, and blew a loud and sonorous blast upon his horn, by way of announcing his arrival. His horse was then abandoned to the attention of the domestics, and himself ushered into the hall with great ceremony, as being a visitor of the utmost consequence. His news could be communicated to no one but the master of the house, or, in case of his absence, to the chief officer of the establishment at least. He always used terms of the most distant respect in addressing his lordly host, and paid infinite attention to every requisite punctilio when their meeting took place in the presence

of the servants; but when his news or his messages were delivered in private, the utmost familiarity prevailed; or Jock, if occasion required it, assumed the tone of a counsellor. In receiving the hospitalities of the castle, and giving his news in exchange, he rather seemed to consider himself the obliging than the obliged party. He sat stiff and pompous upon his chair, giving forth intelligence of the most varied description—while numerous attendants listened around—to all appearance as important a personage as the baron whom he addressed. His information embraced a variety of topics: the recent transactions upon the Highland line; the deaths or marriages of the Scottish nobility, and the fêtes thereupon, in which he had mingled; the principal affairs going on abroad or in the British cabinet; the exploits of the Ayrshire smugglers; together with an immense miscellaneous budget, resembling in its nature that species of news which afterwards passed in the papers under the general title of 'Scottish Intelligence.'

In another capacity he was wont to assume a still higher tone. He was frequently employed by the turbulent gentry of the period as a spy upon the actions of their rival neighbours, or as an ambassador sent to their friends. At that time the laws of Scotland were but weakly enforced, and the baronial rights of pit and gallows still existed, though not so often or so barbarously acted upon as formerly. The nobles were unsettled in their adherence to the government, and still retained many of the feudal enmities which had once filled Scotland with blood and rapine. Of course rebellion was a subject at all times in agitation; and plots were constantly forming, with views of vengeance upon their neighbours and of aggrandisement to themselves. Jock o' the Horn was frequently employed by these as an emissary and spy. Sometimes he was deputed from the Lowlands to the Highlands, in order to sound the feelings of the gentry in that quarter, and again transmitted to the south with assurances of zeal and devotion in the favourite cause. At other times his errand was to take cognizance

of the motions and force of the enemy, to get accurate intelligence of the most remarkable public proceedings in the country, and to receive and convey letters and presents smuggled into the coast from a certain quarter abroad.

Another beggar of importance in these times flourished in the west of Scotland, under the familiar cognomen of Cabbage Charlie. He was a mendicant on a wholesale plan of operation. Not contented with his own simple exertions, he kept a numerous band of beggars in pay, who went abroad as his servants throughout the county, and who, on coming back to the appointed rendezvous at the end of the week, gave up all the proceeds of their industry to him, and received a certain allowance, previously agreed upon, amounting to from 10s. to 15s. per week. By a talent that might not have disgraced more celebrated names, he contrived to organise and reduce to a perfect system what would appear almost impracticable, considering the habits of those with whom he had to deal. He even found means of detecting the smallest dishonesty on the part of his men; and he acquired such a strange influence over them, that they durst make no remonstrances against the severity of his rules, nor complain of the penalties and taxes to which he sometimes subjected them. Indeed he was a perfect autocrat among them.

The principles of the system which gave him this absolute command, and induced them to pay implicit obedience, were founded upon a few well-known data, completely calculated to produce non-resistance.

In the first place, the persons whom he employed could make more of their labours by entering his service than by going upon their own bottom; for it must be understood that the alms given by the country people to the poor consisted chiefly of meal; and as none would take such an article off their hands except the humblest class of cottagers, who gave them only half-price for it, they would have suffered a very considerable loss had not their master found out an expedient by which he got

almost market-price, and by which he could afford to allow them greater wages in money than they of themselves could have gained by disposing of their own individual collections. Charlie's method of selling his meal was to collect and mix the whole contributions of his men, and to make it up into loads and bolls for the regular market. It thus escaped the hateful imputation of being *beggars' meal*—a thing generally abhorred, and only bought, as we have said, by the very poorest people.

At seed-time, too, when alms were frequently given in the shape of corn, Charlie found a method of selling the stock, more profitable to all parties, by disposing of it in bolls to stablers, &c.; a method more profitable, we say, than if his men had gone with it in smaller quantities to ostlers, when, though it might not be objected to on the same plea of delicacy which lessened the value of their meal, they would have been obliged to be content with a diminished price, and at the same time would have been led into treating the ostler and his insatiable myrmidons with as much as they could drink.

In every respect, indeed, did Charlie's deputies find it their interest to keep on good terms with him. After they had once enlisted under his banner, he had them completely in his power. If they misbehaved, or grew lazy, or became inattentive to business, he had it in his power to discharge them; and if they *were* discharged from Charlie's employ, there was no more good to be expected of them in this world. They in a manner lost *caste*—they forfeited the esteem of the country! He contrived to undermine their exertions on all hands; he circulated evil reports concerning them; he prejudiced the minds of the country people against their necessities and pretensions to charity: in short, he ruined their *character!* They either wandered about like ghosts, despised and unassisted, or they had to leave the county, and seek for better success in a district beyond the reach of Charlie.

Upon the principle which awards such severe punishment to mutineers at sea, he was at all times inexorable

in punishing them if they grumbled at the extent of his profits or the scantiness of the allowance he made them. In such cases a severe fine at least was inevitable; and if the offence was attended with heinous circumstances, so as to exasperate his temper, he discarded them entirely from his employ. He was always very relentless, too, in discharging any one that attempted to get an increase of wages without leaving it to himself alone to settle the modicum of promotion. It is said that he once scored off about ten or a dozen hands on hearing that a conspiracy had been entered into by a number of his band to get an addition to their wages by a general *strike!*

Nevertheless, like many other despots when they get their own way, Charlie was, when not fretted by opposition or misfortune, a kind and generous master. He seldom if ever failed, on settling accounts with his men on Saturday night, to treat them, 'brats and callets, and all,' to such a scene of festivity as that described in the inimitable 'Jolly Beggars.' Some of them, too, were allowed such wages as, considering their rank in life and little necessity of expenditure, were certainly respectable. An industrious single man, with a good faculty of groaning, had perhaps 10s. a week; if blind, he was worth 2s. 6d. more. One with a wife that could tell fortunes was worth 13s. or 14s.; if with eight or nine children, they were no bad bargain at L.1. A shrivelled wretch who could exhibit a good running ulcer in his leg, or shake a well-scorched arm in the eyes of the charitable, was in himself worth almost as much as a *whole* man with ten children; but the detruncated sailor, who had neither arms nor legs, and who yet could sing one of those melancholy sea-songs the cadence of which resembles nothing so much as the wind whistling through the shrouds—whose rude but pathetic strains of

'William Glen was our captain's name,'

or—

'I am a poor sailor,
And far from my home!'

while they melted the hearts of the rustics, could elicit showers of sympathy in the substantial shape of half-pence—such a beggar, we say, was invaluable—his deserts could scarcely be stated: he was worth his weight in oatmeal every Saturday night!

LEOPOLD OF BRUNSWICK AND HIS WRITING-MASTER.

Of all the young princes who in their early years were remarkable for kindness of heart, none is more deserving of notice than Prince Leopold of Brunswick—a prince whose name is engraven on the hearts of thousands. The manner of his death has added to the interest with which he was regarded when living. In the terrible inundation of the Oder in 1785 he perished whilst attempting to save some poor persons who were in imminent danger from the flood. Honour be to his memory!

The very pleasing anecdote now about to be related is not only interesting as an illustration of the prince's real kindness of disposition, but is instructive, since it shews us what may be accomplished in the way of surmounting difficulties by a good will, determined resolution, and invincible patience of purpose.

Prince Leopold was distinguished as a child for his exuberant spirits. He possessed that engaging and fascinating liveliness of manner which usually accompanies a good disposition and a happy temperament. He had already learned to read, and a portion of every day was agreeably employed in this amusing and instructive occupation. A book that at once informs and delights us is a true friend. We can leave off and return to it at our pleasure. It can accompany us wherever we go, and will occupy but little space. To be able to read, therefore, what others have thought and said is

doubtless very pleasant; but to be able to write down what we ourselves think, and so to converse with distant friends—a beloved mother, sister, or brother—is a far greater pleasure. Leopold anxiously wished to learn to write.

With great zeal and energy he commenced this new study, in which he was instructed by a respectable old gentleman named Wagner. This gentleman was kind and amiable, a perfect master of his art, and possessed of a patience that nothing could overcome. And much indeed was his patience tried by his ardent and impetuous little pupil. The novelty of his new occupation having worn away, the young prince's natural vivacity rendered him impatient of the restraints that were necessarily laid upon him. He ceased to be industrious and attentive to his tutor's directions. Sometimes he complained that he was made to write the same letter over and over so often that he was quite tired of it; then, that the words given him to copy were too long and too hard. In short, there was no pretence that he did not make use of to excuse the dislike which he had now taken to writing. The venerable Wagner was almost in despair of seeing his pupil make any progress in the art in which it was his business to instruct him. How could he be otherwise? When he saw him intentionally go above the line in writing, he would say: 'Now, my prince, you are going above the line.'

'Do you think so, Mr Wagner?' he would indolently reply; and then, out of impatience or mere gaiety of heart, he would run to the opposite extreme.

'Now, my prince, you are below the line.'

'Ah, you are right.' And then he would write still more awkwardly and perversely than ever. Then he would find fault with his pen, which he would require to be mended perhaps twenty times in the course of one lesson, on the plea that it would not write well. Then the ink was thick, or he was tired, or his head ached, or he wished to do something else; and often, could he have done so without incurring his tutor's severe dis-

pleasure, he would fairly have run away to his ball, or his rocking-horse, or some other amusement.

One day he observed that his tutor, Mr Wagner, was unusually thoughtful and sorrowful. His natural kindness of disposition at once led him to endeavour to discover the cause; and when he remembered his waywardness, his idleness, and inattention, he thought it must be his conduct that had vexed the good old man, and caused him anxiety. He therefore on this day did all that he could to please him. He wrote as well as he was able, and exactly followed his directions. He was submissive and pliable, affectionate in his manner towards him, and he even endeavoured to anticipate his wishes in everything. But all was in vain. His attentions could not dispel his tutor's gloom, or rouse him from the melancholy that oppressed him.

As soon as he was gone the young prince made inquiries of his attendants as to the cause of his writing-master's sorrow; and from them he learned that the good old man had placed too much confidence in a deceitful friend. Naturally of an obliging disposition, he had incautiously, at the knave's urgent request, and to relieve him from a pressing difficulty, signed a bill for 500 crowns. His pretended friend had told him that this was only a form, that no risk was incurred, and no danger to be apprehended. And then, when he had obtained the money, he absconded, and left the poor, unfortunate writing-master to be responsible for the whole. He had made every exertion to meet this bill, which would be due in about six weeks; but notwithstanding all his efforts, there was still a sum of 200 crowns deficient, and this he could not raise, except by means that would utterly impoverish him—namely, the sale of his furniture and goods, perhaps at ruinously low prices.

Leopold at the time appeared to pay but little attention to this important discovery. Perhaps at first he was even pleased at finding that he himself had not been, as he supposed, the cause of his writing-master's trouble.

But in reality, and upon reflection, he felt deeply for him, and thought seriously how he might relieve him from a difficulty to which only his amiability of temper had exposed him. He knew that by simply mentioning the circumstance to his father, who rejoiced in every opportunity of doing good, the poor man's sorrows would soon be at an end. But the impression made upon his mind during the morning by the thought that he had been the cause of so much anxiety to one so kind was so deep, and clearly shewed him the ingratitude and the folly of his behaviour, that he determined to make use of this circumstance as an inducement to himself to subdue his fault. If he could at once relieve Wagner's distress, and overcome his own failings, a double end would be answered, and both he and his tutor would be gainers at the same time.

On the following day, therefore, while Leopold was conversing with his father, he adroitly turned the conversation to his writing lessons.

'Ah, dear papa,' he said, 'if you only knew how tiresome it is!'

'I confess, my dear child,' said his father, 'that the rudiments of this art are very tedious: but consider, since it is absolutely necessary that you, as a prince, should be able to write, would it not be better for you to apply yourself boldly and manfully to surmount these difficulties than to increase them by murmuring?'

'Yes, certainly, papa,' returned Leopold; 'and I assure you I will work courageously if you will but promise me something.'

'What is it that you want, my child?'

'Well, I wish that as often as my writing-master says I have done well you would give me a carl d'or, and leave to do as I like with the money.'

'On such a condition I am not afraid of making the agreement. I consent, my dear child; and gladly will I empty my whole purse under such circumstances if there should be occasion.'

The agreement thus formally made was sealed with a

hearty kiss. Leopold was delighted at the promise which his father had made him, and his face beamed with smiles. His father in vain endeavoured to unravel the mystery which enshrouded his son's behaviour. At the same time he would not question him too closely; he resolved rather to wait patiently the result.

At the next writing lesson the young prince was so teachable, so industrious, so careful, that his instructor was quite surprised. The child who had hitherto been so idle, so full of fun and frolic, was now most sedate and serious. He did not now rock his chair, or play his usual antics, but seating himself properly at the table, he sedulously gave his attention to the task before him. Instead of wantonly writing above or below the lines, requiring his pen to be frequently changed or mended, and finding fault with the ink or the paper, he diligently set himself to improve by his tutor's instructions, insomuch that Mr Wagner in the course of the lesson frequently encouraged him. 'Good, my prince! very good!'

The following lesson was marked by the same industry and attention on the part of the young prince, and the same surprise and satisfaction on the part of his tutor.

'Indeed, my prince,' said the latter at last, 'I cannot understand the change that has taken place in you; you are so different from what you were.'

'You are pleased, then, with me, Mr Wagner!' returned the little boy.

'*Pleased* is not the right word,' said his tutor. 'I am delighted, I am highly gratified, to see you at length doing justice to yourself.'

'Then will you write two or three lines, saying how pleased you are with me, that I may shew them to papa, who always seems to think that I do nothing!'

'Willingly, my dear prince; and I will do the same every time you are so industrious.'

The delighted teacher in the fulness of his heart prepared a very flattering testimonial. Leopold took it to his papa, and received the promised reward. O how valuable to him was the first piece of gold he received!

He had fairly earned it: it was justly and honestly gained. He placed it in a pretty little purse, and secretly determined that he would add another every day. Indeed he was so industrious, and made such rapid progress, that in a short time he left off writing the long, uninteresting words which had displeased him at first, and came to write whole lines which expressed thoughts; then short sentences, and at length little tales, which either pleased him from their interest or amused him from their simplicity. And now his writing lesson became at once an instructive and a pleasing and delightful occupation.

Every morning when Leopold embraced his kind father, he gave him the testimonial which he had received the day before, and every day he saw his treasure increase. His father, though much gratified at receiving such repeated testimonials of his dear son's good conduct and improvement, reflected that he had now paid him the promised reward upwards of thirty times; and he began to fear that good Mr Wagner might be treating him with too much consideration. He therefore desired his son to bring him his writing book, that he might judge for himself. Leopold with much alacrity obeyed, and shewed him what astonishing progress he had made within the last six weeks. In short, his father was satisfied; and the prince rejoiced in finding himself in possession of some five-and-thirty pieces of gold, which he had so earnestly desired in order to relieve his tutor's necessity.

The bill signed by Wagner was now due within three days, and still the worthy man was at a loss to complete the sum. In vain he had implored his creditor, a covetous and hard-hearted usurer, to afford him a little delay. No mercy was shewn him; and the poor tutor, his anguish visible in his face, had resolved as a last resource to take his little plate and few trinkets to a jeweller's in the course of the day, to raise what he could upon them; and then, if necessary, to sacrifice his all to meet the demand so unjustly made upon him.

Deeply absorbed with the trying sacrifice he was about to make, he came upon this occasion rather later

than usual to the instruction of the prince, and excused himself on account of important business. Whilst the old man's face was anxious and sorrowful, that of the child beamed with joy and happiness.

'What is the matter, dear Mr Wagner?' inquired the prince: 'you are not so cheerful as usual.'

'It is true, my prince. In this life every one must expect trouble and vexation.'

'Are you, then, in trouble? O tell me all about it: you do not know how much I love you!'

These affectionate words almost induced Mr Wagner to lay open his secret to his little pupil. He well knew that one word would be sufficient to procure him all that he needed. The father of the prince both could and would have supplied him readily with the means of discharging himself from his liability. But his pride and independence of spirit restrained him: the very idea of using his influence over the prince in order to procure a favour for himself was painful, and wounded the honourable feelings of the good old man. The better to conceal his secret, he attempted to turn the conversation.

'You are not so anxious as usual, my prince, to take your lesson to-day.'

'What makes you think so, Mr Wagner?'

'You are not so attentive as you were yesterday.'

'That is because I am thinking of something more important.'

'What can it be? Your hand trembles—you are agitated.'

'Mr Wagner,' returned the little boy, 'you alone are the cause.'

'I! my prince!'

'Yes, you! I can wait no longer.' With these words he rose, and opened the drawer of his writing-desk, where he had deposited his treasure; then throwing his arms round the old man's neck, he said, as he gave him the money: 'Take it, Mr Wagner, and pay your bill: I hope you have not sold your silver plate?'

Wagner at once perceived that his secret was known,

He could not, however, at first accept the money. Strong as was his emotion, gratified and delighted as he was, both at his own prospect of deliverance from ruin and at his pupil's noble behaviour, he yet hesitated to receive it till he had heard the whole of the story. The young prince at length told him of the agreement that he had made with his father, and how the five-and-thirty pieces of gold were the rewards that he had received for his industry and improvement.

Upon hearing this the old man could not restrain his tears. He seized Leopold's hands, pressed them to his lips, and said with the deepest emotion: 'What, my prince! to rescue me from calamity, have you for more than a month restrained your spirits, defied your weariness, and conquered your disinclination to your task? I accept with pride and gratitude this touching, this honourable memorial. It not only restores comfort and happiness to my dwelling, but it excites the deepest feelings of love, admiration, and respect for my amiable pupil and preserver. It is sweet indeed to owe this favour to you.'

The joy of giving and the pleasure of receiving may be universally diffused. It is not the greatness of the gift that imparts to it its value. One may be much less than a prince, and yet rejoice many a sorrowful heart by trifling gifts, well-timed, and affectionately and delicately bestowed; and when the gifts thus presented are obtained by the giver's self-denial and self-discipline, he not only does good to the person to whom he gives, but acquires for himself a satisfaction, an elevation of mind and of principle, that to the good is more valuable than the greatest treasures or the costliest self-indulgence.

CURIOUS DETECTION OF A MURDERER.

In autumn 1786 a young woman, who lived with her parents in a remote district in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, was one day left alone in the cottage, her parents having gone out to their harvest-field. On their return home, a little after mid-day, they found their daughter murdered, with her throat cut in a most shocking manner. The circumstances in which she was found, the character of the deceased, and the appearances of the wound, all concurred in excluding any presumption of suicide; while the surgeons who examined the wound were satisfied that it had been inflicted by a sharp instrument, and by a person who must have *held the instrument in his left hand*. On examining the ground about the cottage there were discovered the footsteps seemingly of a person who had been running hastily from the cottage, and by an indirect road, through a quagmire or bog, in which there were stepping-stones.

It appeared, however, that the person in his haste and confusion had slipped his foot and stepped into the mire, by which he must have been wet nearly to the middle of the leg. The prints of the footsteps were accurately measured, and an exact impression taken of them; and it appeared they were those of a person who must have worn shoes the *soles* of which had been newly mended; and which, as is usual in that part of the country, had iron nobs or nails in them. There were discovered also along the track of the footsteps, and at certain intervals, drops of blood; and on a *stile* or small gateway near the cottage, and in the line of the footsteps, some marks resembling those of a hand which had been bloody. Not the slightest suspicion at this time attached to any particular person as the murderer, nor was it even suspected who might be the father of the child of which the girl was found to be pregnant.

At the funeral a number of persons of both sexes attended, and the stewart-depute thought it the fittest opportunity of endeavouring, if possible, to discover the murderer, conceiving rightly, that, to avoid suspicion, whoever he was, he would not on that occasion be absent. With this view he called together after the interment the whole of the men who were present, being about sixty in number. He caused the shoes of each of them to be taken off and measured, and one of the shoes was found to resemble pretty nearly the impression of the footsteps hard by the cottage. The wearer of this shoe was the *schoolmaster* of the parish, which led immediately to a suspicion that he must have been the father of the child, and had been guilty of the murder to save his character. On a closer examination, however, of the shoe it was discovered that it was pointed at the toes, whereas the impression of the footsteps was rounded at that place. The measurement of the rest went on; and after going through nearly the whole number, one at length was discovered which corresponded exactly to the impression in dimensions, shape of the foot, form of the sole—apparently newly mended—and the number and position of the knobs. The young man, named William Richardson, to whom the shoe belonged, on being asked where he was the day the deceased was murdered, replied, seemingly without embarrassment, that he had been all that day employed at his master's work—a statement which his master and fellow-servants confirmed. This going so far to remove suspicion, a warrant of commitment was not then granted; but some circumstances occurring a few days thereafter having a tendency to excite it anew, the young man was apprehended and lodged in jail. On his examination he acknowledged he was *left-handed;* and some scratches being observed on his cheek, he said he had got them when pulling nuts in a wood a few days before. He still adhered to what he had said, of his having been on the day of the murder employed constantly at his master's work at some distance from the place where the deceased resided. But in the course of the *precognition* it turned

out that he had been absent from his work about half an hour—the time being distinctly ascertained—in the course of the forenoon of that day; that he had called at a smith's shop, under pretence of wanting something which it did not appear he had any occasion for; that this smith's shop was on the way to the cottage of the deceased. A young girl, who was some hundred yards from the cottage, said, about the time the murder was committed—and which corresponded to the time that Richardson was absent from his fellow-servants—she saw a person exactly with Richardson's dress, in appearance, running hastily towards the cottage, but did not see him return, though he might have gone round by a small eminence, which would intercept him from her view, and which was the very track where the footsteps had been traced. His fellow-servants now recollected that on the forenoon of that day they were employed with Richardson in driving their master's carts; and in passing by a wood, which they named, Richardson said that he must run to the smith's shop, and would be back in a short time. He then left his cart under their charge; and they having waited for him about half an hour, which one of the servants ascertained by having at the time looked at his watch, they remarked on his return that he had been much longer absent than he had said he would; to which he replied that he had stopped in the wood to gather some nuts. They observed at this time one of his stockings wet and soiled, as if he had stepped into a puddle, on which they asked him where he had been. He said he had stepped into a marsh, the name of which he mentioned; on which his fellow-servants remarked, that he must have been either drunk or mad if he had stepped into that marsh, as there was a footpath which went along the side of it. It then appeared, by comparing the time he was absent with the distance of the cottage from the place where he had left his fellow-servants, that he might have gone there, committed the murder, and returned to them. A search was then made for the stockings he had worn on that day. They were found concealed in the

thatch of the apartment where he slept, appeared to be much soiled, and to have some drops of blood on them. The last he accounted for by saying, first, that his nose had been bleeding some days before; but it being observed that he had worn other stockings on that day, he next said that he had assisted at bleeding a horse when he wore these stockings; but it was proved he had not assisted, but had stood on that occasion at such a distance that none of the blood could have reached him.

On examining the mud or sand upon the stockings it appeared to correspond precisely with that of the mire or puddle adjoining to the cottage, and which was of a very particular kind, none other of the same kind being found in that neighbourhood. The shoemaker was then discovered who had mended his shoes a short time before, and he spoke distinctly to the shoes of the prisoner, which were exhibited to him, as having been those he had mended. It then came out that Richardson had been acquainted with the deceased, who was considered in the county as of weak intellect, and had on one occasion been seen with her in a wood in circumstances that led to a suspicion that he had had criminal conversation with her; and on being gibed with having such connection with one in her situation, he seemed much ashamed and greatly hurt. It was proved farther, by the person who sat next to him when the shoes were measuring, that he trembled much, and seemed a good deal agitated; and that in the interval between that time and his being apprehended he had been advised to fly, but his answer was: 'Where can I fly to?' On the other hand, evidence was brought to shew that about the time of the murder a boat's crew from Ireland had landed on that part of the coast, near to the dwelling of the deceased; and it was said some of that crew might have committed the murder, though their motive for doing so it was difficult to explain, it not being alleged that robbery was their purpose, or that anything was missed from the cottages in the neighbourhood. The jury, by a great plurality of voices, found him *guilty*.

Before his execution he confessed he was the murderer,

and said it was to hide his shame in having paid attentions to a woman of weak intellect that he committed the deed. He mentioned also to the clergyman who attended him where the knife could be found with which he had perpetrated the murder. It was found accordingly in the place he described, under a stone in a wall, with marks of blood upon it.

A CONCEIT.

'It is well known that there exists a superstition amongst the German children, that on Christmas eve the infant Jesus goes round to their respective dwellings, and leaves a gift for each who has been a good child during the past year.'—*Chambers's Journal*, No. 353.

THERE is a faith which holds in German lands,
That on the eve of blessed Christmas tide
The infant Jesus scatters with His hands
Gifts to good children, for whose souls He died!

And truly 'tis an innocent conceit,
And doth unto the mind sweet thoughts suggest,
This infant gathering, at Messiah's feet,
To gain His favour and be ever blest.

'Tis then each little one at fall of day
Anxiously waiteth for the promised boon,
And carols forth with joy some simple lay,
Each with its native soul-subduing tune.

And may not we, as Christmas eves come round,
Seek for some blessing from the Holy Child?
May not rich gifts for righteous souls be found?
And treasures for the pure and undefiled?

All have a gift to ask: pardon for some;
For others peace through all the storms of time;
For broken hearts a refuge and a home
Amid the bliss of Heaven's unfading clime.

And though no longer, as to sages old,
The babe appears, as erst in Bethlehem,
Yet holy souls with Magi may behold
The Star, and may with joy be glad with them!

Then though we hope not, as in German lands,
To *see* the infant Lord at Christmas tide,
Yet faith may crave rich blessings at His hands—
Gifts for the ransomed, for whose souls He died.

JOSEPH FEARN.

December 1850.

AMERICAN PASSENGER PIGEONS.

STRANGE accounts are given by travellers and naturalists of these animals; their vast numbers, the extent of their flight, and the quantity of food which they devour being almost beyond belief. Perhaps nothing gives one such an impressive idea of the magnitude of the North American continent as the descriptions of the flocks of these birds. The passenger pigeon, as it is called, is a handsome bird with powerful wings, well adapted for long flight. It breeds in the woods, where it builds its nest on the tall trees, and is so wild in its nature as to be unfitted for ordinary domestication. The instinctive habit to which it owes its name is that of migrating from place to place in search of food, which consists of nuts and seeds from the forests; and in quest of which it follows the march of the seasons from Labrador in the north, to the Gulf of Mexico—wherever, indeed, there are forests to afford it shelter and nourishment. Left for ages to breed unmolested, and having a whole continent for their operations, the passenger pigeons have increased in numbers beyond the reach of imagination.

Wilson, who frequently noticed the flight of these animals, and studied their habits, mentions in his work

on American ornithology, that 'having consumed the whole produce of the beech-trees in an extensive district, they discover another at the distance perhaps of sixty or eighty miles, to which they regularly repair every morning, and return as regularly in the course of the day, or in the evening, to their general rendezvous,' where they roost. 'These roosting-places are always in the woods, and sometimes occupy a large extent of forest. When they have frequented one of these places for some time, the appearance it exhibits is surprising. The ground is covered to the depth of several inches with their dung; all the tender grass and underwood destroyed; the surface strewed with large limbs of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds clustering one above another: and the trees themselves, for thousands of acres, killed as completely as if girdled with an axe. The marks of this desolation remain for many years on the spot; and numerous places could be pointed out where, for several years after, scarce a single vegetable made its appearance. When these roosts are first discovered, the inhabitants from considerable distances visit them in the night, with guns, clubs, long poles, pots of sulphur, and various other engines of destruction. In a few hours they fill many sacks, and load their horses with them. By the Indians, a pigeon-roost, or breeding-place, is considered an important source of national profit and dependence for that season; and all their active ingenuity is exercised on the occasion.'

The noise which the flights make when they alight on the branches is very great, and rouses hosts of wild animals; some of which, such as hawks and buzzards, make the pigeons a prey. Wild swine also rejoice in falling in with a flight on its settling; for many fall to the ground, and all, particularly the young, are fat and excellent eating. In one of his journeys in the woods, Wilson came to an opening by the side of a creek, where he had a good view of a flight. He says 'they were flying, with great steadiness and rapidity, at a height beyond gunshot, in several strata deep; and so close together, that, could

shot have reached them, one discharge could not have failed of bringing down several individuals. From right to left, as far as the eye could reach, the breadth of this vast procession extended, seemingly everywhere equally crowded. Curious to determine how long this appearance would continue, I took out my watch to note the time, and sat down to observe them. It was then half-past one. I sat for more than an hour, but instead of a diminution of this prodigious procession, it seemed rather to increase both in numbers and rapidity; and, anxious to reach Frankfort before night, I rose and went on. About four o'clock in the afternoon I crossed the Kentucky river, at the town of Frankfort, at which time the living torrent above my head seemed as numerous and as extensive as ever. Long after this I observed them, in large bodies, that continued to pass for six or eight minutes, and these again were followed by other detached bodies, all moving in the same south-east direction, till after six in the evening. The great breadth of front which this mighty multitude preserved would seem to intimate a corresponding breadth of their breeding-place, which, by several gentlemen who had lately passed through part of it, was stated to me at several miles. It was said to be in Green county, and that the young began to fly about the middle of March. On the 17th of April, forty-nine miles beyond Danville, and not far from Green River, I crossed this same breeding-place, where the nests for more than three miles spotted every tree; the leaves not being yet out, I had a fair prospect of them, and was really astonished at their numbers. A few bodies of pigeons lingered yet in different parts of the woods, the roaring of whose wings was heard in various quarters around me.'

These curious details are confirmed by Audubon, who, in his 'Ornithological Biography,' narrates his encounter with a prodigious flight of passenger pigeons, in the autumn of 1813, near Hardensburgh, on the banks of the Ohio. He states, that anxious to get a full view of the flight, and obtain an estimate of the numbers, he dis-

mounted from his horse, and sat down with a pencil in his hand to mark with a dot each distinct mass as it passed. Soon he found he had undertaken an impossible task. In twenty-one minutes he had made 163 dots; and finding that more were every instant making their appearance, he rose and travelled on. 'As I went,' he says, 'the air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noon-day was obscured as by an eclipse; the dung fell in spots not unlike melting flakes of snow; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose. Whilst waiting for dinner at Young's Inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw at my leisure immense legions still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west and the beech-wood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted; for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighbourhood. Before sunset, I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles. The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession. The people were all in arms. The banks of the Ohio were crowded with men and boys incessantly shooting at the pilgrims, which there flew lower as they passed the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For a week or more the population fed on no other flesh than that of pigeons, and talked of nothing but pigeons. The atmosphere during this time was strongly impregnated with the peculiar odour which emanates from the species.'

The calculations which this ingenious naturalist formed respecting the number of the pigeons on this occasion cannot but be interesting; for the inquiry, as he observes, will tend to shew the astonishing bounty of the great Author of Nature in providing for the wants of his creatures. He goes on to say: 'Let us take a column of pigeons extending one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours at the rate mentioned above, of one mile in the minute. This will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by 1, covering 180 square miles. Allowing two

pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day.' Supposing this to be a correct calculation, of which there seems no reasonable doubt, we arrive at a most overpowering estimate of the quantity of food consumed in a year by such a flight; but as there are probably many flights equally large, it becomes apparent that the consumption by American passenger pigeons must be a vast deal greater than that of the whole population of Europe. Taking the flight alone as estimated by Audubon, its 8,000,000 of bushels, or 1,000,000 of quarters of food per diem, would amount by the year to 365,000,000 of quarters. Now the whole consumption by man and animals in the United Kingdom is stated by M'Culloch to have been no more than 53,400,000 quarters of grain of all kinds in 1846—not a sixth of what is used by a single flight of American passenger pigeons.

There is really something awful in the contemplation of this vast absorption of food by a class of creatures whom we are in the habit of utterly disregarding as fellow-consumers of the fruits of the earth. The manner in which the flights of pigeons alight and commence operations in the forest is graphically presented by Audubon. 'As soon as they discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles reviewing the country below. During their evolutions on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon suddenly presenting a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower, over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight; but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing by the flappings of

their wings a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forests to see if danger is near. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground. When alighted, they are seen industriously throwing up the withered leaves in quest of the fallen mast. The rear ranks are continually rising, passing over the main body, and alighting in front, in such rapid succession, that the whole flock seems still on wing. The quantity of ground thus swept is astonishing; and so completely has it been cleared, that the gleaner who might follow in their rear would find his labour completely lost. Whilst feeding, their avidity is at times so great, that in attempting to swallow a large acorn or nut they are seen gasping for a long while, as if in the agonies of suffocation. On such occasions, when the woods are filled with these pigeons, they are killed in immense numbers, although no apparent diminution ensues. About the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, they settle on the trees, to enjoy rest and digest their food. On the ground they walk with ease, as well as on the branches, frequently jerking their beautiful tail, and moving the neck backwards and forwards in the most graceful manner. As the sun begins to sink beneath the horizon, they depart *en masse* for the roosting-place, which not unfrequently is hundreds of miles distant, as has been ascertained by persons who have kept an account of their arrivals and departures.'

'The manner of roosting is not less curious. One of the roosting-places on the banks of the Green River was repeatedly visited by Audubon. 'It was,' he says, 'in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and crossing it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and wagons, guns and ammunition, had already established encampments on the

borders. Two farmers from the vicinity of Russelville, distant more than a hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on the pigeons which were to be slaughtered. Here and there the people employed in plucking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the midst of large piles of these birds. The dung lay several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground; and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Everything proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense beyond conception. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine-knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Everything was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of "Here they come!" The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The birds continued to pour in, the fires were lighted, and a magnificent as well as wonderful and almost terrifying sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses, as large as hogsheads, were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak or even to shout to those

persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

'No one dared venture within the line of devastation. The hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded being left for the next morning's employment. The pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man accustomed to perambulate the forest, who, returning two hours afterwards, informed me he had heard it distinctly when three miles distant from the spot. Towards the approach of day, the noise in some measure subsided: long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared. The howlings of the wolves had now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, racoons, opossums, and polecats, were seen sneaking off, whilst eagles and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures, came to supplant them, and enjoy their share of the spoil. It was then that the authors of all this devastation, began their entry amongst the dead, the dying, and the mangled. The pigeons were picked up and piled in heaps, until each had as many as he could possibly dispose of, when the hogs were let loose to feed on the remainder.'

In conclusion, this amusing writer observes that 'persons unacquainted with these birds might naturally conclude that such dreadful havoc would soon put an end to the species; but I have satisfied myself by long observation, that nothing but the gradual diminution of our forests can accomplish their decrease, as they not unfrequently quadruple their numbers yearly, and always at least double it.'

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

'Don't you know, Citizen Gonju, that a president of section ought not to be kept waiting in this manner? It is at least an hour since I called for my breakfast, and during that time the country may have been exposed to the greatest dangers, and I not there to protect it as I have done more than twenty times already.'

'Why, Citizen President, the fact is, my legs are not as supple as they were some years ago. I am no longer young.'

'The ancient Spartans, our masters in all that relates to good government, made an excellent law which ordained that all feeble persons incapable of labour should be put to death. We should, for the benefit of the Republic, institute such a law. I will speak to Robespierre to-day about it.'

'Many thanks to you, Citizen President, but it seems to me that there need be no such haste about that law; and, moreover, I think those Spartans of yours were a most unnatural set.'

'You don't understand anything of the matter, citizen. Whatever is not useful to the Republic is hurtful to it, and should be got rid of. That is Robespierre's opinion, and I entirely agree with him. This cutlet is overdone, and the coffee is cold. Citizen Gonju, I repeat it, old people are superfluous in a nation that has been regenerated.'

'It is my notion, Citizen President, that if such a law were to pass you would not have long to live.'

'Well, in that case I should know how, like a good patriot, to sacrifice myself for the public good. When I feel that I can be no longer useful to my country, I shall follow the example of Citizen Curtius, and devote myself to death for its sake.'

'But, citizen, why not take a younger person to serve

you? I have already as much as I can well do in attending to the door. I cannot suffice for all.'

'Have you forgotten, citizen, that the Republic has abolished slavery and servitude? A glass of *liqueur* here; quick. As I was saying, servitude is abolished; and shall I, one of the warmest partisans of liberty, be the person to revive that aristocratic custom of which the lazy, *ci-devant noblesse* used to avail themselves? Nevertheless, as all my time is required for the benefit of my country, if I could find some suitable person to take charge of my household affairs I would offer her in exchange for her good offices a fraternal friendship and a few *assignats* by the month besides.'

'I know just the thing that will answer you, citizen—a young girl from my country: she is good-humoured, active, and willing. Her relations are engaged in the service of their country, and she would be delighted to be useful to a patriot such as you.'

'Well, bring her to me, and I shall see whether she will suit me. I must now go to the section: I have a motion to make to-day. You will have an eye to things at home whilst I am busied about the safety of the state.' So saying the Citizen President attired himself in his *carmagnole* and *bonnet rouge*, and set off singing *Ah! ça ira, ça ira*, &c.

'What I am going to do is very hazardous certainly,' said Citizen Gonju to herself as she removed the breakfast things; 'but there is no other resource: we must trust in God.'

The Citizen President was, upon the whole, a good sort of man, who having amassed a little fortune in trade, had turned patriot more from fear than from any bad design. Ever the slave of circumstances, he harangued in the section in praise of the new order of things as he had formerly done in commendation of the goods in his shop. He took his place at the Committee of Public Safety with the same regularity with which he had under the ancient *régime* attended mass. He cried '*Vive Robespierre*' with as loud a voice as he had once shouted '*Vive le roi.*' In

one word, he was a *trembleur*—a species well known in those days, ever ready to join the predominant party, to swell its ranks, and to claim for itself the title of the nation. Citizen Gonju was portress to the house in which the president resided, and had hitherto taken the charge of his household concerns. She was a woman of a certain age, who had long lived in the service of the Count de Blangy. Upon the breaking out of the Revolution, the count disappeared, and was supposed to have emigrated. Her place being thus lost, to prevent herself from starving she was obliged to accept of the humble situation of portress. She lamented the fate of her master more than her own, but her tears were shed in secret; for in those days of liberty, to commiserate the fate of an emigrant was to devote one's self to death.

Early on the morning after Citizen Gonju's conversation with the president, she left the house in care of a neighbour, and directed her steps towards the suburbs. In an hour afterwards she returned, accompanied by a young girl about sixteen, dressed in a coarse stuff gown, dark-coloured stockings, and strong shoes, which, rough as they were, could not conceal the beauty of the small and delicate feet they covered. Her well-formed head was arrayed in a round-eared cap, from beneath which escaped some stray ringlets of raven hair. The whole was surmounted by an enormous knot of tri-coloured ribbon. The features of this young person were delicate and regular; and her large black eyes, the remarkable mixture of sweetness and dignity which her countenance expressed, and the elegance of her form, more than once attracted the notice of the young *sans-culottes* who paraded the streets with the *bonnet rouge* stuck knowingly over one ear.

Immediately upon their arrival, Citizen Gonju and the young girl retired to the porter's lodge, where they continued in earnest discourse till the clock at the municipality struck nine; they then entered the chamber of the Citizen President. He had risen, and was reading the 'Père du Chene,' a newspaper much in vogue in those days.

'Citizen,' said Mother Gonju, 'this is the young person I spoke to you about.'

'Oh, very well: bring her over here. Not ill-looking, I protest, this young citizen. What is your name, child?'

'Catherine,' answered the girl blushing.

'Catherine! I think there is a tyrant of that name somewhere in the North: you cannot be permitted to retain that aristocratic name. Have you no other?'

'Yes—Mary.'

'That is the name of an ex-saint. You ought to know, citizen, that in the republican calendar the names of all those *ci-devant* saints have been replaced by those of useful plants and vegetables.'

'You are not going to call this pretty creature turnip or carrot, it is to be hoped!' said Mother Gonju indignantly.

'I have changed my own names of Louis Athenatius, for those of Mucius Radis. We must conform to the orders of the Republic. So let us see what name we should give her.'

'In my opinion, Citizen President, the name of Rose would just suit her.'

'Citizen Gonju, the rose has the pretension to be called the queen of flowers, and that smells terribly of aristocracy. A thought has occurred to me: why not call her Violet? It is the name of a modest flower, and has never been sullied by being borne by any crowned head. It will suit her admirably. So now, Citizen Violet, what can you do?'

'But little, sir.'

'Sir! You don't, then, know that the Republic, which has ordained equality, has abolished all those pompous titles? Call me simply Citizen President. You know how to cook a little, I suppose?'

'Yes, Citizen President.'

'I am not difficult to please. The true Republican is simple in his tastes. The Spartans, our masters and our models, fed chiefly on black broth. What a pity it is that the receipt for it is lost! How glorious it would be

for me could I render so important a service to the Republic as that of re-establishing the use of that frugal fare which was the symbol of equality! How well that black broth would figure at the civic repasts that have just been decreed by the Committee of Public Safety! But as you don't know how to prepare it, young girl, we must dispense with it. Don't forget that it is to-day that the civic repasts commence, and that you must lay the table for dinner just opposite to the street door. You will dine with us. Equality and fraternity are the order of the day.'

'Citizen President,' said Mother Gonju, 'where shall we lodge this young person? Suppose we put her in the garret?'

'What you say is judicious, Citizen Gonju. I agree to it: she shall sleep in the garret.'

Some hours later in the day, as the Citizen President was descending the staircase, he met Mother Gonju, and with her an old man carrying a small bundle. 'Who is this, citizen?' said he.

'It is the porter who has brought Violet's things.'

'Oh, very well. Give him a glass of wine for his trouble.'

Nobody observed the porter leave the house, but as that was nobody's affair but the portress's, no notice was taken of it. Violet exerted all her skill to give satisfaction to the president, who, notwithstanding his affected stoicism, liked his comforts as much as any one. As he had everything he wanted to the minute, and found nothing to complain of, he never observed that Violet spent all her time, when not employed in his service, in the garret. Matters had gone on in this way for some time when one morning the Citizen President announced to his servant that on the following day the feast of the Supreme Being was to be celebrated; for in those days of insane folly they had dethroned Jehovah, and were about, as a great condescension, to acknowledge a deity of their own imagining, in honour of whom they proposed to celebrate a theatrical festival, in which the Citizen President

wished to participate by giving a splendid banquet. Thanks to Mother Gonju, Violet contrived to prepare a dinner, in which, instead of the famous black broth, appeared—what was probably much more to the taste of the guests, who were chiefly members of the section over which the Amphytrion of the house presided—several dishes of good substantial fare. Poor Violet was more than once put out of countenance by the gross expressions of these men, whose language but too well agreed with their conduct. They seasoned their discourse with disgusting jests upon the subject of religion, and furious imprecations against those who did not agree with them in sentiment. Anxious to escape from the insolent compliments that were addressed to her, Violet was about to withdraw the moment her attendance could be dispensed with, when the conversation took another turn. They began to speak of some newly-projected measures against those nobles whom pressing interests had induced to return to France. The sound of one name caught Violet's ear, and drove the blood from her cheek.

'I know,' cried one of the most talkative of the guests, whose patriotism had been exalted by frequent libations —'I know that the *ci-devant* De Blangy is come back; and I am certain he comes as the agent of Pitt or Cobourg. I must trace him out.'

'Has he not a son in the army?' said the Citizen President.

'So much the worse. They ought to shoot all those aristocrats who join our army merely for the purpose of oppressing and grinding down the poor soldiers.'

'You are very severe, Citizen Brutus.'

'And you are very weak, Citizen President. He whose name I have the honour to bear did not hesitate to sacrifice his two sons for the public safety, and shall I spare anybody?'

'Nevertheless, I think I have heard much good of that same De Blangy.'

'It does not signify. He is an aristocrat, and that is enough. The country will never be happy till they are

all exterminated. I only wish I could lay my hand upon the last of them. I shall declare to-morrow to the section that I know that the *ci-devant* Count de Blangy is in this quarter, and I shall require that domiciliary visits be made for the purpose of discovering him.'

On hearing these terrible words, Violet, pale and immovable as a statue, felt her heart sink within her. Mother Gonju, perceiving her state, led her apart for a few moments, and whispered in her ear: 'Restrain your feelings or you are lost!'

'O the monsters!' said Violet, covering her face with her hands, whilst tears streamed from her eyes.

'Take courage, my dear,' said Mother Gonju. 'God will not forsake you; but if you betray the least emotion now, you will awaken the suspicion of these tigers, and we shall pay with our lives for that moment of weakness.'

Just at this moment the Citizen President called Violet. Making an effort to recover herself, she answered in a cheerful voice, and reappeared amongst the guests with an air of cool indifference which would have deceived the most experienced eye. Songs had by this time taken the place of political discussions, and the company were vying with one another in roaring out the 'Carmagnole,' and other elegant compositions of a like sort.

When all the guests had departed, and Violet found herself alone, what sad thoughts arose in her mind—with what terror did she recall the horrible words of the ferocious Republican! Yielding to the weakness natural to her sex, she gave full vent to the feelings which she had with difficulty so long restrained; but a new idea springing up in her mind, seemed to restore her to all her wonted energy. She dried her tears, bathed her eyes, which were swelled with weeping, practised studied smiles before a glass, and then assuming a lively air, she ascended to her garret, and closed the door carefully after her.

Early the next morning Mother Gonju learned that domiciliary visits were taking place in their quarter. In great consternation she ascended as fast as her legs could

carry her to the fifth storey, knocked, in a manner previously agreed upon, at Violet's door, was admitted, and after mentioning what she had heard, said: 'Come, my dear, keep up your courage for this day only, and we may be tranquil ever after.'

Scarcely had the good woman regained her lodge, when sentinels were placed at the door of the house, and two municipal officers, arrayed in tri-coloured scarfs, presented themselves, empowered by the Republic, one and indivisible, to examine whether some aristocrat were not concealed in the house. The Citizen President eagerly offered his services to assist in the search; he was anxious to prove that it was not in the dwelling of such an ardent admirer of the Republic that an aristocrat would seek shelter. The porter's lodge was first inspected, then the whole of the ground-floor, and nothing of a suspicious nature being found, they proceeded to the upper storeys, Violet accompanying them in their search with every appearance of interest. Active, alert, obliging, she pointed out the way, opened the doors, and answered all their questions with a cheerfulness and good-will which they more than once noticed with approbation.

'Oh,' said the Citizen President, 'Violet is a good citizen, otherwise she would never have been domesticated in my family.'

When they reached the fifth storey Violet's zeal seemed to redouble; she conducted the commissioners to every part, pointing out each nook and hidden corner with officious assiduity. But when one of them in a loud voice called out: 'What is that door there?' in spite of herself she trembled.

'That door, citizen?—that is the door of my chamber.'

'Where is the key?'

'Here it is.'

'Open it.'

'You will excuse, citizen,' said Violet, trying to introduce the key into the lock; 'but the fact is, that the Citizen President gave a dinner yesterday to some of his colleagues, and there were so many things to be done

this morning that I had not time to settle my room. It is all in disorder.'

'It does not signify. Open the door I say.'

'Yes, yes, citizen; but the lock is a bad one.'

'If you speak to her in that tone you will frighten her,' said Mother Gonju advancing. 'The young girl is timid, but the Citizen President can answer for her patriotism. There is the door open now; enter if you please.'

'Oh, as to the patriotism of Violet, I can answer for that as for my own,' said the Citizen President.

'I begin to think,' said one of the commissioners, sitting down upon the bed and casting a scrutinising glance around, 'that we have been misled with respect to the information we received. We have as yet found nothing, and there remain but two more houses to be visited.'

'Nevertheless you must continue your search, citizens,' said the President; 'and I will accompany you, but first let me offer you some refreshment. Violet, go down and prepare it.'

It required almost preternatural power over herself to enable Violet to obey this injunction at such a critical moment.

'I, Citizen President?' said she.

'Yes, go,' said Mother Gonju; 'and I will take care to lock your door after the citizens have departed.'

Violet descended the stairs, a prey to the most torturing apprehensions. The few minutes which elapsed between the time she quitted the garret, and that in which she heard the voices of the municipal officers as they descended, appeared to her a whole age of anguish. With her ear close to the half-open door, scarcely breathing, shaken by convulsive tremblings, she listened for some word which might announce her doom. At last she distinctly heard one of the commissioners say as he was coming down: 'We were certain beforehand, Citizen President, that we should find no suspected person in your house. We will proceed to visit the others.'

At these delightful words Violet threw herself on her

for another; and yet here is "Monsieur Dubois, *Rentier*, Rue de Thunville." It is for me certainly.'

All the night the poor man's head was at work, trying to recollect something that might throw light upon the subject; but in vain. Determined, however, to avail himself of the invitation, he arranged his dress with the most scrupulous care, and as the clock struck nine directed his steps towards the Hôtel Delmas, which was in the Chaussée d'Antin; and having inquired for the General Comte Delmas, a servant in splendid livery conducted him to a magnificent drawing-room, and throwing open the door, announced in a loud voice 'Monsieur Dubois,' and then closed the door behind him. When the ex-president found himself in an apartment brilliantly lighted, where he was surrounded by young and handsome women gaily dressed—when he observed the gorgeous uniforms of the young officers who fluttered around these blooming fair ones, or conversed apart amongst themselves about the recent victories which had astonished all Europe, he remained immovable, not daring to advance a step, for he began to fear that he had been the dupe of some malicious mystification. His embarrassment was increasing, when a young lady, dressed with elegant simplicity, advanced towards him, and holding out her hand, said in a kind voice: 'Come forward, Monsieur Dubois: you are amongst friends here.'

The sound of that voice, which he thought he knew, made him raise his eyes, and when he had fixed them upon the speaker he involuntarily exclaimed: 'Violet!' But quickly checking himself, he looked about with a bewildered air, doubting whether he was awake or dreaming.

'Yes, Monsieur Dubois,' said the lady, 'it is your servant Violet, who has not forgotten the kindness she received from you.'

The poor president, utterly confounded, stammered out some unintelligible words; but his astonishment increased when, taking hold of his hand, the young lady conducted him through a crowd of attentive spectators to the other

side of the room, where, on a sofa near the fire, was seated an elderly woman, to whom she presented him, saying: 'Here is another of your old acquaintances.'

'Madame Gonju, I protest!' exclaimed the ex-president.

'Yes, it is the Citizen Gonju, president,' said the old lady: 'who is grown old—very old indeed; but who is rejoiced to see you in good health.'

'I cannot at all comprehend this affair,' said Monsieur Dubois. 'Can it be possible, madame, that you are the same person who, twelve years ago'——

'Yes, sir,' said a general officer attired in a rich uniform, who now approached them—'it is indeed that Violet who was once your servant; and that is good Madame Gonju, who acted as your portress. But here is a third person whom you do not know, but who is under obligations to you also;' and so saying the general introduced to him an old gentleman of a dignified and venerable appearance. 'This,' said he, 'is Monsieur de Blangy, father of her whom you named Violet. During that terrible period, through which we were obliged to pass before we reached to happier times, the Count de Blangy, pursued by those who sought his life, found refuge in the humble garret which his amiable daughter consented to inhabit in the character of your servant, that she might watch over the safety of her parent. The good Madame Gonju alone shared with her this dangerous secret, the discovery of which might have produced such disastrous consequences. As soon as I became acquainted with this touching episode in the history of Mademoiselle de Blangy, I took measures to discover your address, in order that I might request you to consider yourself ever a welcome guest at my house. I am desirous that Mademoiselle de Blangy, who is now about to become my wife, should draw around her those whose presence must continually recall to mind the courage beyond her sex, and the noble self-devotion by which she has been enabled to preserve the life of the best of parents.'

Monsieur Dubois, agitated by so many unexpected events, accepted with tears of gratitude the kindness so

frankly offered: he became a frequent and welcome guest at the Hôtel de Delmas. As to Madame Gonju, to whom a much larger debt of gratitude was due, Madame Delmas always retained her near her, and treated her with a respect and tenderness that were quite touching.

Violet proved as excellent a wife as she had been a devoted daughter. Idolised by her husband, beloved by her children, the centre of a society capable of estimating her merit, she still lives in the enjoyment of all the happiness this world can bestow.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN EGYPT.

EARLY in the year 1807, being at that time stationed in Sicily, the regiment to which I belonged was ordered to form part of a small expedition sent to Egypt under the command of General Mackenzie Fraser. Subsequent to the unfortunate affair at Rosetta, where Major-General Wauchope was killed, and where the army lost a great many men, the troops retreated to Alexandria, and the corps to which I belonged was chosen for the purpose of encamping on the sands of Aboukir, to watch the motions of the Turks.

In the camp, where we remained several months, the event happened, which I relate as indicative of what may be expected by kindness even to the most savage animal. Soon after our encampment, we observed that large troops of wild dogs were in the habit of hovering round the camp, for the purpose of picking up whatever they could; however, they never during the day approached near the camp, but were generally to be seen in a small wood in its vicinity, and about the ruins of the old castle. A wild dog is about the size of a large shepherd-dog, generally of a dirty white colour, very strong limbs, large head with prick ears, something like a wolf's head, and, like him, 'bony and gaunt and grim.' One of these dogs

—a female—had domesticated herself at the hospital tent, where the men fed her, and I also used to take her to my own tent frequently, and give her a breakfast. She remained with the regiment many years after our return to Sicily. One night, being the captain on duty, it was my business after twelve o'clock to visit all the guards and pickets in the neighbourhood of our camp. I was on horseback; and when about a quarter of a mile distant from the camp, my horse suddenly began to snort, and very soon stood still; nor could I, by use of heel and hand, induce him to go forward. I perceived approaching me, at the distance of thirty yards, something white, and, by an immediate attack, became aware that my enemy was a troop of these said wild dogs. I drew my sabre, and endeavoured to urge my horse forward, but he was immovable. The dogs, to the number of eight or ten, kept a few yards in front of me, barking, and every now and then throwing themselves forward on their fore-legs, as if about to spring. I flourished my sabre, shouted to them, and kept a good front, as I knew if I allowed my horse to turn, they would fasten on him. I was suddenly surprised by seeing something pass from behind me with great rapidity, and in an instant after saw the foremost dog seized by another and thrown down; then another and another. I took advantage of the break in their line, dashed through, and quickly arrived at the picket I was going to visit. I found the men under arms, and the corporal said he thought from the noise that the whole Turkish cavalry were in motion! When I was relating to the men the circumstance which had happened, my active ally made her appearance in the person of our hospital friend, who, I suppose, hearing the uproar, had come to the scene of action, and generously taken the side of the *few* against the *many*. Certainly, had it not been for my female canine auxiliary, I should have had the worst of the *tulzie*.

As some of the habits of the chameleon may not be generally known, I will take the liberty of mentioning a few of them, which came under my own observation.

One morning, on my return from parade, I saw, close to my own tent, a very large chameleon *hanging* on a bush. I immediately secured him, and provided a box for him to repose in. In the course of a very few days he became quite familiar, and having seen them before, I knew how to gain his affections—which, in the first place, was done by *feeding* him well; and, in the next place, by scratching his back with a feather! I used to put him on my table at breakfast, and in the course of a very few minutes I have seen him devour at least fifty flies, catching them in the most dexterous manner with his long and slimy tongue; nor does he ever move from his position; but so sure as an unfortunate fly comes within reach, so sure is he caught, and with the rapidity of thought. In the forenoon I always gave him a large slice of water-melon, the whole of which he devoured; and he generally supped on as many flies as he could manage to entrap, setting at defiance all the 'noble Hamlet's' theory of the chameleon's dish. *Promises* would not have suited him at all, being, at the end of each day, considerably more like a crammed capon than an air-fed chameleon.

It is not true that this animal will change *colour* according to what he is put on; but he *will* change *shade* according as he is pleased or displeased. His general hue is a bright green, with small gold spots over his body: he remains at this shade when he is highly pleased, by being in the sun, or being fed, or scratched, which he delights in. When angry—and he is very easily made so—his hue changes to a dusky green, almost to black, and the gold spots are not to be seen; but I never could perceive any other colour on his body but green, in a variety of shades: the spots enlarge very much when he is in good-humour—so much, indeed, as to give a yellow tinge to the upper part of the animal; but in general they are merely little yellow spots here and there on the back and side. I carried him to Sicily, where he died, much regretted.

BOGLE OF THE BROKEN.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

It is well known that in warm summer mornings the valleys among our mountains are generally filled with a dense white fog, so that when the sun rises the upper parts of the hills are all bathed yellow sheen, looking like golden islands in a sea of silver. After one ascends through the mist to within a certain distance of the sunshine, a halo of glory is thrown round his head—something like a rainbow, but brighter and paler. It is upright or slanting as the sun is lower or higher, but it uniformly attends one for a considerable space before he reaches the sunshine. One morning, at the time when I was about nineteen years of age, I was ascending a hillside towards the ewe-buchts, deeply absorbed in admiration of the halo around me, when suddenly my eyes fell upon a huge, dark semblance of the human figure, which stood at a very small distance from me, and at first appeared to my affrighted imagination as the enemy of mankind. Without taking a moment to consider, I rushed from the spot, and never drew breath till I had got safe amongst the ewe-milkers. All that day I felt very ill at ease; but next morning, being obliged to go past the same spot at the same hour, I resolved to exert, if possible, a little more courage, and put the phenomenon fairly to the proof. The fog was more dense than on the preceding morning, and when the sun arose his brilliancy and fervour were more bright above. The lovely halo was thrown around me, and at length I reached the haunted spot without diverging a step from my usual little foot-path; and at the very place there arose the same terrible apparition which had frightened me so much the morning before. It was a giant blackamoor, at least thirty feet high, and equally proportioned, and very near me. I

was actually struck powerless with astonishment and terror. My first resolution was, if I could keep the power of my limbs, to run home and hide myself below the blankets, with the Bible beneath my head. But then, again, I thought it was hard to let my master's 700 ewes go eild for fear of the de'il. In this perplexity—and I rather think I was crying—I took off my bonnet, and scratched my head bitterly with both hands, when, to my astonishment and delight, the de'il also took off his bonnet and scratched his head with both hands—but in such a style! Oh, there's no man can describe it! His arms and his fingers were like trees and branches without the leaves. I laughed at him till I actually fell down upon the sward; the de'il also fell down and laughed at me. I then noted for the first time that he had two colly-dogs at his foot bigger than buffaloes. I arose and made him a most graceful bow, which he returned at the same moment—but such a bow for awkwardness I never saw! It was as if the Tron Kirk steeple had bowed to me. I turned my cheek to the sun as well as I could, that I might see the de'il's profile properly defined in the cloud. It was capital! His nose was about half a yard long, and his face at least three yards; and then he was gaping and laughing so that one would have thought he might have swallowed the biggest man in the country.

It was quite a scene of enchantment. I could not leave it. On going five or six steps onward it vanished; but on returning to the same spot, there he stood, and I could make him make a fool of himself as much as I liked; but always as the sun rose higher he grew shorter; so that I think, could I have stayed, he might have come into a respectable size of a de'il at the last.

I have seen this gigantic apparition several times since, but never half so well defined as that morning. It requires a certain kind of background, which really I cannot describe; for though I visited the place by day a hundred times, there was so little difference between the formation of that spot and the rest of the hill that it is impossible

to define it without taking a mathematical survey. The halo accompanies one always, but the gigantic apparition very seldom. I have seen it six or seven times in my life, always in a fog, and at sun-rising; but, saving these two times, never well defined, part being always light, and part dark.

One-and-twenty years subsequent to this I was delighted to read the following note, translated, I think, from a German paper, concerning the Bogle of the Broken—an aërial figure of the very same description with mine, which is occasionally seen on one particular spot among the Harts Mountains, in Hanover. It was taken from the diary of a Mr Hawe, and I kept a copy of it for the remembrance of auld lang syne. I shall copy a sentence or two from it here; and really it is so like mine, that one would almost be tempted to think the one was copied from the other.

'Having ascended the Breken for the thirtieth time, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing the phenomenon. The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene toward the east, his rays could pass without any obstruction over the Hinrichshohe. In the south-west, however, a brisk wind carried before it thin transparent vapours. About a quarter past four I looked round to see if the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west, when I observed at a very great distance a human figure of a monstrous size. A violent gust of wind having nearly carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it, by moving my arm towards my head, and the colossal figure did the same, on which the pleasure that I felt cannot be described; for I had made already many a weary step in the hopes of seeing this shadowy image without being able to gratify my curiosity.

'I then called the landlord of the Broken—the neighbouring inn—and having both taken the same position which I had taken alone, we looked, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence. We retained our posi-

tion, kept our eyes fixed on the same spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made these figures imitated, but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faintly defined, and sometimes strong and dark.'

I can easily account for the latter part of the phenomenon; for it could only be when the clouds of haze, or, as he calls them, 'thin transparent vapours,' were passing, that the shadows in the cloud could possibly be seen. But how there should have been *three* of them, and not either four or only two, surpasses my comprehension altogether. It is quite out of nature, and I am obliged to doubt either Mr Hawe's word or the accuracy of his optics.

Among the other strange sights which I have seen among the hills, I reckon one of the most curious to have been a double shadow of myself, at a moment when only the real sun was above the horizon. One morning in April 1785 I was walking on the Moor-Brae of Berry Knowe, gathering the ewes, when, to my utter astonishment, I perceived that I had two shadows. I immediately looked to the east, where the sun had just risen above the horizon, expecting to see two suns. But no—there was but one. There was not even one of those mock-suns called by us weather-gaws. Yet there was I going to a certainty with two shadows—the one upright and well defined, and the other tall, dim, and leaning backward, something like a very tall awkward servant waiting upon and walking behind a little spruce master. The tall one soon vanished as I turned the hill into a glen called Carsen's Cleuch; but I never forgot the circumstance; and after I became an old man I visited the very spot, as nearly as I could remember, again and again, thinking that the reflection of the sun from some pool or lake which I had not perceived might have caused it; but there was no such thing. I never mentioned the circumstance to any living being before, save to Sir D. Brewster, who, of all men I ever met with, is the fondest

of investigating everything relating to natural phenomena: he pretended to account for it by some law of dioptrical refraction, which I did not understand.

But what I am now going to relate will scarcely procure credit, though, on the word of an honest man, it is literally true. I once saw about two hundred natural apparitions at one time, and altogether. One fine summer morning as I was coming along the Hawkshaw rigg of Blackhouse, I perceived on the other side of Douglas Burn, in a little rich glen called Brakehope, a whole drove of Highland cattle, which I thought could not be fewer than ten scores. I saw them distinctly—I never saw any beasts more distinctly in my life. I saw the black ones, and the red ones, some with white faces, and four or five spotted ones. I saw three men driving them, and turning them quietly in at corners. They were on each side of the burn of Brakehope, and quite from the drove-road. I was once thinking of going to them myself, but I wanted my breakfast, was very hungry, and had no charge of that part of the farm; so I hastened home, and sent off the shepherd who had the charge of it, to drive the drove of cattle from his best land. His name was Robert Borthwick. He seized a staff in high chagrin at the drivers, and ran off; and Messrs William and George Laidlaw both accompanied him, with good cudgels in their hands. They are both alive and well to testify the truth of my report: at least, when they went to Brakehope there were no cattle there, nor man, nor dogs, nor even sheep! There was not a living creature in the bottom of the glen where I had seen the drove, nor the mark of a cow's hoof. I was of course laughed at as a dreamer and seer of visions; for, in fact, after inquiring at our neighbours, we found that there was not a drove of Highland cattle at that time in the district. I was neither a dreamer nor a seer of visions. I was in the highest health and spirits. It was between eight and nine o'clock on a fine summer morning of mingled clouds and sunshine. I was chanting a song to myself, or perhaps making one, when I first came in view of the

drove. I was rather more than half a mile from it, but not three-quarters of a mile; and as there never was a man had clearer sight than I had, I could not be mistaken in the appearance. In justification of myself I must here copy two or three sentences from my note-book, but from whence taken I do not know.

'On Sunday evening, the 28th ultimo, as Anthony Jackson, farmer, aged forty-five, and Matthew Turner—the son of William Turner, farmer—aged fifteen years, while engaged in inspecting their cattle grazing in Havarah Park, near Ripley, part of the estate of Sir John Ingleby, Bart., they were suddenly surprised by a most extraordinary appearance in the park. Turner, whose attention was first drawn to the spectacle, said: "Look, Anthony, what a quantity of beasts!"

'"Beasts!" cried Anthony: "They are not beasts; they are men!"

'By this time the body was in motion, and the spectators discovered that it was an army of soldiers dressed in a white military uniform, and that in the centre stood a personage of commanding aspect, clothed in scarlet. After performing a number of evolutions the corps began to march in perfect order to the summit of a hill, passing the spectators only at the distance of about one hundred yards. No sooner had the first detachment—which seemed to consist of several hundreds, and extended four deep over an enclosure of thirty acres—attained the hill, than another assemblage of men, far more numerous than the former, arose and marched without any apparent hostility after the military spectres. These were dressed in a dark uniform, and at the top of the hill both parties joined, and formed what the spectators called an L, and, passing down the opposite side of the hill, disappeared. At this time a volume of smoke, like that vomited by a park of artillery, spread over the plain, and was so impervious as for two minutes to hide the cattle from Jackson and Turner. They were both persons of character and respectability, and the impression made on their minds was never erased.'

In addition to this I may mention that, during the last continental war, all the military and volunteers in Ireland were hurried to the north to defend the country against a spectre fleet, which had no existence in those seas; and I find likewise in my note-book the following extraordinary account, which I think was copied long ago from a book called 'A Guide to the Lakes of Cumberland.' I was always so fond of those romantic and visionary subjects that I have added thousands of *lees* to them; but in this I shall not deviate one word from the original writer's narrative.

'Souter Fell is nearly nine hundred yards high, barricaded on the north and west sides with precipitous rocks, but somewhat more open on the east, and easier of access. On this mountain occurred the extraordinary phenomena that, towards the middle of the last century, excited so much consternation and alarm—I mean the visionary appearances of armed men and other figures, the causes of which have never in the smallest degree received a satisfactory solution, though, from the circumstances hereafter mentioned, there seems reason to believe that they are not entirely inexplicable.

'On a summer evening of 1743, as David Stricket, then servant to J. Wren of Wilton Hall, the next house to Blakehills, was sitting at the door with his master, they saw the figure of a man with a dog pursuing some horses along the side of Souter Fell, a place so steep that no horse can travel on it. They appeared to run at an amazing pace till they got out of sight at the lower end of the Fell.

'The next morning Stricket and his master ascended the steep side of the mountain, in full expectation that they should find the man lying dead, as they were persuaded that the swiftness with which he ran must have killed him. They expected likewise to find several dead horses, and a number of horse-shoes among the rocks, which they were sure the horses could not but throw, galloping at such a furious rate. They were, however, disappointed; for there appeared not the least

vestige of either man or horse; not so much as the mark of a horse's hoof on the turf or among the small stones on the steep. Astonishment, and a degree of fear, perhaps, for some time induced them to conceal the circumstances; but they at length disclosed them, and, as well might be supposed, were only laughed at for their credulity.

'The following year, 1744, on the 23d of June, as the same David Stricket, who at the time lived with Mr William Lancaster's father, of Blakehills, was walking a little above the house, about seven in the evening, he saw a troop of horsemen riding on the side of Souter Fell, in pretty close ranks, and at a brisk pace. Mindful of the ridicule which had been excited against him the preceding year, he continued to observe them in silence for some time; but being at last convinced that the appearance was real, he went into the house and informed Mr Lancaster that he had something curious to shew him. They went out together; but before Stricket had either spoken or pointed out the place, his master's son had himself discovered the aërial troopers; and when conscious that the same appearances were visible to both, they informed the family, and the phenomena were alike seen by all.

'These visionary horsemen seemed to come from the lower part of Souter Fell, and became visible at a place called Knott. They then moved in regular troops along the side of the Fell till they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain. Thus they described a kind of curvilineal path, and both their first and last appearances were bounded by the top of the mountain.

'The pace at which these shadowy forms proceeded was a regular swift walk, and the whole time of the continuance of their appearance was upwards of two hours; but farther observation was then precluded by the approach of darkness. Many troops were seen in succession; and frequently the last, or the last but one in a troop, would quit his position, gallop to the front, and then observe the same pace with the others. The same

changes were visible to all the spectators; and the view of the phenomena was not confined to Blakehills only, but was seen by every person at every cottage within the distance of a mile. The number of persons who witnessed the march of these aërial travellers was twenty-six.'

It would therefore appear, that my vision of a drove of Highland cattle with their drivers was not altogether an isolated instance of the same phenomena. It is quite evident that we must attribute these appearances to particular states of the atmosphere, and suppose them to be shadows of realities—the airy resemblance of scenes passing in distant parts of the country, and by some singular operation of natural causes thus expressively imaged on the acclivities of the mountains.

SURRENDER OF CALCUTTA.

CALCUTTA, now the capital of our Indian empire, and a place of wealth and fashion, did not come into the possession of the English without much suffering. Certain events connected with the early history of this splendid Indian metropolis are full of interest.

Bengal, in which Calcutta is situated, was the last settlement formed by our adventurous countrymen in the eastern part of the Indian dominions, and was long held secondary in point of commercial importance to Madras and the more southern settlements along the coast of Coromandel, lying within that long extent of territory known by the name of the Carnatic. It was not until the year 1656 that the merchants of Surat obtained leave from the nabob of Bengal to erect a factory at Hooghly, on the river of that name, considerably above the site of the more recent establishment of Calcutta. It was here, however, that the English first attempted to establish political and military power in India. Upon a

detail of various wrongs sustained from the native rulers being transmitted home by the factors, the East India Company sent out in 1686 a formidable expedition—the first warlike demonstrations by the British against the Indian authorities—the object of which was no less than to levy war against the Great Mogul and the nabob of Bengal, and this only thirty years after the Company had first obtained a footing in their territories! The result of this rash and ill-advised step was, that our countrymen speedily lost every shadow of their previous power or importance in every part of India, and were only permitted, after the most humble submission, to retain their settlement in the island of Bombay. These disputes, however, were afterwards amicably settled, and the Company were allowed to re-establish themselves, and resume their traffic as before at Hooghly; nor did they again experience any serious annoyance until the commencement of hostilities between England and France in the year 1744. When this happened, one of the first and chief points against which the French directed their efforts, with the view of crippling Britain, were our Indian settlements—Pondicherry, on the coast of Coromandel, being as yet the only station of any importance which they themselves possessed. It would be entirely out of place here to detail the continued struggle for the ascendancy in the East which ensued between the rival nations; contending, however, less by open force of arms than secret intrigue with the native rulers, who alternately inclined to the one party or the other as seemed best for their interests and convenience. Suffice it to say, that early in 1761 the French were finally expelled by the British arms from all that quarter of India by the fall of Pondicherry, which surrendered to Colonel Coote. For some years previous to this event the British establishment at Calcutta had been advancing in prosperity with rapid strides, under the friendly aid of Aliverdi Khan, an Afghan chief of great talent, who had wrested the viceroyalty or nabobship of Bengal from its legitimate ruler, a weak and impotent prince. Upon Aliverdi's

death, however, he was succeeded by his grandson, Surajah Dowlah—or, as sometimes spelled, Sura-jud-Dowla—a dissolute and tyrannical prince, who, stimulated by the exaggerated reports of the great wealth amassed in the factory, seized the first plausible opportunity for coming to a rupture with the settlers, and commencing hostilities. The pretext laid hold of for putting his designs in execution was the erection of various fortifications, which were then in progress for the defence of Calcutta in case of any attack being made on it by the French, but which Surajah Dowlah chose to construe into preparations against himself. He immediately collected his army, marched against that place, plundering the English factory of Cossimbazar by the way, and making the governor and members of council prisoners. The garrison of Calcutta at that time did not muster above 514 men, of whom only 174 were Europeans, totally undisciplined; and attempts were therefore at first made to come to reasonable terms with the nabob, but the fate of Cossimbazar dispelled all hopes of a peaceful accommodation. The attack on Calcutta commenced on the 18th June 1756; and on the same day the whole of the outworks and external fortifications fell into the hands of the Indians. Though all hope of a successful resistance was now gone, it was agreed in a council of war to hold out till the following night, in order to get time to convey the women and children on board of ship, which was safely accomplished the same night. At daybreak next day the attack was renewed; and while the situation of the besieged became every hour more distressing, they had the mortification to see all the English, as well as neutral vessels then lying in the Hooghly, weigh anchor and proceed down the river. To complete the wretched dilemma of the troops, Drake the governor was seized with a panic, threw himself into the last remaining boat, and left them to their fate! Mr Holwell was chosen to fill his place, who endeavoured to open negotiations for surrender; but the troops in the confusion having gained access to the liquor, were soon

in a state of complete intoxication, and the enemy learning how matters stood, stepped into the fort without resistance.

Of the harrowing event which took place in the fort on the night succeeding its capture the following narrative, which originally appeared in a native East India publication, is at once the most correct and striking that has yet been given to the world:—

'At five o'clock the nabob entered the fort, accompanied by his general, Meer Jaffier, and most of the principal officers of his army. He immediately proceeded to the principal apartment of the factory, where he sat in state, and received the compliments of his court and attendants in magnificent expressions of his prowess and good-fortune. Soon after he sent for Mr Holwell, to whom he expressed much resentment at the presumption of the English in daring to defend the fort, and much dissatisfaction at the smallness of the sum found in the treasury, which did not exceed 50,000 rupees. Mr Holwell had two other conferences with him on this subject before seven o'clock, when the nabob dismissed him with repeated assurances, on the word of a soldier, that he should suffer no harm.

'Mr Holwell, returning to his unfortunate companions, found them assembled and surrounded by a strong guard: several buildings on the north and south sides of the fort were already in flames, which approached with so thick a smoke on either hand that the prisoners imagined their enemies had caused this conflagration in order to suffocate them between the two fires. On each side of the eastern gate of the fort extended a range of chambers adjoining to the curtain, and before the chambers a veranda or open gallery: it was of arched masonry, and intended to shelter the soldiers from the sun and rain, but being low, almost totally obstructed the chambers behind from the light and *air;* and whilst some of the guard were looking in other parts of the factory for proper places to confine the prisoners during the night, the rest ordered them to assemble in ranks under the

veranda, on the right hand of the gateway, where they remained for some time with so little suspicion of their impending fate that they laughed among themselves at the seeming oddity of this disposition, and amused themselves with conjecturing what they should next be ordered to do. About eight o'clock those who had been sent to examine the rooms reported that they had found none fit for the purpose; on which the principal officer commanded the prisoners to go into one of the rooms which stood behind them along the veranda. It was the dungeon of the garrison, who used to call it *The Black Hole*. Many of the prisoners, knowing the place, began to expostulate, upon which the officer ordered his men to cut those down who hesitated—the prisoners then obeyed; but before all were within, the room was so thronged that the last entered with difficulty: the guard immediately closed the door and locked it fast, confining 146 persons in a room not 20 feet square, with only two small windows, and those obstructed by the veranda. It was the hottest season of the year, and the night uncommonly sultry even at this season. The excessive pressure of their bodies against one another, and the intolerable heat which prevailed as soon as the door was shut, convinced the prisoners that it was impossible to live through the night in this horrible confinement, and violent attempts were immediately made to force the door, but without effect, for it opened inwards, on which many began to give loose to rage. Mr Holwell, who placed himself at one of the windows, exhorted them to remain composed both in body and mind, as the only means of surviving the night; and his remonstrances produced a short interval of quiet, during which he applied to an old *jemautdar*, who bore some marks of humanity about him, promising to give him 1000 rupees in the morning if he would separate the prisoners into two chambers. The old man went to try, but returning in a few minutes, said it was impossible; when Mr Holwell offered him a larger sum, on which he retired once more, and returned with the fatal sentence, that no relief could be expected,

because "*the nabob was asleep, and no one dared to wake him.*" In the meantime every minute had increased their sufferings. The first effect of their confinement was a continued sweat, which soon produced intolerable thirst, succeeded by excruciating pains in the chest, with difficulty of breathing little short of suffocation. Various means were tried to obtain more room and air. Every one stripped off his clothes, every hat was put in motion; and these methods affording no relief, it was proposed that they all should sit down on their hams at the same time, and, after remaining a little while in this posture, rise all together. This fatal expedient was thrice repeated before they had been confined an hour, and every time several, unable to raise themselves up again, fell, and were trampled to death by their companions. Attempts were again made to force the door, which, failing as before, redoubled their rage; but the thirst increasing, nothing but "*Water! Water!*" became soon after the general cry. The good *jemautdar* immediately ordered some skins of water to be brought to the windows; but instead of relief, his benevolence became a more dreadful cause of destruction, for the sight of the water threw every one into such excessive agitations and ravings, that, unable to resist this violent impulse of nature, none could wait to be regularly served, but each man battled with the utmost ferocity against those who were likely to get before him; and in these conflicts many were either pressed to death by the efforts of others, or suffocated by their own. This scene, instead of exciting compassion in the guard without, only awakened their mirth; and they held up lights to the bars in order to have the diabolical satisfaction of seeing the deplorable contention of the sufferers within, who, finding it impossible to get any water whilst it was thus furiously disputed, at length suffered those who were nearest the windows to convey it in their hats to those behind them. It proved no relief either to their thirst or other sufferings, for the fever increased every moment with the increasing depravity of the air of the dungeon, which had been so

often respired, and was saturated with the hot and deleterious effluvia of putrefying bodies, of which the stench was little less than mortal.

'Before midnight, all who were alive, and had not partaken of the air of the windows, were either in lethargic stupefaction or raving with delirium. Every kind of invective and abuse was uttered in hope of provoking the guard to put an end to their miseries by firing into the dungeon; and whilst some were blaspheming their Creator with frantic execrations of torment in despair, Heaven was implored by others with wild and incoherent prayers, until the weaker, exhausted by these agitations, at length lay down quietly and expired on the bodies of their dead and agonising friends. Those who still survived in the inward part of the dungeon, finding that the water had afforded them no relief, made a last effort to obtain air, by endeavouring to scramble over the heads of those who stood between them and the windows, where the utmost strength of every one was employed for two hours either in maintaining his own ground, or endeavouring to get that of which others were in possession. All regards of compassion and affection were lost, and no one would recede or give way for the relief of another. Faintness sometimes gave short pauses of quiet, but the first motion of any one renewed the struggle through all, under which ever and anon some one sunk to rise no more. At two o'clock not more than fifty remained alive; but even this number was too many to partake of the saving air, the contest for which and life continued until the morn, long implored, began to break, and with the hope of relief gave the survivors a view of the dead. The survivors then at the window, seeing that their entreaties could not prevail on the guard to open the door, it occurred to Mr Cook, the secretary to the council, that Mr Holwell, if alive, might have more influence to obtain their relief; and two of the company undertaking the search, discovered him, having still some signs of life: but when they brought him near the window every one refused to quit his place, exceptin-

Captain Mills, who, with rare generosity, offered to resign his, on which the rest likewise agreed to make room. He had scarcely begun to recover his senses before an officer, sent by the nabob, came and inquired if the English chief survived; and soon after the same man returned with an order to open the prison. The dead were so thronged, and the survivors had so little strength remaining, that they were employed for nearly half an hour in removing the bodies which lay against the door before they could clear a passage to get out one by one; when, of 146 who went in, no more than *twenty-three* came out alive, the ghastliest forms that ever were seen on the earth! The nabob's troops beheld them and the havoc of death from which they had escaped with perfect indifference, but did not prevent them from removing to a distance, and were immediately obliged, by the intolerable stench, to clear the dungeon, whilst others dug a ditch on the outside of the fort, into which all the dead bodies were promiscuously thrown.'

The success of the barbarian who inflicted these sufferings was short-lived. Calcutta was retaken a year after by Clive and others; and, as above stated, the French power, which had provoked so many disasters, ceased in India in 1761.

WANTS A PLACE,

A FAITHFUL creature, trained to serving,
And certified as well deserving:
No object wages will be thought,
A friendly mistress more is sought—
A house where things go on in quiet,
And not exposed to scolds or riot;
Where currish paws may never smite her,
Nor snappish strangers come to fright her:

She has not been in place before,
Scarce passed, indeed, her mother's door;
But skill and care she there has gained,
To all her future duties trained:
Her mother being miller's cat,
Had opportunities for that:
And this advertisement is written
By one who knows and loves the kitten.
Her skipping days of idle fun
Are just at point of being done:
No more she cares a cork to trundle,
Or play with Janet's silver thimble:
No more she seeks a clew to trail,
Or vault athwart her mother's tail:
No more her shadow now she chases,
Or hunts the leaves in windy places:
No more upon the panes she springs,
To catch a fly on buzzing wings.
No: graver grown, on other game
She now has learned to fix her aim:
Already can she mimic sleep,
By pantry-door the guard to keep;
Or watches patient till she sees
The mice appear from hollow cheese,
Where, eating long, they love to dwell
And play within the hollow shell.
And now, with character so proper,
From decent service what can stop her?
She would not wish indeed to wrestle
Amid the farmer's endless bustle;
Where mastiffs, children, pigs, and rats,
Are equal enemies to cats:
Nor would she, high though wages be,
In skipper's cabin go to sea:
She has no skill, nor had her mother,
To jump on ropes, or guess the weather;
But yet (for other service ready)
She'd act, well qualified and steady,
Companion to an ancient lady;

Beside her walks would pace along,
With arching tail and purring song;
Within her bonnet would not sleep,
And awkward hours would seldom keep.
Such place, she thinks, would suit her well;
So, if you know it, come and tell.

Postscriptum.—Would have no objection
To give assistance in the kitchen:
Would look at times into the dairy,
Or tend the lady's aviary.

D. M.

GOSSIP ABOUT ANIMALS.

One of the finest traits of human nature is an affection for the lower animals. From the rude and untractable dispositions of certain animals it is scarcely possible, even if it were desirable, to form any attachment to them; yet all are in some way objects of interest, and many are susceptible of reciprocating every attention and kindness that can be bestowed on them. In the dog and horse, for example, there seems to be a wonderful power of adaptation to human society; and it is very certain that these animals, by kindness, may be led to entertain a very keen and abiding affection for their masters. We say abiding, because although other animals—as, for instance, those of the cat tribe—may be trained to obedience and gentleness, they cannot be altogether depended on. A melancholy instance of this uncertainty occurred in the case of the lady called the Lion-queen: she had to all appearance gained a thorough ascendancy over lions and tigers, and exhibited herself seated on their backs, or with her hand in their mouths, yet in the end the ferocious nature of one of these animals broke suddenly out, and inflicted mortal injuries on the heroic but unfortunate queen.

Certain Indian tribes in North America are said to possess a remarkable power of subduing horses, and attaching them to them by whispering or breathing, as it is said, into their ear—or, as one might almost be tempted to say, by exercising some kind of mesmeric influence over their nervish system. It is at least a well-authenticated fact, that an Irishman, named James Sullivan, possessed this marvellous faculty of taming horses. He exercised no force. His operations, whatever they might be, were of a moral kind. Townsend, in his 'Survey of the County of Cork,' gives the following account of this celebrated horse-subduer:—'James Sullivan was a native of the county of Cork, and an awkward, ignorant rustic of the lowest class, generally known by the appellation of the *Whisperer*, and his profession was horse-breaking. The credulity of the vulgar bestowed that epithet upon him, from an opinion that he communicated his wishes to the animal by means of a whisper; and the singularity of his method gave some colour to the superstitious belief. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of *Veni, vidi, vici*, was more justly claimed by James Sullivan than by Cæsar or even Bonaparte himself. How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likely to remain for ever unknown, as he has lately left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same occupation, possesses but a small portion of the art, having either never learned its true secret, or being incapable of putting it in practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the short time requisite to accomplish his design, which was performed in private, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether previously broke or unhandled, whatever their peculiar vices or ill-habits might have been, submitted without show of resistance to the magical influence of his art, and in the short space of half an hour became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. Though more submissive to him than to others, yet they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before.

When sent for to tame a vicious horse, he directed the stable in which he and the object of his experiment were placed to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal given. After a *tête-à-tête* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made; and upon opening the door the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy-dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. Some saw his skill tried on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop-horse; and it was supposed, not without reason, that after regimental discipline had failed no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal seemed afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases, this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which, I believe, a great part of his art consisted; though the circumstance of the *tête-à-tête* shews that upon particular occasions something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would in other hands have made a fortune, and great offers have been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad; but hunting, and attachment to his native soil, were his ruling passions. He lived at home, in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Dunhallow and the fox-hounds.' What ultimately became of this genius is not mentioned.

Volumes could be filled with anecdotes of the mutual attachment of men and dogs; and we are of opinion that

the affection in such cases is very much more noble and generous than is usually supposed. No person, indeed, can have any proper idea of this tenderness of feeling who has not kept a favourite dog. We believe that among the different varieties of dogs, the small spaniel kind is the most affectionate; but probably we are led to entertain this notion from an acquaintanceship with the character of our own favourite Fiddy—a small spaniel of joyous and intelligent character, and possessing boundless attachment to persons about her. An anecdote is told of a small dog of this variety which does not appear to us to be in any respect incredible.

During the Reign of Terror in France, a gentleman in one of the northern departments was accused of conspiring against the republic, and sent to Paris to appear before the revolutionary tribunal. His dog was with him when he was seized, and was allowed to accompany him; but on arriving in the capital was refused admission to the prison of his master. The distress was mutual: the gentleman sorrowed for the loss of the society of his dog; the dog pined to get admission to the prison. Living only on scraps of food picked up in the neighbourhood, the poor dog spent most of his time near the door of the prison, into which he made repeated attempts to gain admittance. Such unremitting fidelity at length melted the feelings of the porter of the prison, and the dog was allowed to enter. His joy at seeing his master was unbounded; that of his master on seeing his dog was not less. It was difficult to separate them; but the jailer fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison. Every day, however, at a certain hour, he was allowed to repeat his visit. At these interviews, the affectionate animal licked the hands and face of his master; looked at him again; again licked his hands; and whined his delight. After a few mornings, feeling assured of readmission, he departed at the call of the jailer. The day came when the unfortunate captive was taken before the tribunal; and to the surprise of the court there also was the dog. It had followed its master into the hall, and

clung to him, as if to protect him from injury. One would naturally imagine that the spectacle of so much affection would have moved the judges, and induced them to be merciful. But this was a period in which ordinary feelings were reversed, and men acted in the spirit of maniacs or demons. Will it be credited?—the prisoner, accused only of being an aristocrat, was doomed to be guillotined; and in pronouncing sentence, the judge added, partly in jest and partly in earnest, that his dog might go with him! The condemned man with his humble companion were conducted back to prison. What were the mental sufferings of the unhappy gentleman it is needless to inquire; the dog was happily unconscious of the approaching tragedy. Morning dawned; the hour of execution arrived; and the prisoner, with other victims of revolutionary vengeance, went forth to the scaffold. One last caress was permitted; next minute the axe fell and severed the head of the poor gentleman from his body. His dog saw the bloody deed perpetrated, and was frantic with grief. He followed the mangled corpse of his master to the grave. No persuasions could induce him to leave the spot. Night and day he lay on the bare ground. Food was offered, but he would not eat. If a dog's heart could be broken, the heart of this one surely was. Day by day his frame became more attenuated, his eye more glassy. Occasionally he uttered low moaning sounds. They were the expiring efforts of nature. One morning he was found stretched lifeless on the earth. Death had kindly put an end to his sufferings. Who can describe the depth of agony that this faithful creature had endured? None. All can, however, tell how France has been punished for the crimes of which the above is only one among many thousands. *And her punishment is not yet done!*

The manner in which dogs have exerted themselves to save the lives of their masters is very remarkable. The following occurs in a late American work called the 'Random Sketches of a Kentuckian.'

This Kentuckian sportsman had a favourite stag-hound,

strong and of first-rate qualities, named Bravo, which he on one occasion in going on a hunting expedition left at home; taking in his stead on trial a fine-looking hound which had been presented to him a few days before. Having gone a certain length into the woodland in quest of game, he fired at a powerful stag, which he brought down after a considerable run, and believed to be dead. The animal, however, was only stunned by the shot. On stooping down to bleed him, he was no sooner touched with the keen edge of the knife, than he rose with a sudden bound, 'threw me from his body,' says the hunter, 'and hurled my knife from my hand. I at once saw my danger, but it was too late. With one bound he was upon me, wounding and almost disabling me with his sharp horns and feet. I seized him by his wide-spread antlers, and sought to regain possession of my knife, but in vain; each new struggle drew us farther from it. My horse, frightened at the unusual scene, had madly fled to the top of an adjoining ridge, where he stood looking down upon the combat, trembling and quivering in every limb. My dog had not come up, and his bay I could not now hear. The struggles of the furious animal had become dreadful, and every moment I could feel his sharp hoofs cutting deep into my flesh; my grasp upon his antlers was growing less and less firm, and yet I relinquished not my hold. The struggle had brought us near a deep ditch, washed by autumn rains, and into this I endeavoured to force my adversary; but my strength was unequal to the effort: when we approached to the very brink, he leaped over the drain. I relinquished my hold and rolled in, hoping thus to escape him; but he returned to the attack, and throwing himself upon me, inflicted numerous severe cuts upon my face and breast before I could again seize him. Locking my arms round his antlers, I drew his head close to my breast, and was thus, by great effort, enabled to prevent his doing me any serious injury. But I felt that this could not last long; every muscle and fibre of my frame was called into action, and human nature could not long bear up under

such exertion. Faltering a silent prayer to Heaven, I prepared to meet my fate.

'At this moment of despair I heard the faint bayings of the hound; the stag too heard the sound, and, springing from the ditch, drew me with him. His efforts were now redoubled, and I could scarcely cling to him. Yet that blessed sound came nearer and nearer! O how wildly beat my heart as I saw the hound emerge from the ravine, and spring forward with a short, quick bark, as his eye rested on his game! I released my hold of the stag, who turned upon the new enemy. Exhausted, and unable to rise, I still cheered the dog that, dastard-like, fled before the infuriated animal, which, seemingly despising such an enemy, again threw himself upon me. Again did I succeed in throwing my arms around his antlers, but not until he had inflicted several deep and dangerous wounds upon my head and face, cutting to the very bone.

'Blinded by the flowing blood, exhausted and despairing, I cursed the coward dog, which stood near, baying furiously, yet refusing to seize his game. O how I prayed for Bravo! The thoughts of death were bitter. To die thus in the wild forest, alone, with none to help! Thoughts of home and friends coursed like lightning through my brain. At that moment, when hope herself had fled, deep and clear over the neighbouring hill came the baying of my gallant Bravo! I should have known his voice among a thousand. I pealed forth, in one faint shout: "On, Bravo, on!" The next moment, with tiger-like bounds, the noble dog came leaping down the declivity, scattering the dried autumnal leaves like a whirlwind in his path. "No pause he knew;" but, fixing his fangs in the stag's throat, he at once commenced the struggle.

'I fell back, completely exhausted. Blinded with blood, I only knew that a terrific struggle was going on. In a few moments all was still, and I felt the warm breath of my faithful dog as he licked my wounds. Clearing my eyes from gore, I saw my late adversary dead at my feet, and Bravo, "my own Bravo," as the heroine of a

modern novel would say, standing over me. He yet bore around his neck a fragment of the rope with which I had tied him. He had gnawed it in two, and following his master through all his windings, arrived in time to rescue him from a horrible death.'

Some curious instances are related of the attachment of celebrated men to cats, birds, and even to animals ordinarily expelled from human society. A writer in 'The Critic,' a contemporary literary print, throws together several cases of this nature.

'Honorius, Emperor of the West, cherished a profound tenderness for a hen—an attachment which we much fear was not repaid in kind. He was at Ravenna, having taken the precaution to place between himself and the Goths the lagoons of the Adriatic, when, after the taking of Rome by Alaric in 410, the slave who had charge of the imperial hen-house came to announce to him that the capital of Italy and of the West was lost. "How!" cried the emperor in dismay—"Rome lost! Why she was eating out of my hand only a moment ago!" It was towards his favourite hen, which was also named Rome, that all the thoughts and anxieties of the monarch tended; hence great was his relief when he learned that it was not his fowl but the capital of his kingdom to which his slave had alluded. "Ah," said he, drawing a deep breath, "I thought it had been my hen!"

'The celebrated French financier, Samuel Bernard, who died in the year 1739, imagined that his existence was attached in some mysterious way to that of a certain black hen, which was in consequence always carefully attended to, and, we may suppose, passed accordingly a very agreeable life of it. Strange as it may appear, they both died about the same time. But Bernard had then attained the respectable age of eighty-eight years.

'Passeroni, an Italian poet, who died in 1802, loved, in the same way, a cock, of which he constantly speaks in his poems. St Evremond, as well as Crebillon the elder, the French tragic poet—surnamed the French Æschylus—were always surrounded with dogs and cats; Justus

instant afterwards rejected them from her tongue. After he had obtained her confidence she ate from his fingers dead as well as living flies. Frogs will leap at the moving of any small object; and, like toads, they will also soon become sufficiently familiar to sit on the hand, and submit to be carried from one side of a room to the other, to catch flies as they settle on the wall. This gentleman, accordingly, made them his guards for keeping the flies from his dessert of fruit, and they performed their task highly to his satisfaction.

Lambs skip, dogs wheel and gambol about with each other, and many other animals have a taste for amusement. Some of the smallest insects are discovered to enjoy themselves in sports and amusements after their ordinary toils, or satiating themselves with food, just as regularly as is the case with many human beings. They run races, wrestle with each other, and, out of fun, carry each other on their backs much in the same manner as boys. These pleasing characteristics of insects are particularly observable among ants, which are remarkable for their sagacity. Bonnet, a French author, says he observed a small species of ants which, in the intervals of their industry, employed themselves in carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his bearer, and embracing it closely with his legs. Gould, another writer on ants, mentions that he has often witnessed these exercises, and says that in all cases, after being carried a certain length, the ant was let go in a friendly manner, and received no personal injury. This amusement is often repeated, particularly among the hill-ants, who are very fond of this sportive exercise. It was amongst the same species that Huber observed similar proceedings, which he has described with his usual minuteness. 'I approached,' he says, 'one day to the formicary of wood-ants, exposed to the sun, and sheltered from the north. The ants were heaped upon one another in great numbers, and appeared to enjoy the temperature on the surface of the nest. None of them were at work; and the immense multitude of insects presented the appear-

ance of a liquid in the state of ebullition, upon which the eye could scarcely be fixed without difficulty; but when I examined the conduct of each ant, I saw them approach one another, moving their antennæ with astonishing rapidity, while they patted, with a slight movement, the cheeks of other ants. After these preliminary gestures, which resembled caressing, they were observed to raise themselves upright on their hind-legs by pairs, struggle together, seize each other by a mandible, foot, or antennæ, and then immediately relax their hold to recommence the attack. They fastened upon each other's shoulders or bellies, embraced and overthrew each other; then raised themselves by turns, taking their revenge without producing any serious mischief. They did not spurt out their venom as in their combats, nor retain their opponents with that obstinacy which we observe in their real quarrels.'

What a fund of entertainment there is in a contemplation of the animal creation, if people would only give themselves the trouble to think so!

THE EMIGRANT GOLD-DIGGER.

You can have no idea of the ferment about the gold-diggings in this part of Australia, says an emigrant in a communication on the subject. The excitement of the Mississippi and South-Sea Schemes could not have been greater. The folks of Sydney when I saw them seemed as if bewitched — they could talk of nothing else than the great things in store for the country. I landed only a fortnight or so after the account of the gold discoveries at Bathurst had been propagated; and as my object in emigrating had been to gain a livelihood in any honest way, and as I did not mind roughing it, or undergoing a fair share of toil, you will not wonder that I set off with a band of young men, all as eager as myself.

We took each with us only a small knapsack of necessaries, and we had amongst every two a small handy shovel and mattock. Some carried tin-basins for washing the sand, and others had with them a few carpenter's tools. There was also a slender provision of cooking-utensils. I bundled my articles in a blanket, and using my spade as a staff, took the road one morning in the best possible spirits.

Bathurst lies west from Sydney, and to get to it we took the route through Paramatta, which also contributed numbers for the same destination. There was great fun on the road; so many parties were jogging on their way all anxious to get on, as if the gold would all be picked up before they reached the spot. No one had any distinct idea of what would be seen or what was to be done. They, however, knew that the gold which they might be so lucky as get, would be readily bought from them by the Sydney jewellers, at good prices. I did not observe any fighting or misconduct among the hurrying groups of travellers. There was general good-humour, and a disposition to help one another in any small matter. On the second day we met a man returning. He shewed us a piece of gold that he had secured—it weighed three and a half ounces; and he was so elated with the prize and the prospect it held out, that he was going back to Sydney to procure apparatus for digging and washing on an extensive scale; at the same time to wind up some ordinary affairs that he had left in confusion.

I must hurry on. It was toilsome crossing the mountain-gorges, and the road was almost entirely up-hill, till we got to a considerable altitude. Here there were high-lying plains and much broken country, with runs of water and much picturesque scenery. We were now in the gold regions, about thirty-five miles beyond the town of Bathurst. The first sight we got of the Ophir diggings was in coming down a rocky height, where we observed a miscellaneous body of men, scattered in twos and threes in the bed of a creek, and all busy in the search for the precious metals. Adjoining, here and there, were tents;

and several stores were open for the use of the emigrants. One of the tents was occupied by a government-officer, who acts as chief-magistrate, and sells licences. There were also some police present. We commenced operations almost immediately. One of our companions amused us by dashing, with a whoop and hurrah, into the bed of the rivulet, and lifting a handful of gravel to see what kind of stuff it was. Along with a young emigrant who agreed to share with me in all that could be gathered, I went to a spot which was seemingly less encroached upon than other places, and there began to shovel up the loose sandy *debris*, and wash away the lighter portions. We succeeded as well as could have been expected. Before night, we had gathered as many grains of gold as would have filled a thimble. This we thought a good beginning; and are pushing on with high hope. I wish you were here to see the strange scramble that is going forward. As yet I have seen no disorder. There are many most respectable people engaged in the operation of gold-digging, and that helps materially to preserve orderly conduct.

So far goes our informant. We add for general entertainment the following letters extracted from Australian papers lately forwarded to us:—

'We write this from the Ophir gold-mines. On the morning of Saturday 17th of May we started from Sydney, and were several days on the road. We reached Bathurst on Wednesday evening, and found that considerable quantities of gold were daily arriving, and that a large number of artisans, small tradesmen, and domestics, had left and were leaving for the gold-washings — no such excitement, however, was visible in comparison to what we had seen in Sydney.

'We took a ramble round the town in the evening, and found that nearly all the storekeepers were in possession of the precious metal — Mr Austin having L.200 or L.300 worth of superior quality. On Thursday morning, having, with some difficulty, hired horses, we started for Ophir *vid* Rock Forest, formerly the estate

of Mr David Perrier, and now the property of Mr Green; we were speedily joined by troops of horsemen on the same mission, and passed numbers of pedestrians and drays all eagerly wending their way to the dominions of Prester John; some well enough provided with such rude implements for digging and washing as could readily be procured at the settlement *at any price*—there being no limit to the demands made by the fortunate holders of old trays, tin-pots, deal-boxes, sheet-iron, zinc, riddles, cullenders, and every other article that could by possibility be constructed into a cradle, or the rudest imaginable substitute for one; whilst some unfortunates were journeying wholly unprovided for a dig, under the expectation, like the celebrated Whittington, of finding Ophir paved with the "one thing needful."

'From the few parties whom we met returning from the diggings we made eager inquiries, and found their general responses to be that they had done exceedingly well, but that they were going to the settlement either for supplies or for better machinery.

'After staying the night at a shepherd's hut about twelve miles from the scene of action, we arrived here early on Friday morning. The road, until within a mile or two of the diggings, is exceedingly good; it then assumes a very rugged, mountainous character, with some difficulty passable by vehicles. The creek which they are working is approached by a steep descent, and is bounded on the one side by rocks of quartz and schist, in some places almost perpendicular, rendering many parts of the gully nearly obscured from the rays of the sun, and giving to it a sombre and romantic character.

'Arrived at last at the debatable land, we gave our horses in charge to our attendant, and our "swag" to a good-natured occupant of a wigwam, who kindly volunteered the charge thereof. We then proceeded up the ravine, through which flows usually the Summer Hill Creek—sometimes a mountain torrent, but which now consists of a chain of deep water-holes, with here and there a trifling rivulet. A few hundred yards brought

us to the mines, and here a scene presented itself which almost defies description. Within a small compass of about a mile were nearly 600 men at work digging and washing with an untiring industry at once indicative of success, whilst the steep banks were lined with every species of gunya, tent, &c. as a protection against the inclemency of the climate; the frosty nights of which we can abundantly vouch for.

'As our object was to collect facts, we at once set about it, and gathering information from the captains of the various parties, we soon arrived at the conclusion that so far as *these* diggings were concerned, there had been no exaggeration. Many parties we found were earning L.2 to L.4 and upwards; some, L.1 to L.2; and a few L.1 downwards to utter disappointment; whilst nearly L.20 per day was the reported result of one or two of the most fortunate. The greatest success appeared to be at and in the vicinity of the holes of two or three parties formed of settlers and their sons. One man, a labourer, had near this spot procured about L.300 value the day previous to our arrival, the largest piece in which weighed nearly four pounds troy. This result must be considered of the highest importance, especially when we bear in mind the primitive construction of the cradles and other implements employed; indeed, in our observations down the creek, we did not see a single cradle washed out—generally the result of about thirty buckets of earth and stones—without some gold in it, though in many cases the quantity was certainly very small. Many parties washing with tin dishes only, on the margin of the water, obtained a fair result in small gold.

'The greatest quietness and cordiality appeared to prevail amongst all the adventurers; and our inquiries were readily and good-naturedly responded to, although it might occasion a temporary stoppage to their gold-hunting: however, a natural indisposition to disclose the extent of their winnings prevented us from ascertaining anything beyond an explanation, as given above, to their average yield. How long the cordiality which now pre-

vails may continue is very problematical, as the pursuit of gold has ever been an apple of discord, and even thus early we have heard of the assertion of *might* as the title to a "hole." There is now plenty of room for some thousands in those portions of the creek now partially occupied, but sooner or later new arrivals must come in contact with the early diggers, so that the quicker the boundaries and tenure of the allotment of each party are decided the better. It would be absurd to endeavour to prevent digging under any proclamations of the rights of royalty; but if proper measures are speedily taken for licensing diggers with the concomitant regulations, the discovery of gold may be made a fresh source of great wealth without the destruction of any present enterprise or prejudice to the morality of the colony.

'As to what may be the extent of the gold-field we do not pretend to estimate; but the various creeks adjoining that now worked shew similar indications, and we have heard of parties operating with success many miles from the present head-quarters.'

Another communication in the Australian papers:—'At the present time there are about 1000 people at the mines, and the number is daily increasing. A friend of ours, who returned thence a few days ago, informed us that he met seventy-two on the road from Bathurst; and when it is considered that Ophir is the centre of an immense circle, from which many new trodden roads radiate in all directions, and that a steady stream of human beings is daily flowing from each, some idea may be formed of the rapid increase of the digging population. About three miles of a frontage are occupied with this busy throng. Every village of the surrounding country is emptying itself, or sending forth its quota to the great gathering. From a letter received from Carcoar by the last mail, we learn that it is nearly deserted. Fresh faces are to be daily seen in our streets which by the following day have disappeared, their places being supplied by others; and if our readers are anxious to know what has become of them, we simply tell them that they are

off to the diggings. A few days ago a band of about a dozen women left Bathurst for the diggings, and since that time several small knots of females have started for that locality, where we are informed they drive a profitable trade by the washing-tub. Tents and gunyas are rearing their heads in every quarter; but hundreds receive no other protection from the weather than a few boughs thrown together after the fashion of a black-fellow's mansion. In fact the whole settlement has the appearance of a vast aboriginal camp. The precipitous ridges on each side of the creek are studded with horses by the hundred, which after a few days' naturalisation to their new homes, begin to look as rugged and haggard as their masters. The diggings commence at the junction of the Summer Hill and Lewis' Ponds Creek, and extend downwards towards the Macquarrie. Several stores have been opened, and it is said are doing a roaring trade, taking gold in payment for their goods. The neighbouring flocks supply the miners with mutton, and we hear that it is in contemplation to erect stock-yards to slaughter cattle in. Meat readily fetches 4d. per pound, and we have heard several instances in which enormous prices have been given for bread. From the miserable shelter and generally inadequate outfit of scores, whom the mania has allured thither, there can be little doubt that many are paving their way to the grave. And whilst on this part of our subject, we will tender a little advice to intending miners. Before going to Ophir, you must recollect that it is a miserably cold place, and that you require not only plenty of warm bedding, but a tarpaulin or some such convenience for shelter—that as there is abundance of hard work before you, in the performance of which you are sure to get wet, and during a portion of the time must stand in the water, plenty of food is an indispensable requisite. Again, a regular set of tools, comprising shovels, pickaxes, a crowbar, tin-dishes for ladling the water, a cradle, &c. is absolutely necessary. If you have means to obtain all these, you may stand your chance of finding more or less of the auriferous wealth of Ophir;

if not, stop at home and mind your ordinary business, if you have any to mind, and we will hazard a guess that in the end you will be as rich as the gold-digger, with perhaps a much sounder constitution. Even at the present time there are much hunger and suffering which do not meet the eye.'

Here follows a list of parties who have picked up large quantities of gold. The narrator thus proceeds:—'The success of ten or a dozen men is not to be understood as the gauge by which the luck of all is to be measured; and although the general impression of respectable people seems to be that most of the diggers are procuring more or less gold in return for their labour, it must be recollected that there are hundreds of whose success or failure we are unable to speak. That there are many cases of failure we have been repeatedly informed, and know of instances in which shepherds have been hired at the diggings, who had been starved and worked into intense disgust against gold-finding, and left the place much poorer than they arrived at it.

'From the foregoing relation of facts, some idea may be formed of the state of our town and district. In sober seriousness, "the times are out of joint." The wisest men are mere children in the matter, and are as little aware how it will end.'

According to letters of later date, discoveries of gold in incalculable abundance had been made on the Turon River; and prodigious accordingly was the fresh excitement. Wonderful times these! A great future opens on Australia—and, if we mistake not, on the home country too!

THE RAILWAY TRAIN.

Poesy is creation; whoso planned
Railways—the mighty veins and arteries,
And telegraphic wires, the nerves of nations,
And fiery engines rushing o'er the land
Swifter than flight, or ploughing through the seas
'Gainst wind, and tide, and elemental strife;
Promethean spirits conquering time and space,
And quickening all the pulses of their race
Throughout one vast organic globe of life,
Made rich by them with wonderful creations,
Such as the opiate fancy never dreamed,
Even in Araby—*poets* should be deemed,
If any should; for poetry is 'making'
As well as writing—to be seen no less than said.

Lo! here is poetry—the Railway Train!
First the shrill whistle, then the distant roar,
The ascending cloud of steam, the gleaming brass,
The mighty moving arm; and on amain
The mass comes thundering like an avalanche o'er
The quaking earth; a thousand faces pass—
A moment, and are gone like whirlwind sprites,
Scarce seen; so much the roaring speed benights
All sense and recognition for awhile;
A little space, a minute, and a mile.
Then look again, how swift it journeys on—
Away, away, along the hórizon
Like drifted cloud, to its determined place;
Power, speed, and distance melting into space.

H. R.

Manchester, 1844.

ISMAEL:

AN EGYPTIAN STORY.

In the environs of Rosetta, on the borders of the Nile, there lived an old tiller of the soil, or fellah, poor like all the rest of his class. In Egypt the cultivator profits little by the prodigious fertility of the soil which he tills and waters with so much labour—what he gains is taken away by taxes. War had deprived the peasant of his children, who had gone to bear arms in Arabia. He remained alone with his wife—too aged to work on the land—and an orphan boy named Ismael, whom he had taken into his service. They lived in misery and sadness in one of those cabins half-buried in the earth, and built of the mud of the river, which resemble more the den of a wild beast than the abode of a human being. On the roof, which was constructed of reeds and dry leaves, and broken in many places, slept a number of lean dogs: at the least noise they started up and barked ferociously. What was there for these vigilant animals to guard?—A few rude utensils and half a dozen cracked pitchers: as for money, if the fellah possessed any, he hid it prudently in his mouth, as a monkey deposits provisions in the hollows of his cheeks.

Two or three acres, divided into squares for irrigation, comprised the whole of the farm. Ismael drove the ox and camel which drew the plough guided by his master; he helped to raise water with the heavy leathern bucket from a ditch that bordered the fields; he kept birds from the crops; he filled pitchers at the fountain for the use of the household; and in addition to all these rude labours, was half-starved and tormented into the bargain by the old couple, whom poverty had rendered selfish and uncharitable. The poor boy mourned in silence: he contrasted his monotonous and dreary condition with the life and movement on the distant river. He could see the tall sails as vessels passed up and down the stream, and

at times a slow-moving caravan made its appearance on the desert. The temptation was powerful on either hand—the desert and the Nile. Ismael chose the latter, and weary of his harsh servitude, turned his back one day on the fellah's inhospitable hut, and ran straight for the shore.

How great was his joy to find himself engaged as boy on board a *canja*, in motion on the sacred stream. The world appeared incredibly vast to his young eyes; and although he had not escaped all tyranny and hardship by his change of occupation, he had no longer to endure the humiliation of being flogged by a miserable old couple, but by a man who was obeyed by tall and robust sailors. One day the vessel anchored off Fouah, an ancient city, on the right bank of the Nile, opposite to the Mahmoudieh Canal, much frequented by native boatmen, who purchase there stores of provisions and cordage: in the autumn months especially the quay is crowded with vessels. The *reis* (captain) and all the crew went on shore leaving Ismael alone in the canja. It was a happy moment for the boy; he walked up and down the deck singing gaily; the captain's pipe fell in his way, he sat down and smoked, then lit a fire, and made preparations for breakfast, and chatted with the young mariners left in charge of neighbouring boats. While thus engaged, his attention was attracted by a crow pecking at the dates on the top of a tree which grew in the middle of the square. A cluster of the fruit fell on the face of an Albanian soldier sleeping at the foot of the tree. He woke suddenly, and looking angrily round caught sight of Ismael, who was unable to restrain his laughter at the accident. The soldier drew a pistol from his belt, pulled the trigger, but the weapon hung fire.

The boy flew around the mast with the agility of a squirrel—the Albanian ran nearer and fired a second time. The bullet cut the rope that held up the yard; the heavy beam fell with a shock on the deck, overturning the boiler in which breakfast was simmering in its descent. Just then the reis and his sailors returned: quick as lightning Ismael gave one bound and leaped overboard.

He concealed himself in a vessel not far off, dreading alike the soldier and his master; the latter on seeing the mischief, broke out into a storm of wrath against the fugitive, who, more terrified than ever, crept stealthily from vessel to vessel until he reached the quay, when he took to flight at the top of his speed. The breeze freshened; sail after sail bore out along the Nile. Poor Ismael! He who hoped to land at Cairo in three days and see the great city; now on foot, like a beggar, without a refuge, possessing for all fortune only a half-dozen piastres tied in the skirt of his tunic.

A few leagues above Fouah an abrupt point of land projects into the stream of the Nile, and when the waters are low, vessels are obliged to steer close to it to avoid the shallows, which there form a bar nearly the whole width of the river. Not far off stands a small village inhabited by fellahs, to which Ismael came for an asylum after abandoning the boat. Remembrance of the miseries he had endured as an agriculturist at first prevented his knocking at any door; at length seeing one open he entered, and was hired by the owner, a well-to-do labourer, as herd-boy: driving oxen to graze would at all events permit him to live in the open air.

The next day he went out with the cattle: a breeze ruffled the surface of the broad river. Vessels were going up to Cairo with pilgrims bound for Mecca; others, bearing a red flag marked with three crescents, were descending, laden with slaves captured in the upper regions of the Nile. While looking at these unfortunate Nubians, Ismael felt himself less unhappy. 'There are,' he said, 'people on earth more to be pitied than I.' As he spoke, his eyes fell upon a canja approaching the point. It was the one he had deserted the evening before. Inspired by the hope of re-entering a service more to his taste than that of cattle-driver, he was about to hail the vessel when he saw a young girl come out of an adjacent thicket; she listened to the rush of the canja through the water, and ran singing along the shore. The reis, without speaking, threw her a few coins tied up in a rag, and

presently the sail was out of sight. The little mendicant had stopped as she heard the mariner's gift fall on the ground; but although she searched the tufts of grass and lifted up the branches of trees that trailed on the earth, Ismael saw that she did not find her prize. It appeared quite natural to him to help her; but she, as he approached, covered her face with her hands and ran to conceal herself under a bush.

Meantime the sun rose higher: the sands on the opposite shore glowed as a red-hot mirror: the oxen, forcing their way through the thick rushes, plunged into the water, leaving only their dark muzzles above the surface. The herdsmen embrace these opportunities to sleep in the shade of the willows: Ismael had just closed his eyes, when the timid girl, leaving her hiding-place, walked softly towards him.

'Have you found the money?' he asked without changing his position. The maiden trembled, stopped short, and took a step backwards.

'Do I make you afraid?' he continued, rising from the ground. 'What! you cannot see me?' And as she answered by a sign in the negative—'Poor little girl; you are blind. How can you venture so near to the river?'

'Oh,' replied she somewhat reassured, 'I am acquainted with this point and a hundred paces round about, and I can follow the path by myself that leads from here to the village.'

'Shall I lead you into the shade?' rejoined Ismael. 'Don't stay there; the sand burns one's feet—come.'

'No, no; when it is very hot I get a glimmering of a little light towards the sun, which gladdens me. And then I must wait for the boats: it is here that I meet those which sail up the stream. I hear the noise that they make in cutting through the stream, and I ask charity of the reis. Sometimes what they throw me falls among the thorns, and I pass a long time in seeking it, and scratch my hands and legs; but God is great, and with patience I find it at last.'

'Why did you hide when I came towards you this morning?'

'I thought some mischievous herd-boy of the neighbourhood was coming to rob me,' answered the girl. 'The other beggars are jealous of me because this place is a good one. Some children, too, play me bad tricks; they throw stones among the grass, and then cry: "Search, Fatimah—search!"—and when they have made me grope about for half an hour, they run away laughing.'

'I will take care of you,' replied Ismael; and he made her sit down by his side. Every day they met at the same place. Between these two children, a close intimacy was soon established. The little mendicant Fatimah, to whom the days passed in darkness and solitude had appeared long and wearisome, now found a sympathising voice to answer to her own. And who before had loved Ismael?—No one. The boy therefore attached himself to the sole being who did not cast him off in his abandonment. Chance had thrown in his way a creature younger than himself, and whom he protected. Besides, he lent to the little blind girl the assistance of his eyes; he discovered the vessels far away, and told her of them, so that, certain of not missing them, she could sleep quietly under the bush where she had made her couch. When the boatmen threw her a gift, she took pleasure in finding it for herself. 'Let me search, Ismael,' she would say; 'it is my delight, my own work. Is it not the only thing in the world that I can do?' During the heat of the day she often rested her head on the herd-boy's knees, and at times exclaimed joyfully: 'I see thee, Ismael: there, stand before the sun. Ah, I see a shadow: it is thee—it is thee!' In the evenings, when the coolness from the Nile spread itself over the shores, and when the birds sang, she called to her companion, and putting her hand on his shoulder cried: 'Let us run, let us run! Lead me far, very far—farther than I have ever been before.'

Gradually the sightless maiden, whose life had been passed in continual alarms, became less timid: her features, until then mournful and contracted, were lit up

with a ray of youthfulness, as a flower languishing in obscurity expands when touched by the light of the sun.

One day when Ismael was at a distance gathering rushes for basket-making, Fatimah heard voices speaking in a foreign tongue on a rapidly-approaching canja. 'Blessed be God!' she said, 'who sends the Franks hither.' She sang her supplicatory chant, and presently heard the sound of copper coin falling on the bank. A warning-cry from the reis was heard as she ran to pick it up: unknown to her, a deep hollow had formed in the bank; she fell into it, and disappeared. Immediately the vessel's sails were furled, and a boat put off for the shore. The reis, impatient at the delay, said to one of the European passengers who accompanied him, as he looked down into the cavity: 'You see, venerable *hakim*, that she is not hurt. Let us go on before the breeze fails, and to-morrow, if it please God, we shall be at Cairo.'

Without replying, the physician, to whom these words were addressed, took the little blind girl by the hand, and looking at her face attentively, said: 'Don't be afraid; tell me how old are you?'

'Fourteen years,' answered Fatimah, much embarrassed.

'Have your eyes always been shut?'

'No; but they have been diseased for so long a time that I do not remember ever to have seen.'

'Will you go with me to Cairo, and perhaps—I may cure you.'

Great was Ismael's grief and consternation when the next day Fatimah and her mother went on board the canja. The good physician, observing his trouble, offered him a *baksheesh* as a consolation, but the lad refused the present, and stood with tearful eyes watching the vessel until its sails disappeared beyond a bend in the river. For a few days he did little but walk along the paths that had been trodden by Fatimah; soon, however, the print of her feet disappeared. He found the slender palm-stick which had belonged to her, and preserved it for her sake. The time of the annual inundation came:

nothing now attached him to the spot, and when the river re-entered its channel, he took leave of his master.

Where should he go? To Cairo: first, because there were most chances of getting a living in a large city, and for another reason, which he but half avowed even to himself.

From the tranquil pastures on the shore of the Nile to the stir and noise of the capital was a great change. For some days after Ismael's arrival he wandered about at hazard. Overcome with fatigue, he sat down in the shade of a group of sycamores in a spacious square. Close by, seated under the awning of a coffee-house, several Arab chiefs were chatting and smoking their long pipes. One said: 'Man's energy is above all the caprices of fortune. Live by the fatigue of thy arm and the sweat of thy forehead, and if thy courage fail, pray God for help.'

A second spoke: 'If the moon journeyed not, she would always remain a crescent. I will travel to the lands of the east and the west; I will gain fortune, or die far from my country.'

'If dogs see a man in rags,' added a third, 'they bark at him, and grind their teeth; but when they see a rich man approach, they go towards him wagging their tails.'

These sage and grave remarks forcibly impressed the mind of Ismael: he would have listened longer had not half a dozen youths, ass-drivers by profession, just then awoke, and begun to talk of their affairs and adventures, while they played with the money they had already earned. After regarding them some time in silent apprehension, Ismael ventured to accost them, and before the day closed he had paid his footing, and was admitted into the fraternity of ass-drivers. He became speedily expert in his new occupation, and traversed the great city of Cairo in all directions. But neither his busy employment nor its advantages could make him forget the quiet evenings when Fatimah ran by his side on the shore of the Nile. When alone at night, he would bury his face in his hands and fancy that he heard the blind

girl's voice as she sang in the exercise of her vocation. One consideration encouraged him: he remembered to practise the maxim of one of the three Arabs: 'Live by the fatigue of thy arm and the sweat of thy forehead!'

One morning early, as he took his accustomed stand, a European mounted his ass without speaking, and directed his course towards the Christian quarter. Ismael walked by the side as usual, his hand resting on the animal's back. The stranger looked at him from time to time, and presently the youth fancied he recognised the hakim who had taken away Fatimah. As though to clear the way, he advanced to the donkey's head, and cast furtive glances at the rider's face: at length the physician—for it was he—recognised him in turn.

'Ah, ah!' he said to Ismael, 'do you still refuse baksheesh when offered to you?'

The answer was a gesture that said: 'Try, and you will see.'

'You have already exercised many callings,' returned the doctor. 'Fatimah, who knows your history, has related it to me. You have a good heart, Ismael: courage, and God will aid you.'

Then seeing that the lad still questioned him with looks, he continued: 'My son, I am not a santon to cure the sick by prayers, nor a dervise with the gift of miracles. Fatimah does not see yet: the cure will be slow.' Having said this he stopped at a door, which opened to give him entrance, and disappeared after paying Ismael generously.

Sometimes the young ass-driver went with customers to Old Cairo, where the sight of the numerous vessels lying in the port awoke all his former desire for a life on the water. The recital of voyages which he heard at the doors of coffee-houses revived his wandering disposition. Ignorant and poor, Ismael gazed with admiration on the gaily-dressed merchants who talked of Bagdad, of Samarcand, of Ceylon, and Cashmere. Fortune was to be found in those distant countries: but how to get

there?—how take the first step in the path that led to riches? An opportunity presented itself. A traveller who had missed a party proceeding to Bombay by the steamer, hired the donkey, promising to pay the value of the beast if he reached Suez in twenty-four hours: Ismael vouched for the animal's speed, and accepted the offer. They set off, and arrived at the port on the Red Sea just as the vessel was leaving, and in time for the stranger to get on board. Ismael was exhausted by his forced march, and seeking a resting-place, slept long and soundly. When he awoke, his donkey was still stretched on the straw: the poor animal rose no more.

'God be praised!' exclaimed Ismael, 'who has conducted me hither. Here is the route to the countries of which I have so often heard spoken: I shall follow it. I will come back with my girdle full of gold: I shall bind the white muslin turban on my head, throw a brown caftan over my shoulders, as the merchants of Cairo. Fatimah will be no longer blind! My voice will have changed; she will no longer know me, but I still have the palm-stick which she left behind her. Thereupon he went to find one of his companions who was going back to Cairo. 'Here,' he said—'here is the price of my donkey; carry it to my master. Farewell! Dog that runs finds a living. I shall return some day, if it please God.'

Several years passed away. Ismael had not forgotten the mysterious words which he had heard at Cairo: 'I will travel to the lands of the East and the West; I will gain fortune, or die far from my country.' At first he navigated the Red Sea; then passing the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, he voyaged far across the wondrous Indian Ocean. He was no longer a timid ass-driver, the sport of fortune; but an active, resolute, and hardy mariner. He had learned to read—an acquirement which placed him above more than one pacha; and his skill in navigation, though not very extensive, had obtained for him among the Mussulmans the title and rank of *nakoda* or captain.

As Egyptian, Ismael was economical—what we should

call miserly: the Orientals are all so, at first from inclination, and at last by habit. As they live in a manner more retired than is customary in Europe, they take pleasure in concealing their treasures in their houses, to hold their fortune under their hand. Besides, who would not endeavour to appear poor in a country where riches awakens so easily the cupidity of a pacha, an agha, or a bey? Ismael, faithful to the habitudes of his race, held his head none the higher for his having amassed a good round sum. If he foresaw the day when he would no longer need to sail the seas, he was careful not to speak of it to any one. Perhaps, also, like the gamester who hesitates to quit the cards while the favourable vein continues, he put off involuntarily the period of his retirement. Be this as it may, five years after his departure from Cairo, the vessel under his command, a large *bagalow*, lay at anchor in the roads of Mocha. He had taken in a cargo of coffee: as soon as the last bags were on board, Ismael went on shore to complete his business with the Persian and Arab merchants before sailing for India.

After he had traversed the bazaars, exchanging here a few words of farewell, receiving there a letter which he placed in his turban—the mail-bag of nakodas—he went to the place, outside of the walls, where the caravans encamp that come from the interior. Here he sat down under the shade of an acacia, and smoked his pipe in tranquil enjoyment. While thus engaged a merchant of his acquaintance approached.

'What news from the mountains of Senna?' asked Ismael. 'Have the caravans been plundered?'

'My camels have arrived in safety, Allah be thanked!' answered the other. 'The country is secure now—not so the city;' and leaning towards the nakoda he whispered: 'You remember those beautiful pearls of Ceylon which I hid in my cellar—those rare pearls that I hoped to sell at Constantinople: some one has stolen them.'

'Yonder are a dozen rascals,' replied Ismael with a glance towards the guard of soldiers who were stretched in the shade. 'I don't like those Turks there.'

'Their chief, Ali Agha, is one of my friends,' rejoined the merchant: 'a good fellow—no pride in him: he has borrowed some money of me. He has promised to seek the robber. I have offered a reward of a thousand sequins to stimulate his zeal: it is not the tenth of what they are worth. Do you know this Ali Agha?'

'No: and he has taken upon himself to go after the thief?'

'He went at once, yesterday, to arrest some of his men who deserted with arms and baggage; and, as I believe, with my poor pearls also.'

Thereupon the two friends separated. With the next evening's breeze Ismael left his anchorage, and at daylight the next morning had passed the Straits. Shortly after, while pacing the deck, he was a little surprised to see a stranger at the head of the vessel whom he did not remember to have taken on board. The unknown was dressed, after the fashion of a Mussulman of India, in short and wide trousers, a white cloak looped at the left side, and instead of a turban, a pointed leathern cap, which left his long ears freely exposed. To the questions put to him by the nakoda, he answered with much humility; declaring himself to be a poor Hindoo pilgrim returning from Mecca, and having crept on board secretly the night before, had concealed himself under hatches to escape being sent on shore. 'In the name of Allah, clement and merciful,' he added, 'I entreat your charity. A pilgrim takes up but little room, and brings good fortune to all who shew him hospitality on sea as on land.' The sailors, whom he had bribed to admit him on board, appeared much edified with his words; Ismael on his part saw no great inconvenience in leaving the poor wretch, vagabond or pilgrim, to dispose himself in some corner of the deck. Besides, the presence of such strangers embarked clandestinely in Arabian or Persian ships is an incident of common occurrence; and the crew freely share their food with one whom they consider as the guest of Providence.

During some days the pilgrim, incommoded doubtless

by the rolling of the sea, to which he appeared little accustomed, remained crouching in the prow. Sitting cross-legged on his mat, he passed between his fingers the amber beads of his rosary, reciting with compunction the innumerable names of Allah. The sailors gave him fruit and pieces of *nougat*, made of honey and camels' milk, and at times Ismael presented to him a pipe and coffee. Little by little the pilgrim ate with better appetite; he shook off his torpor; and as one who needs exercise, took his turn at pacing the deck. His manner became more and more confident; he held himself erect, his head up, his hands behind his back; so that at length Ismael began to find that for a Hindoo his deportment was somewhat military. This led him to regard the stranger with a certain degree of attention, but without betraying any distrust. One day the nakoda having cleaned the rust from his pistols, left them lying, as if by chance, on the capstan, and withdrew to the other end of the vessel. Presently the pilgrim crept up, and taking the weapons with a sure hand, pulled the triggers, and held them out as though taking aim at an enemy.

'There is a hadji who handles a pistol better than his beads,' said Ismael to himself: 'a Hindoo born nearer Smyrna than Madras. I have seen that man somewhere with a turban on his head and pistols in hand as just now! He is a Turk who has changed his skin.'

The vessel meantime was making good way over the Indian Sea: the hadji described to the crew what he had seen at Mecca and Medina, and consoled them for the severity of their labours or for punishment inflicted by the nakoda. By and by the Arab officers complained to Ismael that the pilgrim's histories made the crew forget their duty: the commander resolved to watch more closely, and concealed himself one evening near the fore-part of the vessel.

The Nubian crew, as usual, formed a circle round the pilgrim. 'My children,' said the latter, 'yours is a hard life. You are well flogged, ill paid'——

'And ill fed,' interrupted an athletic negro afflicted

with one of those formidable appetites which nothing can satisfy.

'God is great!' continued the wanderer: 'he can grant to you treasures which are buried in the bowels of the earth or at the bottom of the ocean! I know a country where you find sequins in abundance, where you fish pearls by handfuls'—the crew listened open-mouthed—'where you can live happy without work under the shade of fig-trees.'

'Is it far to that paradise?' asked several voices.

'Not so far as to Mohammed's paradise,' replied the pilgrim; 'and I could lead you there—if I commanded you'——

He ceased speaking—Ismael had heard enough to enable him to guess at the designs of his passenger: it was a question of carrying off the ship, an event which could not well take place without getting rid of the captain. He determined to provoke the explosion of the plot before it was fully matured; and having carefully placed all the arms on board out of reach of the blacks, he warned his Arab officers to hold themselves on their guard. He then made his crew work incessantly for one whole day and gave them nothing to eat: their resentment was soon manifested. As the sun went down, the high mountains near Bombay became visible in the east—the hadji pointed them out to the discontented Nubians.

'That is not the land,' he said, 'to which I should conduct you if I were your captain. Will you longer obey a man who makes you die of hunger, and who to-morrow will have you flogged and thrown into prison on that shore yonder?'

'Silence there!' called Ismael in a firm voice: 'clear away the anchors.'

'Give us our suppers!' growled the sailors, held in awe by the calm attitude of the nakoda.

'Clear away the anchors!' he repeated.

'Overboard with him, the nakoda with his Arabs!' whispered the hadji behind the crew, at the same time.

drawing a pair of Turkish pistols from beneath his dress.

Excited by the pilgrim's words, which fanned their anger, the Nubians uttered savage cries, but no one dared approach the captain. 'Cowards!' murmured their instigator, 'throw him overboard, and the ship will be ours with all that is in it!' and speaking thus, he advanced as though to put himself at their head. This movement hurried on one or two; and the most daring, brandishing an oar, rushed furiously towards the stern. Ismael stopped his career with a pistol-shot, and rushed on the pilgrim. His Arabs aided him; and the leader of the plot seeing himself abandoned by the negroes, retreated. Leaning against the bulwark, he held the muzzles of his pistols downwards, while the blacks, in consternation at the death of their comrade, fell on their knees and prayed for pardon.

'Hadji,' cried Ismael, 'down with your arms or you are a dead man!' The pistols fell on the deck. 'You are a liar and a traitor, hadji!' continued the nakoda. 'I saw you once before at Fouah, and you turned those pistols against me. You were a soldier then, and you fired! The poor little ship-boy of Fouah now holds you in turn under his feet.'

'Pardon!' cried the now detected Turk—'pardon, and I will pay a generous ransom!'

'Lie not!' said Ismael, taking aim at the impostor.

'By the Prophet! I speak truth. Below, in the hold, there is a bundle which contains my military dress. In the girdle—I lie not—seek carefully, and you will find four large pearls!'

'Of Ceylon, are they not?'

'Yes, on my head—pearls of Ceylon, and of great price.'

'Which you stole, thief!'

'Which I found,' stammered the hadji.

'You lie!' exclaimed Ismael furiously: 'you stole them from an Egyptian merchant who had lent you money. Your name is Ali Agha: you stole them.'

The Turk let fall his head on the bulwark, as one who expects a death-stroke.

'Children,' said Ismael to his sailors, 'clear away the anchors.' This time they obeyed without opposition. 'Now throw overboard the body of the mutineer whose blood stains the deck, and put the Turk in irons.'

Two days afterwards the vessel was anchored at Bombay: Ismael put his prisoner on shore, and set him at liberty. 'Go,' he said, 'whither you will. You are in a country where the Franks govern: they hang thieves, murderers, and traitors—so take care of yourself. Go!'

For himself, he sold his bagalow and returned to Mocha in a foreign vessel. After what had occurred he no longer dared to trust his person and fortune to his negro crew. On arriving he went to see his friend the merchant.

'Well,' he asked, 'did you catch your thief?'

'Alas! no,' was the mournful reply.

'Ali Agha, that good fellow—no pride in him—missed him then?' Seeing that the merchant made no reply Ismael continued: 'Look, I have been luckier than he. Here are four pearls which chance threw in my way, if they might but replace those you lost!'

The Egyptian examined them with an eye as well experienced as that of a shepherd who recognises any individual sheep among a thousand: presently he handed to the nakoda the thousand sequins promised to the finder.

'Thanks,' said Ismael: 'I have well earned the reward; but all is well that ends well. I now take leave of the sea and return to the banks of the Nile.'

At last Ismael possessed the three things so ardently desired—the turban of white muslin, the brown caftan, and the girdle filled with sequins; and more, he had the satisfaction of owing them to his labour, his perseverance, and courage. It happened that the ass on which he rode from Suez to Cairo was conducted by the very same driver who had admitted him into the fraternity of donkey-boys at Cairo some years before. It did not

appear that the fellah had made his fortune. The nakoda having recognised him, said with kindness: 'My friend, are you not quite tired of trotting over the sand behind your beast for so many years?'

'It's my business,' was the answer.

'There are others, and better. Will you follow me? I am going to Rosetta to buy a boat: you shall sail with me.'

'*Ouah*,' replied the donkey-driver, 'I like better my present life. Am I not free as the air? No cares, no money to hide; I spend it as fast as it comes, for fear of robbers. When I am tired, what hinders me from sleeping in the shade, under the porch of a mosque? Let them navigate who like, I shall remain ass-driver.'

'At your pleasure, my friend,' returned Ismael; and he recalled the time when the unconcerned fellah appeared to him an important personage.

The adventures of his childhood and youth came back still more vividly to his memory as he advanced on his journey. Erelong he arrived on the heights from whence the whole of Cairo may be seen stretching far beneath the lofty citadel, the Nile winding along beyond the reach of sight, now encroached upon by the sands, now bordered by luxuriant gardens, and at the horizon the Pyramids resembling three gigantic tents placed at the entrance of the desert. This magnificent spectacle evokes cries of admiration and tears of joy from the pilgrims returning from Arabia; it made Ismael's heart leap—he came from a greater distance. When he entered the city, how miserable the porters and water-carriers appeared to him, as they toiled along in the dust with naked legs and upturned sleeves. Yet at one time he had shared the lot of these same people, and had even envied their condition on his arrival in the great city, when he knew not on what stone to rest his head. A number of blind beggars asked charity of him—they are to be counted by thousands in the capital of Egypt—and he bestowed his alms with emotion. Every time that a woman deprived of sight approached him he trembled, fearing to recognise Fatimah, the little blind girl of the bank of the Nile.

The day after his return to Cairo, Ismael sought out the residence of the European physician: the worthy doctor having prospered in his affairs, now occupied a handsome house in the quarter of the Copts, between a court where a fountain tinkled, and a garden planted with vines and fig-trees. On knocking at the door the nakoda shivered with emotion, and when the servant came to open, it was with much trouble he stammered a few words.

'Who is it?' said the physician: 'let him come in;' and entering the court he saw Ismael standing with his hand raised to his forehead: he bowed respectfully, as a client approaching his patron.

'Excellent hakim,' he said, 'protector of the poor, comforter of those who suffer, may your good-fortune increase from day to day—may the light of your prosperity remain always brilliant'——

'Well?' interrupted the doctor.

'Your excellency does not remember me?' asked Ismael in confusion.

'No. Of what illness did I cure you?'

'It is not me whom you tended, but a little blind girl'——

'Fatimah!' broke in the physician, raising his eyes to the other. 'In this case you are Ismael—the ship-boy, the herd-boy, the donkey-boy—and what besides?'

'Nakoda!' rejoined Ismael. 'I have navigated the Indian Seas.'

'And have made a fortune there? Delighted to see you! Sit down, nakoda!'

The doctor clapped his hands, and ordered pipes and coffee: the infidel and the true believer placed themselves side by side upon a divan near a window looking into the garden. Several children were playing in the shade, under the care of a young girl, dressed in the graceful eastern costume worn by women in-doors. A white muslin scarf was wrapped round her head, and covered her neck; her waist was enclosed within a small vest of Turkish cloth, and from beneath her tunic

descended large embroidered pantaloons that fell to her feet. She was singing in a low voice while gathering grapes and figs. While they sat smoking, the physician questioned Ismael upon his travels; and the nakoda, too good a Mussulman to look about with curious or indiscreet eyes, answered the inquiries with much gravity. He also had questions to put, but hardly knew how to begin; and then, if Fatimah were really cured, the doctor would have said so doubtless on first recognising him.

'And so, my friend,' resumed the physician after a moment's silence, and as if desirous to prolong the conversation, 'God has rewarded you. Did I not predict it? For my part, also, I have succeeded well at Cairo—have effected some happy cures. You see, Ismael, I have a good house and a garden.'

Speaking thus he drew the nakoda towards the window. The young girl was still singing under the fig-trees; the tones of her voice sent a thrill through the mariner's veins. Seeing their father at the open sash, the children ran and offered fruit to him and to Ismael; but the latter, standing motionless, his eyes fixed, was trying to discover the features which the maiden, as soon as she saw him, concealed under her veil. He looked at her earnestly for several minutes, as a sailor endeavours to distinguish land when shrouded by floating mist and cloud; then suddenly he called her by name—'Fatimah!' and threw down into the garden the palm-stick which he held in his hand.

On hearing the voice the young girl raised her head; then stooping, she picked up the flexible branch with trembling fingers, and as if convulsed by the remembrance brought back by the forgotten object, she burst into tears.

'God is great!' cried Ismael: 'she weeps on meeting me again, as she did in parting from me.'

'I scarcely think it is from grief,' replied the doctor. 'Recollect that you yourself looked rather gloomily at me when I took her away; and now I in turn have to find fault with you, for you are going to take away the friend of my children. The care which I bestowed on her

during her illness she has repaid to me in her love for them. We are clear. You may take her. If I have put your patience to the proof, it was that on seeing you enter I knew you had come to demand her from me.'

Ismael purchased a vessel at Rosetta, which he commands himself as reis. It is a fine canja with two masts, manned by ten Arab sailors, and a boy who has the good-fortune to be rarely flogged. At the point where Fatimah formerly took her station there is still a little blind mendicant, and there always will be one, for the place is excellent. Wherever alms are habitually given, there will be no lack of a person to take them.

Fatimah's mother having desired to return to the village, Ismael had a house built for the old woman, where she lives very happily. Like many of the women of her country, she believes that the Frankish physician is a wizard, and that all Europeans are doctors. Notwithstanding the great love he bears to Fatimah, even since she has become his wife, Ismael continues to navigate: was not the Nile his first passion? On his arrival at Rosetta, he had the curiosity to go and see the cabin of the fellah whom he had served in his childhood. The aged couple were doubtless dead, for he found them no more. The roof of the hut had fallen in, and the only inhabitant that remained was the cat, reduced to leanness, and half-savage. As for the dogs, they roamed about the neighbourhood hungrier than ever. However, instead of barking as formerly when they saw Ismael, they appeared to solicit his protection, which reminded the fellah, now grown rich, of the saying of one of the three Arab chiefs in the great square at Cairo:

'If dogs see a man in rags, they bark at him and grind their teeth; but when they see a rich man approach, they go towards him wagging their tails.'

END OF VOL. I.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,	1
WINTERING IN THE POLAR REGIONS,	24
THE CLOCK PEDLER,	32
VISIT TO PERE LA CHAISE,	37
REMARKABLE RESCUE FROM A MINE,	44
ADDRESS TO WEALTH-GATHERERS (VERSES),	49
THE FRENCH PRISONERS IN CABRERA,	51
THE VILLAGE BROOM-MAKERS,	63
THE PLAGUE-SHIP,	68
THE OLD AND YOUNG EXILE,	76
THE FALLS OF NIAGARA,	99
BISSET, THE ANIMAL TEACHER,	105
BUFFALO-HUNTING,	108
THE LADY OF BUSTA,	115
BRISSON'S CAPTIVITY IN AFRICA,	125
THE MAYOR OF GALWAY,	131
THE GARLAND OF HOPS,	135
EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF JUDICIAL MURDER,	147
THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT (VERSES),	154
RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLDIER IN THE BOMBAY ARTILLERY,	157
THE RESOLUTE WHALE,	167
DENIS: A TALE OF CEYLON,	171
GRANGÉ, THE FRENCH PLOUGH IMPROVER,	186

CHAMBERS'S
POCKET MISCELLANY.

ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In his autobiographic sketch, Sir Walter candidly confesses that, when a boy, he made no great figure at the High School of Edinburgh—an admission very consoling to the mammas of 'backward boys' who are fonder of play than the discipline of the class. It has always appeared to us, however, that Scott underrated his abilities as a scholar; for few writers of fiction in the present day could have mustered so good an appearance of classicality in their productions. The truth seems to be, that this great man did not know himself; and certainly neither his parents nor teachers knew the stuff that was in him. The master under whom he was placed at the High School—who of course judged from technical acquirements—confirmed the impression that young Walter was 'a remarkably stupid boy,' and his mother with grief acknowledged that all spoke truly on the subject. While such was Mrs Scott's opinion, she saw Walter one morning in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm standing still in the street, and looking at the sky. She called to him repeatedly, but he

remained looking upwards without taking the least notice of her. When he returned into the house, she was very much displeased with him: 'Mother,' he said, 'I could tell you the reason why I stood still, and why I looked at the sky, if you would only give me a pencil.' She gave him one, and in less than five minutes he laid a bit of paper on her lap with these words written on it:—

'Loud o'er my head what awful thunders roll,
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole!
It is thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky:
Then let the good thy mighty power revere,
Let hardened sinners thy just judgments fear.'

The old lady, said the writer of this anecdote, repeated them to me herself, and the tears were in her eyes: for I really believe, simple as they are, that she valued these lines, being the first effusion of her son's genius, more than any later beauties which have so charmed all the world besides.

Of his early school-days, Sir Walter related the following serio-comic anecdote to Mr Rogers:—'There was,' said he, 'a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I, with all my efforts, supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place do what I would, till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation;

but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead: he took early to drinking.'

In his early life, Scott of course indulged in the convivial habits then common among the young men of the bar in Edinburgh; but he had the good sense to see the folly of this kind of indulgence, and shook himself free of it. A remarkable saying of his on this subject is recorded in his biography—'Depend upon it, of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness.'

Sir Walter, as is well known, was a member of a light dragoon volunteer corps in Edinburgh, in 1797. A characteristic anecdote, connected with this part of his life, may be given. The commander of the corps, as not unusually happened, was rather ignorant of his duty, and required to have a card of the movements constantly in his hand. One unfortunate morning—a very cold one—he forgot to bring this monitor along with him, and was of course desperately nonplussed. He could positively do nothing; the troop stood for twenty minutes quite motionless, while he was vainly endeavouring to find the means of supplying the requisite document. At this moment, while the men were all as cold as their own stirrup-irons, and were more like a set of mutes at a funeral than a band of redoubted volunteers, ready to do battle at whatever odds against the might of Gaul, Sir Walter, came limping up, and said to a few of the other officers, in his grave way: 'I think the *corpse* is rather long in lifting this morning;' a drollery so fit to the occasion and to their feelings, that the whole burst out in a fit of laughing, which speedily communicated to the whole corps.

The recollections of Scott's friends present a charming picture of his ordinary life at his summer retreat of Ashestiel on the Tweed, where he had found it necessary to establish himself on account of his duties as sheriff of Selkirkshire. His household, enlivened by four healthy

children, and superintended by Mrs Scott, was marked by simple elegance. On Sundays, being far from church, he read prayers and a sermon to his family; then, if the weather was good, he would walk with them, servants and all, to some favourite spot at a convenient distance, and dine with them in the open air. Frequent excursions on horseback, and coursing-matches, varied the tenor of common domestic life. Friends coming to pay visits found him in constant good-humour, and at all times willing to introduce them to the fine scenery and interesting antiquities of the district. In the evenings, his conversation, in which stories and anecdotes formed a large part, was a sure resource against ennui. As a husband and father, he was most kind and indulgent. His children had access to his room at all times; and when they came—unconscious of the nature of his studies—and asked for a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a tale or a ballad, kiss them, and then set them down again to their sports, never apparently feeling the least annoyance at the interruption. His dogs, of which he always had two or three, were even more privileged, for he kept his window open in nearly all weathers, that they might leap out and in as they pleased. These were the happiest days of Scott's life, when as yet in the enjoyment of full vigour of body and mind, rather acquiring than reposing upon fame, and unembarrassed by possessions and dignities which afterwards made his position false and dangerous. While residing at Ashestiel, one of his favourite walks was along the banks of the Tweed, which is here an exceedingly beautiful river, secluded in charming pastoral scenery. At the end of this walk is a seat beneath an aged tree, where the poet meditated some of the finest verses in *Marmion*.

At this happy period of his life, Scott occasionally visited London, and allowed himself to go through that kind of exhibition called *lionising*, to which everything famous or even notorious is liable to be subjected in the metropolis; but he never was in the slightest degree spoilt by such idolatry. He fully shewed that he esti-

mated it at its real worth, and, after good-naturedly submitting to it, could laugh at its absurdity. It is less pleasant to record a change in his arrangements for study which took place about this time. Finding the day apt to be broken in upon by little duties and by visitors, he adopted the habit of rising and commencing his literary toils at six in the morning, usually finishing them at twelve, after the interruption of breakfast at ten. His biographer, Mr Lockhart, tells us how careful he was to dress neatly before sitting down, but he says nothing of his preparing for the duty before him by taking food. We have come to understand such things better now, and can easily see what fatal effects might arise in a few years from a habit of performing the principal duties of life with an exhausted system.

All who had the happiness of knowing Sir Walter personally, acknowledge that a genial magnanimity was a leading feature in his character. There was no petty vengefulness in his composition. This is visible in the following anecdote. It may be recollected that his poem of *Rokeby*—one of the least successful of his efforts—was followed by a burlesque called *Jokeby*, published by Mr Tegg of Cheapside. Mr Tegg—an extraordinary man in his way, who had raised himself from humble circumstances—occasionally visited Scotland, and was desirous of being introduced at Abbotsford. This wish was gratified through the medium of an obliging acquaintance in Galashiels, who introduced him as the author of *Jokeby*. 'The more jokes the better,' said Sir Walter, as he bustled about for a chair; and in the whole course of the interview he never made further allusion to the burlesque poem, but after his usual manner, or it may be called policy, conversed generally upon the profession of the individual whom he was addressing.

It is on all hands confessed that nothing ever spoiled this great man. Through all his exaltations, both of fortune and reputation, he never lost the original good, easy, kind, and benignant man—never for a moment ceased to

be what he naturally was. Mr Dugald Stewart, in his life of Dr Robertson, relates that that eminent writer 'used frequently to say, that in Mr Hume's gaiety there was something approaching to *infantine;* and that he had found the same thing so often exemplified in the circle of his other friends, that he was almost disposed to consider it as characteristical of genius.' This remark derives great additional force from the example of Sir Walter Scott, who seemed to prefer natural affections and natural feelings above all things, and could sympathise in all the levities and simple ideas of childhood. The individual who relates these anecdotes recollects well with what true *grandfatherly* feeling he spoke, in the end of the year 1824, of the precocious talent of his grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, then a child of hardly four years of age. John, he said, had composed a verse in imitation of a certain nursery riddle, to the following effect:—

'The waters of Tweed have broken the law,
And they've come roaring down the haugh;
Grandpapa and all his men
Cannot turn them back again.'

Whether we are to believe that the child really performed this feat of versification without assistance may be matter of debate; but certainly Sir Walter spoke of the thing quite seriously, and with no little pride, as a composition of his grandson.

As another illustration of the extreme familiarity and simplicity of his manners, the following may be related:—He was sitting one evening after dinner with a friend. They were no longer drinking, neither were they talking; both were in that state of partial somnolence which sometimes occurs after dinner, and while as yet the candles have not been introduced to stir the company afresh with the excitement of light. All at once, amidst the twilight stillness of the hour, a hen got up a most vivacious cackle in the courtyard, so as to rouse them both effectually; and Sir Walter, to the great amusement of his friend, burst out with a musical, or rather most unmu-

sical imitation of the cheerful sound, which he perhaps recollected for the first time since his childhood, being a human interpretation of what the hen is supposed to say to the old woman, her mistress, when she cackles—

'Buy tobacco—buy tobacco—I'll pay a'!'

the 'I'll pay a'!' terminating in a *scraugh* in alt, exactly after the manner of the hen. Perhaps some of our old readers will remember the time when boys used thus to give verbal expression to the parturient exultations of Dame Partlet.

A friend has furnished us with the following anecdote:—Being in London at the time when Sir Walter made researches among the papers of some of the government offices concerning some points in his *Life of Bonaparte*, I happened to be at the Colonial Office one day waiting in an anteroom, when Sir Walter came in, and sat down close by the door; another gentleman entered shortly after, and giving a slight glance at the persons already in the apartment, took up his station by the chimney-piece, and occupied himself in examining something that hung upon the wall, as if he did not think his companions worthy of any further attention. I sat in a window looking down Downing Street, immediately opposite Sir Walter, and having been previously slightly known to him, it was not long till he recognised and addressed me. He asked how I liked to live in London, to which I made some reply professing my contentment with it: on this Sir Walter said, 'Oh, I daresay you would like to see the hills and waters of the North again, and to get a breath of pure mountain air.' The words were simple in themselves, but they marked his own attachment to home, and they were pronounced in such a tone of kindness as made a deep impression on me, for Sir Walter spoke to every man in the kindliest possible spirit. The other person in the room paid no attention to this chat; but I cannot forget his look of surprise when an attendant opened the door, and pronounced the magic name, 'Sir Walter Scott,' by way of intimation that Mr Hay would

be happy to see the baronet up stairs: upon which, as if he had received a shot, the stranger wheeled suddenly round; but perhaps the only opportunity he ever had of seeing that great man, who had made himself known to so many ears, and friends in so many hearts, was lost. Sir Walter sat very near the door, and was concealed by it without our companion obtaining a view of him. He gazed for a moment, then turning round about, honoured me with a stare more particular than he had deigned to bestow at his entrance, and perceiving that I was nothing but a poor clerk, resumed consideration of the table of official regulations which he had previously made the object of study, deeming me entirely beneath *his* notice.

So eager at all times was Sir Walter to return to the retirement of his beloved Abbotsford, that on the days when the Court of Session closed, having made all necessary preparations previously, his coach was usually in readiness at the doors of the Parliament House in Edinburgh, and he drove off direct to the country, without waiting to take a new day for the journey.

Near the beginning of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the sign of the 'Wallace Head' is described as 'the majestic head of Sir William Wallace, grim as when severed from the trunk by the orders of the *felon* Edward.' A person once took the liberty of inquiring of the author whether he meant here felon in the common acceptation of the English word, or if it was a misspelling of the printer for the old Scotch word *felloun*, which means 'fierce, ruthless.' Sir Walter replied: 'I leave the orthography entirely to you, only begging you will spell the felon as feloniously as possible.' This circumstance, though trivial in itself, marks the strong and decided feeling of indignation with which Sir Walter regarded the conduct of Edward towards the preserver of Scottish independence.

At the sale of an antiquarian gentleman's effects in Roxburghshire, which Sir Walter happened to attend, there was one little article, a Roman *patera*, which occa-

sioned a good deal of competition, and was eventually knocked down to him at a high price. Sir Walter was excessively amused, during the time of the bidding, to observe how much it excited the astonishment of an old woman, who had evidently come there to buy culinary utensils on a more economical principle. 'If the parritch pan,' she at length burst out—'if the *parritch pan* gangs at that, what will the *kail pat* gang for!'

Lady Scott one day speaking of a person who had been very fortunate in life, seemed to impute a good deal of his success to luck. 'Ah, Mamma!' said Sir Walter—he often addressed his wife familiarly by the term *Mamma*—'you may say as you like; but take my word for it, 'tis skill leads to fortune.'

Sir Walter resembled every man of true greatness of mind in his deep respect for the illustrious Johnson. This is apparent throughout all his prose works, in which he never misses an opportunity of introducing a quotation from the 'great moralist.' Being one day in company when the various merits of Johnson's imitators were discussed—'Ay, ay,' said he, 'many of them produce his report, but which of them carries his bullet?' This is one of the most beautiful testimonies that one great mind ever bore to the greatness of another; and the metaphor in which it is conveyed is, in addition, singularly appropriate to the forcible character of Johnson's writings. We have been informed that Sir Walter was often heard to express his admiration of Dr Johnson; and on one occasion, in the presence of several persons, he took out a volume of his works, and read *The Vanity of Human Wishes* in a tone which shewed how deeply he felt the beauties and acquiesced in the truths of that fine moral poem.

Sir Walter said to a friend one day—long before the Waverley secret was divulged—'Man, do you ken what was the first book that was lent out in the circulating libraries at sixpence a night?' The individual thus addressed did not know what to say, for he had never heard of any book but the author of Waverley's novels

being lent at that enormous charge. Sir Walter, however, soon relieved him by saying: 'Man, it was *Bruce*,' meaning Bruce's *Travels into Abyssinia*, which, being a very expensive book—£7, 7s.—was charged proportionably high by the librarians.

Sir Walter told the following anecdote to a gentleman, who immediately afterwards related it to one of the editors of the present work:—'When *Marmion* came out, it made a considerable noise, and had its day no doubt; and many people went to see Flodden Field; so that an honest fellow thought it would be a good speculation to set up a public-house upon the spot, for the accommodation of the visitors: and he sent to me, asking me to write a few lines for a sign he was going to erect, thinking, as his letter told me, that anything from me would have a good effect. I sent him back word, that I was at present a good deal occupied; but begged to suggest, as a next best, a quotation from the book which had occasioned his undertaking, which, I remarked, would do very well with a slight alteration—taking out the letter *r*—

"Weary stranger, rest and p[r]ay."'

Sir Walter, who hardly ever spoke slightingly of superstitious beliefs, related the following circumstance to the same gentleman:—When Abbotsford was built, the furniture was procured from London, and some of the upholsterer's men came down to put it up, and arrange it in the house. The night after all was put to rights, Sir Walter, and indeed the whole household, heard noises among the furniture in a distant part of the house, as if the workmen had been still engaged in arranging it. A few days after, intelligence was received that the upholsterer had died in London.

In Washington Irving's account of his visit to Abbotsford, is presented a pleasing account of Scott's fondness for dogs, several of which animals, big and little, accompanied him in his daily rambles, and afforded subject of amusing conversation. In attendance at dinner there

figured a large gray cat, which was regaled with titbits from the table, and was evidently as important a personage in the house as Maida. In the evening, while Sir Walter was reading aloud, from the old romance of *Arthur*, 'this sage grimalkin,' says Irving, 'had taken his seat in a chair beside the fire, and remained with fixed eye and grave demeanour, as if listening to the reader. I observed to Scott that his cat seemed to have a black-letter taste in literature. "Ah!" said he, "these cats are a very mysterious kind of folk. There is always more passing in their minds than we are aware of: it comes no doubt from their being so familiar with witches and warlocks." He went on to tell a little story about a gudeman who was returning to his cottage one night, when, in a lonely, out-of-the-way place, he met with a funeral procession of cats, all in mourning, bearing one of their race to the grave in a coffin covered with a black velvet pall. The worthy man, astonished and half-frightened at so strange a pageant, hastened home, and told what he had seen to his wife and children. Scarce had he finished, when a great black cat that sat beside the fire raised himself up, exclaimed: "Then am I king of the cats!" and vanished up the chimney. The funeral seen by the gudeman was of one of the cat dynasty. "Our grimalkin here," added Scott, "sometimes reminds me of this story, by the airs of sovereignty which he assumes; and I am apt to treat him with respect from the idea that he may be a great prince *incog.*, and may sometime or other come to the throne." In this way Scott would make the habits and peculiarities of even the dumb animals about him subjects for humorous remark or whimsical story.'

The above anecdote by the American writer, can be capped by another, demonstrative of Scott's *leaning* to superstitious fancies. Sir Walter, when a young man, visited Hallyards, in Peeblesshire, and on this occasion was conducted by his acquaintance Mr (now Sir) Adam Ferguson to the neighbouring cottage of old David Ritchie, who furnished a prototype for the character of

the *Black Dwarf*. Ritchie, in his dingy den, might well have passed for a wizard, and a sage-looking black cat which he possessed, as his familiar. Scott is said to have been much awe-struck on sitting down beside this decrepit and stern old recluse, and more particularly when he was addressed in solemn words: 'Hae ye ony poor?—*he* has poor!' pointing to the cat in the corner. The question being, whether Scott possessed any magical power; the cat having such a power! At this interrogatory, the young advocate actually quailed—a curious instance of the imaginative feelings overcoming ordinary reason.

Sir Walter possessed the poetic ardour so forcibly, that he was never at a loss for an impromptu in verse. On visiting the Bell-Rock Lighthouse in 1814, he inserted the following lines in the album kept for the use of visitors. They are headed 'Pharos Loquitur'—the Lighthouse speaking:—

> 'Far in the bosom of the deep,
> O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
> A ruddy gem of changeful light,
> Bound on the dusky brow of night:
> The seaman bids my lustre hail,
> And scorns to strike his tim'rous sail.'

Sir Walter had once ridden in a chase alongside of Mr Archibald Park, brother of the celebrated traveller, when that person, observing his fearless deportment in riding—which in Sir Walter's young days was very remarkable—said to him: 'Ye'll never halt till ye get a fa' that 'ill send ye hame wi' yere feet foremost!' Sir Walter replied that when he got upon horseback he felt himself quite changed, entering as it were upon another sort of existence, and having no power of restraint over himself. After this, who can wonder at his glowing descriptions of knights and war-horses?

Sir Walter was one day visiting the Ettrick Shepherd, while the Waverley authorship was still a mystery, and took a sight of his library, in which his own prose works formed a conspicuous feature, with the back-title, 'SCOTT'S NOVELS.' 'What a stupid fellow of a binder you must

have got, Jamie,' exclaimed Sir Walter, 'to spell Scots with two t's!'

A Methodist congregation at Kelso, when some repairs were about to be made upon their chapel, sent some of their number about through the country to get subscriptions for the undertaking. An old widow brought a subscription-paper to Sir Walter. He read only the preamble and the conclusion, which bore—'and your petitioners shall ever pray;' and returned the paper to the woman with a guinea, saying only: 'Well, well, my good lady, here is something for you, as I am very anxious to have the prayers of the righteous.'

So *facile* was he in contributing to charitable purposes, that a Burgher congregation, about to set up a meeting-house in opposition to a country minister, who was not giving satisfaction, applied to him for a subscription towards the building. He said: 'Really, I am not very favourable to such things as this, and think I shall not subscribe.'

To which the applicant made answer: 'Come, come, now, Sir Walter; ye ken ye subscribe to mony a thing ye care as little for as this, and ye maunna begin and mak' step-bairns o' hus!'

'Well, well,' said the good-natured poet, 'here's a guinea for you.'

Out of all the numerous applications made to him for charity, he was hardly ever known to refuse one; and, indeed, it is acknowledged by all who knew him that he squandered a great deal of money every year in this way.

Sir Walter, it will be observed, had a habit of saying jocose things. Lady Scott had had a rich piece of cake, which she presented upon a salver to a glass of wine, and which, not being cut into *nibbleable* pieces, had been long permitted to remain entire, and had been presented and re-presented times without number to successive visitors, till her husband at length became quite tired of seeing the same piece so often, and one day remarked, when a

guest was present: 'Really, Charlotte, this piece of cake of yours is beginning to *make me an auld man!*'

Sir Walter was also somewhat addicted to punning. Among a thousand instances of this propensity we record one. A friend borrowing a book one day, Sir Walter put it into his hands with these words: 'Now, I consider it necessary to remind you, that this volume should be soon returned, for, trust me, I find that although many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, almost all of them are good *book-keepers.*'

Not long before the close of his life, while sitting to Mr (now Sir John) Watson Gordon, he was shewn a little picture by that distinguished artist, representing a battle. 'This is not the thing at all,' said he, in reference to the clearness and multitude of the figures: 'when you want to paint a battle, you should in the first place get up a gude stour [cloud of dust]; then just put in an arm and a sword here and there, and leave all the rest to the spectator.' In this sublime counsel may be said to lie the germ of all his power in the description of battles.

A gentleman who, in the year 1826 or 1827, travelled with Sir Walter Scott in the 'Blucher' Coach from Edinburgh to Jedburgh, relates the following anecdote illustrative of his punctilious regard for his word, and his willingness to serve all who placed confidence in him, particularly those engaged in literary pursuits:—'We had performed half the journey,' writes our informant, 'when Sir Walter started as from a dream, exclaiming: "Oh, my friend G——, I have forgotten you till this moment!" A short mile brought us to a small town, where Sir Walter ordered a postchaise, in which he deposited his luggage, consisting of a well-worn short hazel stick, and a paper-parcel containing a few books; then, much to my regret, he changed his route, and returned to the Scottish capital.

'The following month I was again called to Edinburgh on business, and curiosity induced me to wait on the friend G—— apostrophised by Sir Walter, and

whose friendship I had the honour to possess. The cause of Sir Walter's return, I was informed, was this:—He had engaged to furnish an article for a periodical conducted by my friend, but his promise had slipped from his memory—a most uncommon occurrence, for Sir Walter was gifted with the best of memories—until the moment of his exclamation. His instant return was the only means of retrieving the error. Retrieved, however, it was; and the following morning Mr G—— received several sheets of closely-written manuscript, the transcribing of which alone must have occupied half the night.'

Perhaps no writer made fewer enemies than Scott, and none cared less for critiques on his productions. When his first two or three works were published, he felt exceedingly anxious to see the reviews, and hear how the world received him; but after that his curiosity or vanity died so much away, that he never made the least attempt to see a review, and often never heard or saw a word that was said upon the subject. The best of men, however, have detractors. Of this amiable class, he used to say that he 'looked upon them as flies which it was best to allow to hum and buzz themselves to sleep.'

Indifferent as he was to fame on account of his wonderful fictions, Sir Walter was not dead to admiration. He was fond of relating the following anecdote of what he called a pure and sincere compliment, being not at all intended as such, but, as the reader will perceive, meant more as reproach than praise:—Shortly after the disclosure of the authorship of the Waverley Novels, the 'Mighty Minstrel' called on the late Mrs Fair of Langlea, an eccentric old lady, who had lived through more than half of the last century, and who furnished Sir Walter with many a good tale and legend of days gone by. 'The old lady opened on me thus'—to use his own words—'"Sir Walter, I've been lang wanting to see you. It's no possible that ye hae been writing in novels a' thae lees? O dear me—dear me! I canna believe't

yet; but for a' that, I ken I hae seen Dandy Dinmont somewhere; and Rebecca, O she's a bonny, weel-behaved lassie yon; but Jeanie Deans I like the best!" There,' said the pleased baronet, 'call ye that a common compliment?'

Mrs John Ballantyne obligingly communicated to us the following among other anecdotes of Sir Walter, with whom she enjoyed a long and agreeable acquaintance:—

Scott brought pleasure with him into every party. His rich, racy humour in telling stories, and giving anecdotes, always on the spur of the moment, was delightful. He had an anecdote ready, a story to match—or 'cap,' as the Scotch call it—every one he heard; and that with most perfect ease and hearty good-humour. His first publisher, Mr Robert Miller, gave anecdotes very pleasantly, and one day after dinner he was telling us that either he, or some friend, had been present at an assize court at Jedburgh, when a farmer's servant had summoned his master for non-payment of wages, which he, the servant, had justly forfeited through some misconduct. After much cross-questioning—'I'm sure, my lord,' said the pursuer, 'I'm seekin' nowt but what I've rowt for!' 'Ay, my man,' responded the judge, 'but I'm thinking ye'll hae to *rowt* a wee langer afore ye'll get it though!' Scott was delighted, as we all were, with this courtly dialogue, and in his easy and unaffected manner said: 'Well, something of a similar nature occurred when a friend of mine was present at the justice-court at Jedburgh. Two fellows had been taken up for sheep-stealing; there was a dense crowd, and we were listening with breathless attention to the evidence, when, from what reason I have forgotten, there was a dead pause, during which the judge, observing a rosy-cheeked, chubby-faced country boy, who seemed to pay the utmost attention to what was going on, and continued to fix his eyes on his lordship's countenance, cried out to the callant: "Well, my man, what do *you* say to the cause?" "Eh!" answered the boy, "but that's a guid ane. What div I say? I whiles say 'Pui hup,' and whiles I say 'Pui ho'

to the caws"—meaning the calves of course. The whole court, judge and jury, were thrown into such convulsions of laughter that nothing more could be said or done.'

Sir Walter was the very best teller of a story I ever heard, descending from the gravest subjects to the most simple and even childish humour. I remember a singular instance of this. At a dinner-party some time after the above, at my own table in Hanover Street, at which Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was present, Scott was earnestly engaged in conversation on some grave, and to me very uninteresting subject: what it was I have forgotten. Hogg was amusing the company by his unavailing efforts to dissect 'twa teugh auld chuckies,' which happened to be in his neighbourhood, making the legs and wings fly about in all directions, to the great terror and annoyance of the unfortunate ladies on each side of him. At last he came to a dead halt, dipped a napkin into the finger-glass, and began deliberately to *wash his face*, which, sure enough, stood in much need of it, being, as he said, 'a' jappit wi' the jice.' The irresistible laughter which followed this sally arrested Scott's grave and long-winded story. He stopped suddenly with the evident determination of diverting attention from his friend's awkwardness. He changed from grave to gay in an instant, and plunged into the intricacies of a not quite original joke. Turning towards me he asked the following question:—'Mrs John, once on a time all the letters in the alphabet were invited out to their dinner —they all came but U. Why did not U come?'

Completely at a loss, I made no answer.

'Then you give it up?' continued he.

'Decidedly,' I said.

'Why, then, the reason why U did not come to dinner is very clear—because U never comes till after *tea* (T).'

This little pleasantry I could not resist communicating to my next neighbour, who told it to the lady on his left, till at last it went all down the table, like a running fire of small shot, and reached Hogg, who was still 'labouring in his vocation.'

'Haud ye, merry sirs!' cried he, wiping his face; 'what are ye a' nichering at?'

'It's all about U (*you*),' cried I as well as I could speak for laughing, in which I was joined by the whole company, Scott and all, who clapped his hands for very glee. But Hogg—which made the joke tell ten times better—was quite indignant. Brandishing the carving-knife and fork, his coat sleeves tucked up as if he had just come from washing sheep, and his face shining in grease and gravy, he stood bolt upright, and addressing me in a very angry tone—'A' aboot *me*, Mrs John? What do ye a' see aboot *me* I wad fain ken?' At last the joke was explained, the laughter ceased, and the ladies retired. It was surprising how merry the whole evening was rendered by this trivial playfulness of the great minstrel.

The stories told by Mr Creech—a bookseller in Edinburgh—were much relished by Scott, whom I have often seen laughing at them till the tears ran over his cheeks. Creech one day amused us exceedingly with an account of a minister in a north-country parish, who had so grievously offended his flock, that with one consent they rose upon him, drove him from his pulpit with a storm of cutty-stools, kicked him out of the church, and finally thrashed the precentor also—most unheard-of conduct surely: yet immediately after the tale was concluded, we heard Scott saying in a slow and infinitely whimsical voice:

'O what a toon, what a terrible toon,
O what a toon was that o' Dunkeld!
They 've hangit the minister, drooned the precentor,
Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!'

Another of Creech's stories was a great favourite. 'In my young days,' said he, 'there was an old gentleman, proprietor of an estate near Edinburgh, who, besides being a man of considerable classical taste, was an antiquary, and, having in early youth travelled on the continent, was a proficient in the French and Italian languages. He was a fine body on the whole, but passionate to a great

degree, and extremely irritable on certain points. He was in the habit of giving fine French and Italian names to almost everything he possessed; and in order to put him into a tempest of rage, it was only necessary to make a mistake, and mispronounce the name of anything. His mansion, for instance, he called *Bella Retira*. Part of an old dilapidated church-wall which he had enclosed within his grounds, which was in view of the house, and which he had taken infinite pains to cover with ivy and other creeping plants, he was pleased to denominate *L'Eglise de Marie*. He was indefatigable in his exertions to drill the servants and country folks into a proper mode of pronunciation—with what success may easily be imagined; but being a most severe disciplinarian, he enforced obedience by dint of a good stout oaken cudgel, which he always carried about with him for the express purpose of initiating the clowns and clodhoppers into a classical and correct mode of speech. Strolling about his own grounds one day, he encountered a young man, the son of a small farmer in the neighbourhood, and being curious to discover by what barbarous nickname his mansion and the ivy towers would be distinguished, affecting to be a stranger to the locality, he asked the young man the name of that ruin, pointing to the church-wall. "What's the name of that ruinous church, my man? Can you inform me what they call it!"

'"Is't yon bit auld gray stane-dike yonder, wi' the dockens grown owre the tap o't? Ou ay"—scratching his head, by way of refreshing his memory—"they ca' that *Legs-my-leary*, I'm thinking."

'"Legs-my-whatty, ye stupid, donnert idiot!" raising his oaken cudgel, flourishing it furiously, and making an effort to chase and chastise the delinquent, who only escaped a sound thrashing by taking to his heels. The old gentleman had barely got time to breathe and recover a little from his excitement, when he was accosted by a countryman bearing a basket on his arm, who, very respectfully touching his hat, asked him to direct him to *Bullrowtery*. "Bullwhatery, ye fool!" exclaimed the laird in a fury,

and flourishing the cudgel in a very hostile manner—"I'll Bullrowtery ye. Can ye no give things their proper names, man, and say *Bella Retira?*"

'"Deed no," was the answer; "I'm no just sae daft's a' that: I ne'er fash my thoomb wi' ony sic havers. Bullrowtery's as guid common sense as *Bellyr*owtery every bit and crumb: there's sax o' the taen, and half-a-dozen o' the tother; and ye'd far better gang hame and curl your wig, than rin after folk to lounder them because they canna 'speak nonsense." Which logic made so deep an impression on the worthy old gentleman, that from that hour he resolved to lay aside his cudgel in some snug corner, and trouble his head no more about orthoepical blunders.'

Of Sir Walter's many legendary stories, I chance at this moment to remember one which he used to relate with a considerable mixture of comic effect. I shall transcribe it as correctly as my memory will permit; but the reader will of course understand that the rich unpremeditated grace of his manner is beyond recall. 'During the height of the Border feuds, when every petty chieftain held despotic sway, and had the power of life and death over his vassals or dependents, it was no unusual thing for a culprit, on very slight offence, to be ordered out for execution on the nearest tree or pole which happened to present itself, with short time allowed for shrift. The grim guardian, or castellan, of these Border fastnesses, was sometimes a nobleman of high rank; at others, some petty upstart laird. These wardens of the marches, under the reign of Elizabeth and her successor James I., couching in their dark and gloomy dens, like giants of romance, were the terror of evil-doers. Each had to secure himself in his stronghold as best he might; and was compelled to have a body of soldiers ready at a moment's call, armed *cap-à-pie*, who kept constantly on the look-out. The approach to these dens was perilous in the extreme. A corkscrew staircase, dark as pitch, and almost perpendicular, allowing but one person to ascend at a time, and guarded by strong double iron

doors, the opening and shutting of which sounded like thunder, led to the apartment of the governor; one of whom, a small landholder or laird, being notorious for the way he used his "brief authority," was on one occasion informed that a culprit had been caught in the very act of bagging the whole of his honour's poultry —cocks, hens, turkeys, ducks, and all, not even sparing the old clocker herself! The fate of the culprit was very speedily decided: he was sentenced to be confined in a dark cell, till his honour had arrayed himself in his robes of authority, when forthwith he was to be hanged on a tree in the courtyard of the castle. The governor, having descended from his tower of strength, and being surrounded by a body of soldiers armed to the teeth, appointed one of them to the office of executioner. The door of the cell being now unlocked, the prisoner was called by name, and commanded to come forth and receive the punishment he so justly merited. By this time the story of his captivity and consequent death-doom had spread, and the castle was surrounded by a dense crowd, all prepared to attempt a rescue. After repeated orders to come forth, the prisoner still refused to leave his hiding-place. At last his honour, losing all patience, commanded the executioner to enforce obedience.

'"Hoot, man," cried that grim officer, "come awa noo: come oot and be hangit, and dinna anger the laird, ye fashious gowk * that ye are!" at the same time dragging out the unfortunate culprit into the courtyard.

'"Will I?" answered he; "wha'll be the gowk then?" and quick as lightning bursting from the soldier's iron grasp, with one cat-like spring and a "hooh!" he cleared a low, unprotected part of the rampart wall, and fell unhurt into the arms of his companions below, who, with a tremendous shout, which seemed to shake the lion's den to the very foundation, cheered him on his escape; while he, doubling and winding like a hare before the hounds, was soon out of reach of his pursuers.'

Besides his story-telling manner, he had another quite

* Literally, cuckoo, but meaning fool or simpleton.

distinct, in which he was accustomed to utter any snatch of poetry in which he felt deeply interested, such as a verse of a Border ballad, or a simple but touching popular rhyme. I can never forget the awe-striking solemnity with which he pronounced an elegiac stanza inscribed on a tombstone in Melrose Abbey :—

'Earth walketh on the earth
Glistering like gold ;
Earth goeth to the earth
Sooner than it wold.
Earth buildeth on the earth
Palaces and towers ;
Earth sayeth to the earth :
"All shall be ours."'

Sir Walter's droll anecdotes were inexhaustible. He had always a fresh one ready at call. My husband had a green parrot—a very great favourite—which he carried about on his hand like a hawk ; indeed it often perched on his head, and dressed his hair by turning the curls over its black horny bill. One morning Scott found Poll busy arranging my husband's hair as usual. Mr Ballantyne told him some curious anecdotes of the bird, mentioning that as it sat on his fist as he was walking in the garden, he encountered old Geordie the gardener, who, staring with astonishment, asked him 'What'n a beast that was ?'

'A beast ?' replied Mr Ballantyne : 'it's a bird, man—a parrot.'

'Eh, sir, that canna be a parrot : it's just a green craw !' responded Geordie.

Scott laughed heartily at Poll's metamorphosis, and told us that he, or a friend of his, had a parrot, which, being allowed to wander about at pleasure in the grounds, used to come regularly at one o'clock in the forenoon—the hour at which the servants dined—and, rapping with its bill at the kitchen window, would ask : 'Is the petawtis ready ?' with a strong Northumbrian burr, which Scott imitated to the life, having the same peculiarity himself, which made the joke still better. I have never known any one fonder of dumb creatures than Scott. He did not, as he

says, look with contempt on 'a conversable cat to share a mess of cream with him.'

Scott once visited his friend Ferguson when the latter was established temporarily in Tinwald House, Dumfriesshire. Finding himself short of cash for the expenses of his journey home to Edinburgh, he borrowed L.3 from his friend. They then set out for a place called Beattock Bridge, where Sir Walter expected to be taken up by the mail. Being, however, disappointed in this expectation, he had to post home, and for this reason borrowed L.4 more from Ferguson, with whom he then parted. Soon after, the lender had the money returned to him enclosed in a paper bearing the following lines:—

Three at Tinwald House,
And four at Beattock Brig;
Three and four 's seven,
If Cocker 's worth a fig.

Pay when ye borrow,
Lend when ye can;
And if ye die to-morrow,
Ye 'll be ca'd an honest man.

W. S.

Some of the closing passages in the life of this great man are in fine keeping with his general character. In his greatly enfeebled state he desired to be drawn in his wheeled-chair to the library window overlooking the Tweed, which he delighted once more to look upon. 'Here,' says Mr Lockhart, 'he expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said: "Need you ask? There is but one." I chose the fourteenth chapter of St John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done: "Well, this is a great comfort—I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were myself again." In this placid state he was put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber.' A few days afterwards (September 21, 1832) the scene was gently closed. Sir Walter died in the sixty-second year of his age.

WINTERING IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

THE deep interest excited respecting the sufferings of Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions amidst the horrors of the polar regions, induce us to present an account of the wintering of a Dutch crew in circumstances of a similar nature.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the spirit for commercial adventure made rapid progress in Holland, and various companies were formed to promote the interests of traffic. Sensible of the great advantages that would result from shortening the voyage from Europe to the distant climates of the East, the Dutch were at an early period occupied in searching for a passage by the north, which, according to the geographical opinions prevailing in that age, would conduct their fleets to China, Japan, and other places, in half the usual time. Not daunted by the failure of two expeditions fitted out for this object, a third attempt on a greater scale was made. Two vessels were despatched at the charge of the city of Amsterdam. One of them was commanded by Jacob Hemskirk, an experienced mariner, with whom was conjoined William Barentz as pilot—a navigator enjoying equal reputation, and who had, besides, been out in both the preceding voyages. In the same vessel also was Gerard de Veer, the author of the only history of all the calamities and adventures which ensued in prosecution of the enterprise. John Cornelius Ryp was master or supercargo of the other. On the 22d of May 1596 the two ships left Holland, and proceeding on their voyage, all for a time went well with them. On the 17th of July, Barentz saw the coast of Nova Zembla, near Lom's Bay, and three days afterwards, being obstructed by the ice, anchored at Cross Isle. Here eight men, having gone ashore unarmed, had a narrow escape from the pursuit of two bears.

The vessel was now amidst extensive fields of ice, and

huge masses, to which she was occasionally secured in her progress, appeared floating, or had run aground. One of these was calculated to be sixteen fathoms above the water, and thirty-six under it; that is, more than 300 feet from the summit to the base. The great fields of ice began to break up, with a noise like thunder, on the 10th of August, and the ship being fast to a huge piece aground, not less than 400, of smaller size, were driven past her by a current. Lest she should be carried away by the ice, she was brought nearer the coast, into a more sheltered station; but it was soon necessary to shift her anchorage, according as circumstances required.

Climbing to the top of a lofty mountain in Nova Zembla, the mariners were encouraged with the prospect of an open sea towards the south-east, and concluded that they should thence be able to accomplish the voyage. But after repeated difficulties, losing a boat and also the ship's rudder, they were completely surrounded by ice on the 27th of August. Temporary intervals, wherein the ice separated, succeeded; but at last the ship was enclosed and frozen in on all sides, so that the people were obliged to have recourse to the shore.

There they found a fresh-water river about two miles inland, and saw the traces of animals, which they conceived to be deer: great store of wood likewise lay near the river, consisting of entire trees with the roots, drifted from other countries. Thus having no alternative, the Dutch resolved to winter in this desolate region.

Meantime the ice accumulated greatly round the vessel: her prow was raised far above its surface, while the stern, sunk behind, was crushed together in such a manner, that the cracking of the timbers rendered the mariners apprehensive she would be utterly destroyed. They had dragged their boat over the ice to the land, and in the next place got out a quantity of arms, ammunition, and provisions, wherewithal to fortify themselves against wild beasts and hunger, during their dreary abode.

On the 14th of September they began to collect the

drift-wood for building a hut, and prepared sledges, with which it was with great labour drawn over the ice and snow, near to the place where the vessel lay. Thirteen men were employed in dragging the sledges, and three in preparing each ladening of wood; but they could make no more than two trips a day from fatigue and the approaching darkness.

Whilst thus industriously occupied, the carpenter unfortunately died on the 23d of September, and was next day interred by his surviving comrades in the cleft of a hill, as the ground was too hard for them to dig a grave. There were now sixteen persons in all, but some of the number frequently indisposed.

The rafters of the hut were laid, though, on account of excessive cold, the people were scarce able to work; and if any of them chanced to put a nail in their mouths, as workmen are wont to do, it stuck to the skin, and blood followed its removal. Nothing but urgent necessity could have induced them to continue their operations. A great fire was kindled all around the hut to thaw the earth, that they might bring it up, and make the under part a little closer: the ground, however, was frozen so very hard and deep, that it would not yield on that occasion, and there would have been too great a waste of wood in trying it again.

At length the hut was finished, and other preparations for wintering in Nova Zembla were completed while the sun was still visible. On the 30th of October a lamp was fitted to burn all night, and supplied with melted fat of bears, which had been killed for oil. On the 2d of November only part of the sun was seen in the horizon; and on the fourth he had sunk entirely under it.

At this time the surgeon contrived a bath for the people in a cask, which was found extremely salutary and beneficial, from their confinement. Setting traps in the neighbourhood, they caught white foxes, which began to be quite common, whereas the bears had entirely left them as the sun disappeared; and their flesh, resembling that of a rabbit, was much relished by the people. A

device was soon adopted of placing the traps so that the captured animal could immediately be drawn into the hut.

On distributing the bread, each man's allowance was restricted to four pounds five ounces in eight days; and as the strength of the beer brought ashore had been destroyed by successive freezing and thawing, each had two small cups of wine daily. A large Dutch cheese was eaten by the whole company, and sixteen remaining, delivered to the people, each being left to his own economy.

Repeated storms of snow at this period began to block up the hut without; and within the cold was almost insupportable. While the people washed their linen, it froze immediately when taken out of warm water; nay, one side froze while the other was next the fire. They were almost suffocated from the closeness of the hut not allowing proper vent to the smoke; but the fire falling rather lower than usual for some days, ice formed two inches thick on the floor, and the beds were even covered with it. Except when cooking their provisions, the people lay constantly in bed, and then they heard such explosions among the ice at sea, as could only be occasioned by huge mountains bursting asunder, and tumbling down into a confused heap of fragments. Intense cold having stopped their clock, though additional weights were hung to it, they prepared a twelve-hour sand-glass, to enable them to ascertain how the time passed.

The cold was so intense on the 6th of December that they scarce expected to be able to survive it. Nothing could keep them in heat; their wine froze, and they were obliged to melt it every two days, when half a pint was served out to each man. It was their only liquid except snow-water—a beverage not very suitable to their condition.

Before this time, the day was so dark that the mariners could not distinguish it from night; so that on one occasion when perplexed by the stopping of the clock, they continued in bed, believing it was still night; and on another occasion they only knew that it was night by the

moon shining bright, and remaining constantly above the horizon.

On the 7th of December they considered it necessary to repair to the vessel for some coal that had been left in her, and with this made a good fire in the evening, which revived them greatly. To enjoy its comfort as much as possible, they sat up late, and closed all the apertures of their hut to keep in the heat. But a seaman, already indisposed, who could bear the effect of the fire less than the others, began to complain, and all soon found themselves attacked with giddiness, whence they could scarce stand until opening the door. In fact, he who first reached it, swooning away, fell out on the snow. Gerard de Veer, however, recovered him by sprinkling vinegar in his face, and the admission of the fresh air removed the sensations overcoming the others.

The leather of the seamen's shoes was now frozen to such a degree of hardness, that they could not use them; on which account they made a kind of slippers of skins, and put several pairs of socks over one another to increase the heat. The ice stood an inch thick on the sides of the hut, and when they went out in clear weather, their clothes were whitened with frost and shining icicles. The fire was increased within, taking the precaution of leaving the chimney open, that the smoke might get vent.

Many stars being visible on a clear night, the party, by an observation on the 14th of January 1597, found themselves in 76 degrees of north latitude. About that time the wood brought into the hut being all consumed, they began to shovel away the snow on the outside, so as to come at more, which, on account of the excessive rigour of the weather, was with difficulty accomplished.

Seven of their number next repaired to the ship, and found the ice had risen higher within, and that she was still fast frozen up. In the cabin they caught a fox, which was carried home and eaten.

Several successive days of stormy weather confined the mariners to their hut. There they heard the foxes running over it, and as their provisions were beginning

to decline, regretted that they could not catch them. But the intense cold almost absorbed all other sensations, and they had recourse to hot stones laid on their feet and bodies, to keep them warm. However, they comforted themselves that, as the sun was now at the lowest, he would not be long of returning to gladden them with his view. While sitting before the fire, their backs would be quite white with the frost, and on stretching their feet towards it for warmth, their stockings would be burnt before they began to feel its influence. A cloth hoisted on a pole, thrust up through the chimney, to shew the direction of the wind, immediately became stiff and inflexible.

In this way did the year 1596 terminate, and 1597 begin.

On the 24th of January, the day being clear, with a west wind, Gerard de Veer, Jacob Hemskirk, and another, went down to the sea-side, towards the south of Nova Zembla, from whence they unexpectedly saw the edge of the sun above the horizon. They hastened to impart the welcome tidings to Barentz and their other companions; but their report was discredited; for Barentz affirmed that it was too early for his return by fourteen days. The two following days being dark and cloudy, doubts of the fact were still farther entertained, and many of the people positively affirmed that it was impossible. On the 26th a man died who had been some time sick, and next morning his comrades, with great difficulty, owing to the excessive cold, dug a grave for him in the snow, seven feet deep. Having performed the last offices to him, attended by such funeral service as circumstances would admit, they returned within the hut to breakfast. Then discoursing concerning the prodigious quantity of snow which unremittingly fell in the place, they said among themselves that, if again blocked up by it, they should find a way of climbing out through the chimney: accordingly the captain tried the experiment, while another going out of the hut to ascertain whether he succeeded, saw the complete orb of the sun above the horizon.

The weather still remained uncertain, though the

people, relieved from the tedium of perpetual night, took exercise to strengthen them. But their hut was repeatedly blocked up by snow, and to avoid the labour of always clearing it away from the door, they on those occasions found an exit by the chimney.

Bears began to return along with the sun, and one which was killed afforded at least 100 pounds of grease, which the seamen melted for their lamp. But a number of foxes coming to devour the carcass, the apprehension of other bears being attracted hither induced them to bury it deep under the snow. They considered it expedient to collect more wood for fuel, dragging it on a sledge as before: however, their strength being much reduced, their task was accomplished with far greater labour. Though the cold moderated for a time towards the end of February, its rigour increased about the middle of March, and on the 24th of that month the hut was totally blocked up.

At last the sea began to open, though the mariners despaired of disengaging the ship, or of rendering her serviceable for a voyage. Still she was hemmed in by ice, sometimes heaped in mountains around her; and their anxiety was increased by observing that, about the middle of March, the sea was so open that the vessel was within seventy-five paces of it; whereas a new frost increased the distance on the 4th of May to 500 paces.

Thus the only means of quitting Nova Zembla seemed to consist in the launch and boat; but the 29th of May arrived before the people attempted to dig either out of the snow. However willing, their reduced strength rendered their progress slow; and after they had laboured hard, compelled them to desist: on another trial they were put to flight by a bear. Six days' work at length enabled them to put the launch in a condition to be dragged over the hard ice and snow to the ship. There they sawed off the stern, which was narrow, and built one broader and higher, so that it might be better adapted to stand the sea.

The boat was in the same way got out of the snow, and

dragged, to the ship, as also several sledges laden with articles from the hut. These operations occupied a long time: they were frequently interrupted, and ultimately accomplished with great difficulty, from the state of the weather and repeated dangers. Nevertheless, on the 12th of June, nothing remained but to smooth the way for the launch and boat down to the water's edge, and drag them along on the 13th.

This being done, William Barentz, the pilot, wrote a brief recital of what had happened: that he and his companions had left Holland for the purpose of sailing to China by the north; but their ship being frozen up by ice, they were compelled, amidst many hardships, to winter ashore. The narrative he put into a musket barrel, hung up in the chimney of the hut, lest any mariners in future might experience a like adventure. The captain also thought it proper to obtain the subscription of his company to a narrative of their dangers and distresses, and of the necessity to which they were at last reduced—of hazarding a voyage homewards in two open boats.

Eleven loads of goods were in the next place dragged to the water's edge, and then William Barentz and Claes Andrisz, who had long been sick, were drawn on a sledge from the hut to the boats. The whole company was equally divided, and one of the sick attached to each; and on the 14th of June 1597, after ten months' dreary residence, the mariners set sail with a westerly wind from Nova Zembla.

After undergoing innumerable hardships, the twelve surviving mariners reached Holland, and, to the admiration of the citizens of Amsterdam, appeared in their Nova Zembla apparel. The fame of their adventures was soon disseminated, and they were carried from thence to entertain the foreign ambassadors at the Hague with a recital of what had befallen them.

Such was the most interesting polar expedition, until the recent revival of northern discovery. Enterprise in this, as in other directions, has been bequeathed by the Dutch to England.

THE CLOCK-PEDLER.

THE travelling merchants or pedlers of New England are notorious all over North America for their activity in pushing off their wares; but no class of them equals those who deal in clocks. These articles are now to be found everywhere. The whole continent of America is thick sown with them. They have reached Great Britain, where they are seen in farmhouse and cottage, and have pushed the old naked wooden clocks of German manufacture from the wall. In the colonies their sway is considerable. The real habitat, however, of the New England clock is America itself. They are there pushed off by pedlers, whose 'soft sawder' is acknowledged to be irresistible. He is considered to be a very clever person indeed, who has the address to withstand a clock-pedler. Now, as it is important that the world at large should know something of the manner in which this great genius goes to work, we propose, with the assistance of Colonel Crocket—a great man that was—to give a sketch of his proceedings.

'A pedler, in disposing of a clock, feels the same anxiety that a general does on the eve of a battle, and displays as much mind in bringing arguments to support his wishes as Bonaparte did on the plains of Waterloo in the disposition of his forces. Their perseverance is so untiring, and it has been so often crowned with success, that a Yankee clock now graces every cabin throughout the west. And the backwoodsmen, even the half-horse, half-alligator breed, when boasting of their exploits always add: "I can stand anything but a clock-pedler." Reader, did you ever know a full-blooded Yankee clock-pedler? If not, imagine a tall, lank fellow, with a thin visage and small dark-gray eyes, looking through you at every glance, and having the word trade written in his every action, and you will then have an idea of Mr Slim.

'The sun was getting low, when Slim, who was travelling the high road, with a perfect knowledge that there was a tavern about a mile ahead of him, left it to seek a cabin, which, with a modest but a retiring aspect, shewed itself in the woods at some short distance. The smoke, floating off from a dirt chimney, was mingling with the blue ether; and the children, with loud laughing voices, were playing in the yard. But no sooner did they see the clock-pedler than there was a race, each striving to be the first bearer of the news, that a gentleman with a carriage was coming. Slim, driving up, halted; and there walked out the proprietor of the cabin. "Friend, can't you give a stranger in these parts some directions?" "'Bout what, or where?" "Wuh—my horse is tired, and I should like myself to get a pallet." "If you had kept the road about a mile farther, you would have found a tavern; but if you can rough it here, do so. My house is always open to a stranger." Slim accepts the invitation, draws the wagon into the yard, and while rubbing his "cretur" down, chuckles to himself: "I've got that fellow." They go to the house, take a little whisky and water, eat supper, and draw around the fire. Slim then makes a dead set to get rid of one of his clocks. "Stranger, what's your name?" "Baines: An' what's yours?" "Slim: Mr Baines, I havn't shewn you my articles yet." "What sort of articles?" "I have a fine clock that I could spare, and some jewellery, and a few combs. They would suit your daughter there, if they aint too fine; but as I got a great bargain in 'em, I can sell 'em cheap." "Jewellery in these backwoods! 'Twould be as much out of place on my gal here as my leather hunting-shirt would be on you; and as for a clock, I have a good one—you see it there." Slim finds a thousand faults with it, knows the maker—never did see one of that make worth a fourpence-ha'penny—and winds up with, "Now let me sell you a clock worth having." "No; I have one that answers my purpose." "Not so bad a beginning," said Slim to himself.'

It will be observed that the clock-pedler reckons it a good thing if he does not meet with a positive rebuff.

All he in the first place wants is a little chaffering; and he who permits this is done. To proceed—

'Slim now brings out his tempting wares, his tortoise-shell combs, and his counterfeit jewellery, all of which he warrants to be genuine—overwhelms the young lady with compliments upon her present appearance, and enlarges upon the many additional charms his articles would give her—wishes to sell a comb to her mother, who thinks one for her daughter will be sufficient. "Your daughter, madam!" Slim would never have suspected her of being old enough to have a daughter grown. The mother and daughter begin to see new beauties in the pedler's wares. They select such articles as they would like to have, and, joining with the pedler, they pour forth on old Baines one continued volley of sound argument, setting forth the advantages to be derived from the purchase. The old man seeing the storm that is about to burst, collects within himself all his resources, and for a long time parries, with the skill of an expert swordsman, the various deadly thrusts which are made against him. But his opponents return to the charge, in nowise discomfited. They redouble their energies. With the pedler in front, they pour into the old man volley after volley. No breathing-time is allowed. He wavers—faulters. Flesh and blood can't stand everything. And, as a wall before some well-directed battery, his resolution grows weak—for a moment totters—then falls, leaving a clear breach. Through this the pedler enters; and having disposed of two tortoise-shell combs, and a little double-refined jewellery, the women retire from the field of action, and the pedler, taking advantage of the prostrate condition of his adversary, again reiterates the defects in his clock, and concludes with: "Now let me sell you one cheap." "No, I'll have none of it!" bursts forth from Baines, accompanied with a torrent of abuse.'

Things have gone too far for Slim to mind a little outbreak of this kind. He is not the least abashed, and has it all arranged in his mind what to do. 'He now disappears, but soon returns, bearing in his arms a

Yankee wooden clock. Baines looks thunder-struck. "Let me put it up." "No, it's no use." "I know that. I don't want you to buy it. I only want to put it up." Still asking permission, yet having it denied, Slim is seen bustling about the room, until, at the end of the dialogue, his wooden clock having encroached upon the dominions of an old family timepiece, is seen suspended with all the beauty, yet bold effrontery of a Yankee notion. Slim having accomplished so much, draws around the fire, and soothes the old man by discussing the quality of his farm. Baines begins to go into the minutiæ of his farming operations, and the clocks strike nine. "Now just notice the tone of my clock. Don't you see the difference?" "A man may buy land here at a dollar an acre." "I like always to see in a house a good timepiece; it tells us how the day passes." "Wife, hadn't we better kill that beef in the morning!" "Did you notice that clock of mine had a looking-glass in it?" Baines proposes to go to bed. Slim always likes to retire early; and, going to his apartment, cries out: "Well now, old man, buy that clock. You can have it upon your own terms. Think about it, and give me an answer in the morning." "What do I want with the clock?" "Oh, you can have it upon your own terms. Besides, a man of your appearance ought to have a good clock. I wouldn't have that rotten thing of yours. Did you notice the difference when they were striking!" Baines going to his room, says: "No, I'll be shot if I buy it." Soon the house becomes quiet. Slim collects his scattered forces, and makes preparation for a renewal of the attack in the morning. The daughter dreams of tortoise-shell combs and jewellery; the mother, from Slim's compliment, believes herself both young and beautiful; and the old man never turns over but the corners of a clock prick him in the side.

'Morning comes, and with its first light Slim rises, feeds his "cretur," and meeting with Mr Baines, makes many inquiries after his health, &c.; professes to be in a hurry, and concludes with, "Well, as I must now leave, what say

you about the clock?" "Why, that I don't want it." Slim bolts into the chamber, where the ladies are scarcely dressed, after whom he makes many inquiries; then jumps into a chair, and sets both clocks to striking, ridicules the sound of the old man's, and commences the well-formed attack of the last night, which he keeps up for nearly an hour, only interrupted by the repeated striking of the clocks. They then sit down to breakfast, and Slim returns to the charge. The old man is utterly confounded: Slim sees his advantage, follows him over his farm, every part of which he admires, and which only supports his argument, that a man so well fixed ought to have a good clock. They return to the house, take a little more whisky and water, and Slim is struck with the improved appearance of the room. His clock sets it off. Slim, clapping Baines by the shoulder: "Well, now, old gentleman, let me sell you the clock." "But what shall I do with mine?" "Oh, I'll buy that. What do you ask for it?" "It ought to be worth ten dollars." "Mine cost me forty dollars; but give me thirty to boot, and it's a trade." "Well, I believe —No, I wont have it." "My dear fellow, my clock is fastened up now. Besides, you have made me waste all day here—you ought to take it." Baines does not exactly see how that is—hesitates—and Slim proceeds to take down the old clock. It is all over now; the money is paid, and Slim is soon ready to leave; but before going out he remarks: "It would be as well to leave the old clock here, as I shall be back in a day or two." Slim then mounts his wagon, and drives off; and methinks I can see the rueful countenance of Baines while gazing at the wagon until it disappears. His thoughts I leave to the imagination of my reader.'

So concludes the sketch of a New England clock-pedler. Reader, beware of him!

VISIT TO PÈRE LA CHAISE.

It was on a fine, clear, sunshiny morning in September that we found ourselves seated in a cabriolet, and driving along the Boulevards in the direction of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, which may be about three miles distant from the centre of Paris, in a north-easterly direction. In passing along towards the suburbs in this direction you have occasion to cross the open space once occupied by the Bastile — a place which all strangers will look upon with no small degree of interest. Of this once-famous state-prison there is now not the smallest remaining vestige, unless the fosse or wet ditch that once surrounded it be considered such, which is now devoted to the purpose of a basin to the canal St Martin. The open area where the Bastile stood is at present in a confused state, and in the course of being distinguished by a tall monumental erection. A huge plaster-cast of an elephant, painted of a dark colour, and in a state approaching to decay, stands close by. According to the design of Napoleon, an elephant in bronze, of which this is the type, was to have been erected on the summit of an arch at this spot, while from its mouth or trunk was to spout a fountain of water; but the design has been laid aside, and the figure of the elephant, which is of gigantic proportions, is consequently going to ruin.

Paris possesses five public burial-grounds; none, however, is equal in point of interest or beauty to that of Père la Chaise, which, though described a hundred times already by those who travel to make books, may be described once more for the benefit of those who have not had the good-fortune to see any of these accounts. All the ordinary ideas of burying-grounds among us are inapplicable to this famous cemetery. It is not an enclosed field strewed with clumsy tombstones, and tangled all over with nettles, hemlocks, and other kinds

of rank vegetation: it is a tract of ground measuring a hundred acres in extent, composing the face and brow of a beautiful hill lying to the north-east of Paris, a view of which it completely commands. On approaching it, or looking towards it at a distance, it exhibits the prospect of a plantation or forest; and it is only on a close inspection below the growing wood that you find the ground dedicated to the purpose of sepulture. This beautiful rising ground was formerly the chief seat of the Jesuits' establishment in France, when presided over by Père la Chaise, confessor of Louis XIV. After the suppression of that order of monks, the ground passed through several hands, till at length it was laid out as a public cemetery in 1804. It is now surrounded by walls, and from the chief entrances various broad walks diverge in different directions, forming cool, shady walks amidst the trees.

The singularly advantageous situation of this retired spot, upon the slope of a hill, apart from the bustle of the city, surrounded by luxuriant valleys, and commanding an extensive view of a picturesque and glowing landscape, has occasioned it to be chosen by the most distinguished personages as the place of their interment; consequently, no Parisian cemetery can vie with that of Père la Chaise in the number and beauty of its monuments. The visitor is astonished at the wonderful variety in the construction, the design, and the ornamenting of the places of sepulture. Some of them, of large dimensions and elegant architecture, built of fine white sandstone, are in the form of temples, sepulchral chapels, funeral vaults, pyramids, obelisks, and pavilions; others present altars, urns, and tombs of diversified forms, variously ornamented; many are surrounded by little palings of wood, planted with flowers and shrubs, and distinguished by crosses, on which are inscribed the names of those whose remains rest beneath. The first feeling which affects the stranger on beholding these outward symbols of affection and regret, is that of surprise—surprise at the prodigious lavishment of attention

on the part of relatives, not only in erecting such expensive memorials of their friends, but in afterwards preserving their tombs from decay. Except in some particular instances—probably in those cases where those who once paid attention to the tombs are themselves now no more—all the places of burial are kept in neat order; you find the little enclosures trimly cultivated, the lines of boxwood, green and nicely pruned, and the flowers blossoming, as if in a well-kept garden. All this is accomplished either by the personal care of relatives, or by a gardener whom they employ for the purpose. Among such a vast variety of tombs every species of taste, good and bad, is of course to be found. Some places of interment overcome you with their exquisite simplicity; others give offence by the tawdriness of their ornament. One particularly struck me in the course of my rambles. It was a neat railed enclosure, planted with a few flowers, and having no ornamental erection save a small black wooden cross, on which was painted the single word 'ZOE.' How much was told in that word! Another inscription which attracted my notice may be taken as a sample of the feeling often expressed in this city of tombs. It was as follows:—'Angelique Virginie Panier, épouse de M. Ls. Wagon; a l'age de 34 ans. Ah! ma Virginie, tu fis pendant quinze ans le charme de ma vie. Ah! quelque soit l'étendue de ma douleur. Jamais mes regrets n'également l'amour que j'ais pour toi.' Which may be translated thus:—'Angelique Virginia Panier, wife of M. L. Wagon, aged 34 years. Ah! my Virginia, thou wert during fifteen years the charm of my life. Ah! why should I pour forth my grief! Never shall my regret equal the love which I bore for thee.' This would be thought far too sentimental for an English burial-ground.

Most of the more simple enclosures are purchased or rented only for a limited time—I believe six years, after which they are liable to be transferred to others if the lease be not renewed. Tombs of a more substantial nature are generally erected on ground purchased for

ever, and in these cases I observed the words, *A' Perpétuité*, engraved upon the stone. Notwithstanding the abundant display of really correct sentiment in this large collection of tombs, the phlegmatic Englishman is frequently tempted to smile at the grotesque nature of the emblems of grief which are on all sides visible. On many of the larger monumental stones there are projections like chimney-pieces, on which are placed artificial flowers, wax-dolls, and other figures, covered over with inverted crystal jars, to preserve them from the weather, and bearing a tolerably close resemblance to the shop window of some dealer in toys and fancy goods. In what are termed the sepulchral chapels, which are stone-built tombs, perhaps measuring six feet by four, and covered overhead, with handsome doors of florid bronze, you will perceive these tinsel shows carried to a still greater length. On the projecting shelf, which is evidently intended for an altar, there stand a couple of wax-candles ready for lighting; and among other things, a number of chaplets made of a small yellow flower, or others of a pure white colour.* On each side of the little apartment are placed one or two rush-bottomed chairs; so that, in point of fact, the tomb of the dead is converted into an arbour for the living, when they are pleased to visit the spot. Ridiculous as all this may seem to many, it is impossible to pass by the various enclosures without acknowledging that no small degree of good taste is displayed both in the erection and decorations of the sepulchres. The sculpture and carving are admirably executed, and even the commonest of the tombstones possess an air of classic elegance which will be in vain searched for in

* These chaplets, or small ornamental hoops, are sold by women at the entrance to the cemetery for five or six sous each, and are purchased by those who come with the pious wish to do honour to the dead. On some tombs there are piles of these chaplets, many of which, faded with the weather, are surmounted by others freshly formed and deposited. The chaplets of a pure white hue are made from the scrapings of whalebone. Both within and near the precincts of Père la Chaise there are stone-cutters' establishments, at which monumental stones are executed.

Great Britain. I would certainly say that none of our monumental stone-cutters come up to those in Paris, and that they could do nothing which would more tend to advance them in their profession than to visit Père la Chaise, and study the models there placed before them. The same superiority is visible with respect to the beautiful bronze and iron work of the doors to the monuments, which are well worth copying by some of our artificers.

In whatever direction the visitor turns on entering the gateway, he will, by careful examination, discover the resting-places of persons of note. The divisions on the right and left of the avenue opposite the entrance contain the tombs of several distinguished painters and sculptors. By pursuing a path leading to the right, and beyond a spot dedicated to the burial of the Jews, the stranger discovers perhaps the most interesting and picturesque monument in the cemetery—namely, the tomb of Abelard and Héloise. It consists of a sepulchral chapel of Gothic architecture, formed out of the ruins of the celebrated abbey of the Paraclet, founded by Abelard, and of which Héloise was the first abbess. Its form is a parallelogram, fourteen feet in length by eleven in breadth, and its height is twenty-four. A steeple, twelve feet in elevation, rises out of the roof, and four smaller steeples, exquisitely sculptured, terminate the angles. Fourteen columns six feet in height, ornamented with diversified capitals, support ten arches, and the latter are surmounted by cornices wrought in field-flowers. Other ornaments consist of bas-reliefs, roses, and medallions, with representations of divers figures. Abelard is represented in a recumbent posture, with the hands joined, and by his side is the statue of Héloise. This tomb has been removed hither from its original situation.

I have here only room to notice a few of the most remarkable tombs in various parts of the cemetery. Those of General Murray and Rear-Admiral Colbert; the aëronaut Charles, successor of Montgolfier; Madame Dufresnoy, surnamed the tenth muse of the a-

the celebrated chemist Fourcroy—a bust of marble; Van-Spaendonck, painter of flowers; Tarchi, an Italian musician; Messier, a distinguished astronomer; Bernardin de St Pierre, author of *Paul and Virginia*, and other works; Gretry, the celebrated music composer; Aignan, translator of Homer; the celebrated Delille, surnamed the French Virgil—a plain tomb of large dimensions surrounded by palisades, and bearing no inscription but his name; the Marquis de Boufflers, author of several esteemed works—an obelisk surmounted by an urn; the celebrated Talma—a plain monument without inscription; Madame Blanchard, who perished, July 6, 1819, by her balloon taking fire; Persius and Nicolo, celebrated composers; Volney—a pyramid; Valentin Hatiy, who taught the blind to read by means of characters in wood; Marshal Kellermann; Caulaincourt, Duke de Vicenze—a column of white marble; the Abbé Sicard, director of the deaf and dumb school; Marshal Davoust—a pyramid of granite; Marshal Lefébvre—a magnificent sarcophagus of white marble, with two figures of Fame crowning the bust of the marshal in relief, a serpent, the emblem of immortality, encircling his sword, and the inscriptions, 'Soldat, Marshal Duc de Dantzick, Pair de France; *Fleurus, Avant-Garde, Passage du Rhin, Alterkirken, Dantzick, Montmirail;*' Marshal Masséna, Prince of Essling—a pyramid of white marble; General Foy—a superb monument erected by national subscription, consisting of a massive sepulchral chapel surmounted by a temple, in which is seen a statue of the general in the act of addressing the Chamber of Deputies; the Marchioness de Beauharnais, sister-in-law of the Empress Josephine, and mother of Madame Lavalette; Quintin Craufurd, a Scotch gentleman, celebrated for his love of the arts, sciences, and letters—an antique chapel; Molière—a sarcophagus of stone, supported by four columns, and surmounted by a vase; La Fontaine, the fabulist—a cenotaph crowned by a fox in black marble; the celebrated astronomer Laplace—a tomb of white marble, from which rises an obelisk surmounted by an urn, and the inscriptions, '*Mécanique*

Celeste, Système du Monde, Probabilités;' the Baron Dupin, the celebrated French statistical writer. But it is quite impossible to give anything like a catalogue of the tombs of distinguished individuals in this extraordinary cemetery. I noticed the monuments of many of those sculptors, painters, authors, dramatists, statesmen, and generals, whose names are familiar in this country, which it would require several pages to describe. Along the brow of the rising ground there is a broad cross avenue, from which a most delightful prospect may be obtained of the city, and the richly-wooded hills of St Cloud and Sevres beyond. At this spot, and facing down the central avenue to the gateway, stands a handsomely-built chapel in the Grecian style, with a flight of steps leading to the interior, and surmounted by a white marble cross. Curiosity induced me to look into this edifice, which was open at the time of my visit, and I perceived that it was furnished with an altar, at which a solitary priest was performing some kind of religious ceremony—perhaps a mass for the dead. The audience consisted of three old women, kneeling, as usual, on rush-bottomed chairs.

I do not imagine that any stranger, however austere, can wander through the shady and melancholy groves of Père la Chaise without having the harsher feelings of his nature softened, and his mind improved. There is a charm in these secluded alleys among the tombs—in this city of the dead—which is calculated to refine our hearts —to meliorate our prejudices. Here talent, virtue, and energy of character have their posthumous reward: here repose the ashes of the honoured dead—of all that was bright and glorious: here also does affectionate remembrance find scope for the overflowing of its grief: here may the stranger see—and see with comfort and satisfaction—what is effected to perpetuate the recollection of both great and small. It is pleasing to know that this interesting burial-ground has formed a model for a new class of cemeteries in England, which it is needless to say are an immense improvement on the old and generally overcrowded town churchyards.

REMARKABLE RESCUE FROM A MINE.

On the 2d of May 1818, a number of colliers were working in the Quarrelton coal-mine near Paisley, when a stroke from one of their pickaxes suddenly opened a passage for a vast quantity of water which had been collected in a neighbouring pit, long since disused. A large stream immediately poured into the place where they were working, sweeping everything before it with the violence of a rapid and swollen river. The men fled with precipitation, and, crying aloud, sent the alarm through the pit. Struggling with the growing force of the stream, which threatened to hurry them along with it, and, in the confusion, having most of their lights dashed from their hands, all rushed instinctively towards the bottom of the pit. Out of twenty, thirteen reached the bucket, and were drawn up; one of whom, so narrow was their escape, had been twice thrown down by the violence of the current. Seven of the men were yet in the pit, but the water soon rose above the mouth of the mine, and their communication with it was cut off. For these the most lively concern was immediately felt by their companions; and the progress of the water was anxiously observed. The engine connected with the pump was set in motion; but although the quantity it drew up was immense, yet the water for some time rather increased than diminished. The only way in which they could assist their unfortunate fellow-workmen seemed to fail them; but they consoled themselves with the hope that they might have escaped to a higher part of the pit, an upper tier of rooms, which they knew to be still above the reach of the water.

The knowledge of this fatal accident was by this time rapidly spreading over the country; and as it passed from village to village, and cottage to cottage, excited in every breast a feeling of mingled sympathy and horror. Crowds were soon seen gathering from every quarter towards the

spot, and relating to each other, as they went, the numerous reports which now began to circulate; and, on reaching the pit, they seemed to look with awe on a spot which covered human beings, thus shut out from the world, and apparently cut off from all human aid. The colliers of the village also, as evening advanced, were seen collected in groups, listening to the expression of each other's feelings, and devising plans for rescuing their fellow-workmen from their miserable situation. With the accuracy not uncommon to the labouring class of our countrymen, they considered the size of the rooms in which the men might be supposed to have taken refuge, the quantity of air which these could contain, and the time it might support them, and the probability of their having any food in the pit. It was soon suggested that a little above the surface of the water, which had now ceased to rise, a mine might be driven, so as to reach these higher rooms in a certain time—namely, six or seven days. The execution of this plan, so promising and well conceived, was unfortunately delayed, from not unreasonable apprehensions of danger by the closing in of the mine, and the explosion of the damp air; and there was but too much reason to fear that the unhappy objects of their pursuit would have perished before they could reach the spot. The men, too, were dejected and spiritless at the frightful fate of their companions. The work was not therefore begun till two days had been suffered to elapse, which, in calculating the probability of success, were to be added to the unfavourable side. At this time the workmen at the neighbouring pit of Auchlodmont offered their assistance to the Quarrelton colliers, and the mine was begun. Two men only could work at a time; they were taken from the two sets of colliers alternately, and, without intermission or abatement of exertion, they plied the work night and day. All eagerly looked to the period in which the mine was to be completed. Despair had begun to predominate, when, on the morning of the 12th, the glad tidings were heard that the mine was finished, and that two of the men were alive. These were brothers of the name of Hodgart, who

had fondly clung to each other during the whole of their confinement. To add to the interesting scene of their deliverance, their father went down into the mine just before it was dug through, heard their voice, and was so overpowered that he had to be carried up; happily removed from witnessing the difficulties which were yet to be encountered.

By this time, according to a narrative of the circumstances, prepared by the colliers themselves, the damp or bad air had put out their lights; and as Bowie was advancing forward, the damp seized him before he could get hold of any of them, and he returned back to get breath. Allan immediately stripped off his coat and vest, and went forward, in desperation, but was also obliged to return, and with difficulty escaped with his life, and had to be helped out to the fresh air, when he said he was sorry he had heard them, for he doubted their lives would go yet. Patrick and Bowie then called out to them to come forward, for they could not come to them. By this time Peter Barr came to their assistance, and the two Hodgarts, creeping towards Patrick and Bowie, and Patrick and Bowie rushing forward towards them, succeeded in laying hold of the hand of William Hodgart, and brought him into the mine, while his brother, who was left behind, cried with a lamentable voice for help. Barr, Patrick, and Bowie, rushed again forward, and James Hodgart creeping to meet them, they succeeded in getting hold of him also, and brought him into the mine beside his brother. By this time it was about four o'clock in the morning, and after resting a little, and getting the good air to breathe, Patrick, Bowie, and Barr, asked them how they had supported themselves for meat; when they told that they had got a little oatmeal bread in one of the men's pockets who had escaped, and a little oil they had for light: and being asked if they knew anything about the rest who were enclosed along with them, they said there were none in their company, except Alexander Barr, and they supposed he was dead two days ago. They also said that they heard the engine going all the time,

and heard the men mining for them two or three days before they came to them.

Although every exertion was made to get out the other five, it was impossible to reach them till the water was drawn off. One of the bodies was found on the 28th May, and the others on the 3d and 4th June.

As soon as the brothers were restored to health, all were impatient to know how they had saved themselves from the water—how they had spent their time in the pit—what were their endeavours to escape—what their feelings—and what the conduct of those, who, unlike them, had, alas! found in it a tomb. We have an account of some of these particulars, which we subjoin; it is the more valuable, as it is written by James Hodgart, one of the brothers.

'On the 2d of May 1818, when I was at my work, I was, about eight in the morning, alarmed by the cries of the men, that the waste was broken: I immediately ran to the mouth of the mine; but the water was running with such rapidity, that I found it impossible to reach the bottom of the pit. I then saw the boy Shaw coming down the water. I pulled him out, and I saw my brother, and I helped him out. Then I saw Brydon, and I gripped him, but I lost the grip. Then the other six were all together. Then I saw there was no help for us but to flee to the highest part in the pit. I was in great fear of being suffocated for want of air. I immediately ran to a biggin* that was connected with another pit, but found it had no effect: I built it up again. There we lay for some time, but we don't know how long. Then we thought to try the water again; and the water seemed for some time neither to rise nor fall, so that the run from the crush was still keeping the engine going; but on examining the place, we found the water that stood so near us had been dammed in with sludge, for we heard the water running from us. Then we returned back to the men again, and we wished them to come along with

* A bigging—a partition between one working or pit and another.

us, to try if we could reach the bottom of the pit. So we all came together to the place where the water was running; but the two old men did not cross the water, so the other four crossed it, but were obliged to turn back to the place we had left; and we lay there for a considerable time before we attempted it again, and all that we could get was a drink of cold water, which we carried in an oily can. Then we thought of trying the water again; and so we wished them all to come, but the old men said they were not fit to come, and wished the little boy to stay, and he did so. We came away, Barr, my brother, and myself; and we got through with great difficulty, for the roads that we had to come were almost filled with dirt and water. Then we got to the place where we heard the engine going, which continued night and day, and the sound of the picks in the mine. Soon after we came to the place where we heard the sound of the engine and picks, our clothes being very wet, we became very cold. Then we thought of searching for the men's clothes that had made their escape, which we found; and searching them, we found some pieces of bread, but they were almost spoiled with the water and the dampness of the pit. There we lay for some time, and heard the men working for us; so we went to a man's room and brought a pick, and *chapped* with it, and marked the water with; but they did not hear us. We then turned weak, and could not go (walk), so we lay there till the mine came through.'

This narrative is deficient in what no unlettered man could have been expected to give—a description of the feelings of the survivors during the advance of the mining operations, and at their ultimate deliverance. The first sounds, which told that they were still objects of solicitude to their fellow-creatures, though apparently cut off for ever from all intercourse with them, must have affected them with a variety of strange sensations. How earnestly during the progress of the work must they have calculated the depth of the mass which still divided them from the realms of light and of life! And, finally, even

when almost exhausted by the long continuance of their sufferings and privations, with what a burst of joyful feeling must they have beheld the first gleam of light, and heard the first accents of their deliverers!

ADDRESS TO WEALTH-GATHERERS.

BY AN OLD POET.

[Cowley, 1618-1667.]

WHY dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself, when thou'rt to fly,
O man ordained to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art underground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For Death, alas! is sowing thee.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband* thou wouldst seem;
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! thou needs must meddling be
In business that concerns not thee!
For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Even aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

* A great economist.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards,
The stock which summer's wealth affords;
In grasshoppers, which must in autumn die,
How vain were such an industry!

Of power and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuse our cheated sight,
If it of life the whole small time would stay,
And be our sunshine all the day—

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud,
(Though shining bright, and speaking loud),
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

O scene of fortune, which dost fair appear
Only to men that stand not near!
Proud poverty, that tinsel bravery wears;
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep;
In a weak boat trust not the deep:
Placed beneath envy, above envying rise;
Pity great men, great things despise.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark—
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound,
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

THE FRENCH PRISONERS IN CABRERA.

DURING the war in Spain, the French soldiers who fell into the hands of the Spaniards were treated with the most inhuman barbarity. Their lives were only spared that they might suffer the cruelest inflictions. They were often starved to death for lack of food, received no supplies of clothing, and, in short, were treated worse than if they had been brutes. We have conversed with French officers who spoke of their usage in Spain with horror, though it ought to be allowed that the provocation was certainly chargeable on the aggressions of Napoleon's army. Different works have been published by French writers, giving important details relative to the miseries of the Peninsular campaign; but none that we have seen contains so many interesting, though perhaps exaggerated, particulars as that which appeared under the title of the *Adventures of a French Serjeant.* This personage, Guillemard by name, was taken prisoner in the month of January 1810, and immediately despatched by a vessel to the small island of Cabrera, at that time the Spanish dépôt of French prisoners. Cabrera is situated at the distance of a few miles from the southern extremity of Majorca, in the Mediterranean. The following is Guillemard's account of his reception in this miserable islet:—

'When we approached the coast, we saw the rocks on the shore crowded with people; I could soon distinguish the persons individually, who had their eyes fixed upon us, and seemed to follow our movements with anxious care. I examined them in my turn, without being able to account for the scene before me; at last a sudden impulse, which struck me with astonishment and stupefaction, told me that the men before me were Frenchmen, whose lot I was come to share. Many of them were nearly naked, and as black as mulattoes, with

beards fit for a pioneer, dirty, and out of order; some had pieces of clothing, but they had no shoes—their legs, and part of their bodies, were bare. The number of these new companions of mine I estimated to be about five or six thousand, among whom I at last saw three with pantaloons and uniforms still almost entire; the whole body were mingled together on the rocks and the beach, were shouting with joy, beating their hands, and following us as we moved along.

'The brig came at last quite close to the shore, and was fastened to a rock, and a plank was put out for us to land. About twenty prisoners only were allowed to come on board, while a file of thirty Spaniards were drawn up on the shore, and were ready to fire on any of the rest who should make any sign of coming too near. The provisions were landed on the shore by the prisoners who were allowed to approach; I also landed, and in about an hour after, the brig was under weigh, and was speedily out of sight.'

It does not appear from the serjeant's account that there was any Spanish authorities in the island to watch over the prisoners, or to distribute food amongst them. The French, consisting of a mixture of officers and common soldiers, were left entirely to shift for themselves, and to apportion the provisions as seemed to them best. Treated in this brutal manner, the French were under the necessity of instituting a kind of government to secure order and respect for property. The stated provisions being landed, as above mentioned, an immense semicircle was formed round the spot where they were deposited. 'Ten or twelve persons,' proceeds the narrator, 'were in the centre; one of them had a list in his hand, and called out successively for the different divisions to come forward, and likewise cried out their respective numbers. Three or four men then came forward, received the rations allotted to their mess, and carried them away; the private divisions were then made among themselves. I should not give a just idea of the manner in which the distribution was made, by

saying that the utmost order and regularity prevailed; it was more than order: it was a kind of solemn and religious gravity. I doubt if the important and serious duties of ambassadors and ministers of state have ever in any country been fulfilled with such dignity as was shewn on the countenances and in every movement of the distributers. Bread seemed to be a sacred object, the smallest morsel of which could not be secreted without committing a heinous crime; the smallest pieces which had been broken off in the conveyance were gathered with care and respect, and placed on the heap to which they belonged.'

Guillemard being recognised by an old companion, Ricaud, is taken by him to lodge in his hut, a most miserable place, more like a pigsty than a human dwelling. Here a quarrel takes place betwixt Ricaud and Lambert, one of his companions, which ends in a duel being determined upon. In the morning an inmate is despatched to purchase *arms* for the combat. 'He left us,' says the writer, 'and returned in about a quarter of an hour with a pair of English razors. During his absence, Ricaud had instructed me concerning the manner in which they were going to fight, and the kind of duels that daily took place at Cabrera. Sometimes they fixed the halves of razors at the end of long sticks, and used them as swords; at other times they used knife-blades, razors, and sometimes even awls and sail-makers' needles. We took two sticks about an inch thick, and three feet long, and prepared to fix the razors on them. But as we had not what was necessary for the purpose, we went to the bazaar to buy some articles. This was the market for the prisoners. It was situated at a spot honoured with the name of the Palais-Royal, surrounded by ten or twelve huts, and containing as many stalls, some in the open air, others with a slight covering, with one end fixed to the ground, and the other supported by two poles. Here were sold bread, some salt fish, scraps of cloth, thread, needles, wooden forks, and spoons; the various produce of the industry of the prisoners; peppe-

twine, and other articles in the smallest quantity, for one could buy a single thread, a scrap of cloth no bigger than one's hand, and even a pinch of snuff, three of which cost a sou. I remember a Polish officer who owed nine pinches, and the shopkeeper refused to give him any more credit.'

Having bought two bits of twine, and fixed the weapons to the ends of the two sticks, the party adjourned to a retired spot, and there this strange combat began. The fight was brought to a close by each of the duellists being slightly wounded, one on the nose, and the other on the chin. Blood being drawn, honour was considered to be satisfied; and all returned in a happy humour to breakfast in front of Ricaud's hut.

The serjeant was now desirous to explore the island, and the party accordingly set out for the purpose. The following is his description of it:—

'Cabrera consists principally of a calcareous rock, and is about three miles in length, with an irregular coast, in which are two small bays—one on the north, the other on the south of the island. At the entrance to the bay on the north was an old dilapidated castle, the roof of which had long fallen in, yet some of the lower apartments were habitable; and at this period, one of them was occupied by a Spanish priest, sent by his government to administer the rites of religion to the prisoners. The island has an irregular, hilly surface, and bears a poor vegetation. The mastic-tree, the carob-tree, the myrtle, and the honeysuckle, occupy the clefts in the rocks, and these, along with the pine-trees, which grow wherever there is sufficient depth of soil, are almost the only vegetable substances that shade the earth in this sterile island. There was a pretty handsome pine-wood at the east end of the island, but it was daily disappearing, on account of the demand for wood to build huts with.

'In other circumstances, I should have been delighted in visiting several caves that Ricaud had pointed out to me: one of them contained stalactites of a most singular form; another, called the Honeysuckle Cave, is in a most

picturesque situation. But we could not walk a step without meeting with some of the prisoners, and what I saw of their mode of life, which was about to become my own, inspired me with thoughts directed to very different subjects than the views of Cabrera: I already began to cease replying to Ricaud's conversation, and scarcely listened to his accounts; I walked beside him absorbed in thought, reflecting on the fate of the six thousand Robinson Crusoes before my eyes, thrown upon a desert island without arms or tools of any kind, and having nothing to look to but their inventive industry, and the native energy of Frenchmen. I was informed that the whole colony had but one hatchet, and one saw, made out of an old iron hoop. The hatchet belonged to a sailor, and the saw to a corporal of a regiment of foot. They hired them out at the rate of three-halfpence a day, and a deposit, to those who had occasion for them; and it was by their aid that the greater part of the huts in the island had been constructed. These huts were placed in the middle of the island, in front of the little port, and those of the soldiers of the same corps were grouped together.'

Shortly after the serjeant's arrival, he was told that, in virtue of being an officer, he was entitled to a seat in the council which was appointed by the prisoners to settle their disputes. 'I was soon called,' says he, 'to take my place in it; the sittings were held in the open air, near the Palais-Royal. We were twelve in number, and sat on stones arranged in a circle; an immense crowd waited round us, to hear our decision, and to put our sentence into execution if necessary. We had to try a soldier, who was accused of stealing a piece of bread from his companion. This was the greatest and most unpardonable crime that could be committed at Cabrera: even betraying any one attempting to escape, though it excited more horror, did not usually receive a punishment so cruel; nothing could save a bread-stealer, who, the moment he was condemned, was stoned to death by the surrounding crowd. We heard the accusers and t

accused, the witnesses and his counsel, for he had one, who, according to custom, endeavoured to prove him as pure as snow. Evidence of the crime was given, and the council were preparing to give their votes, the mode we adopted in all our meetings. They seemed to me nowise disposed to indulgence, while I thought it very cruel to cut off an unfortunate being for stealing a piece of bread not weighing two or three ounces. It was in vain that I reflected that everything is relative, and that this theft, so trifling everywhere else, might in our position expose the loser to die of hunger, and therefore deserved an exemplary punishment: I could not bring myself to vote against the culprit. I spoke in favour of the accused, who was very young; I mentioned his good qualities, which his advocate had talked of loud and long; and I concluded by asking, as a personal favour, that the council would incline towards mercy at this the first time that I took part in their proceedings. I was so fortunate as to succeed; the criminal was only condemned to be exposed twenty-four hours on the pillory without food or drink.'

It is greatly to the credit of the French prisoners of war, that wherever they were placed they exercised their ingenuity in artistic pursuits. Even in this desert island they were industrious. The serjeant mentions that all were busy, though it might be with trifles. 'We had,' says he, 'tailors, shoemakers, public criers, artisans in hair, bones, and tortoiseshell, and some who cut out with their knives little figures of animals in wood; and about two hundred men, the wreck of a dragoon regiment, raised in Auvergne, were quartered in a cave, and made spoons of boxwood. The latter had only one pantaloon and one uniform among the whole corps, and these articles seemed ready to leave them very speedily, and were delivered successively to one of their number appointed to receive their provisions.' Where, however, were the customers for the toys and other articles produced by these ingenious labourers? The only trading outlet was afforded by the visits of the provision vessels from the mainland of

Spain, and also the occasional visits of English gun-brigs and boats stationed in this part of the Mediterranean.

A still more remarkable feature in this curious colony, was the abundance of professors of all kinds. Those who could not work by the hand laboured with the head. 'One-half of the prisoners gave lessons to the other half. Nothing was seen on all sides but teachers of music, mathematics, languages, drawing, fencing — above all, dancing and single-stick. In fine weather, all these professors gave their lessons at the Palais-Royal, quite close to each other. It was quite common to see a poor wretch half naked, and who had often not partaken of food for twenty-four hours before, singing a very gay air of a contra-dance, and interrupting it from time to time, for the purpose of saying, with infinite seriousness of demeanour, to his pupil dressed in the remains of a pair of drawers: "That's right; keep time with your partner; wheel round — hold yourselves gracefully." A little farther on, a teacher of single-stick was shewing off his acquirements, and endeavoured to excite the emulation of his pupil by such phrases as: "That will do; I am satisfied with you: if you go on with the same success, in less than a fortnight you may shew yourself in company." A scrap of paper, about as large as one's hand, was placed as a sign, and the most eminent of all our professors had no better.'

This spectacle of industry rouses Guillemard to think of setting up in some kind of business like his neighbours, and forthwith struck upon the idea of establishing a theatre, which he thought must be eminently successful. To be sure he had no house, scenes, dresses, books, or any other trappings of a theatre, but this did not discourage him. He discovered a vast cistern or cavern among the ruins of the old castle, which he pitched upon for his purpose, although the roof was nearly gone. He was lowered into the cistern by means of a cord, and found about a foot of water or mud in the bottom. After incredible exertions, he got the place cleared of its liquid matter and rubbish, and seasoned it with a good

fire of pine-wood. The next thing he did was to elevate a stage, which he formed of sand and stones, and 'procuring some ochre and red lead,' says he, 'I daubed the walls yellow, with a red border; hung all round garlands of leaves, which I also made use of as a screen between the stage and the spectators; and I finished my labours by writing, not indeed on the curtain, for I had none, but on the bottom of the stage, *Castigat ridendo mores.*

'I had long before this fixed upon the play with which my troop was to commence their operation. It was the *Philoctète* of Laharpe. I had formerly played the character, and still remembered it, as well as fragments of a variety of plays. I wrote them out as well as I could, and when I forgot the lines, I filled up the vacancy in prose. Darlier engaged to play the character of Ulysses; Chobar that of Pyrrhus; and a pioneer of the line, with a stentorian voice, and no small portion of sense, assumed the character of Hercules. At length a public crier went through the camp and gave notice that the same evening *Philoctète* would be performed, with the afterpiece of *Marton et Frontin.* I had transcribed this little piece pretty correctly, and performed it along with Chobar.

'About three hundred persons could find room in my cistern, and as I had put the places at two sous, it was completely crowded; the company descended into it by the ladder I had made; and a confidential man was placed on the first step to receive the money, which he put into a little cloth-bag that was tied round his neck. The theatre was lighted up by torches of pine-wood, borne at different distances by the attendants of the theatre, and they lighted fresh ones in proportion as the others were consumed. All the allusions to our situation in the tragedy were noticed, with a tact that would have done honour to the taste of a more brilliant assembly. At the début,

> "Nous voici dans Lemnos, dans cette île sauvage,
> Dont jamais nul mortel n'aborda le rivage,"

we were covered with shouts of applause; and I thought

they would bring down the roof of the cistern when I pronounced this line—

"Ils m'ont fait tous ces maux; que les dieux le leur rendent."

I was obliged to repeat it, and to stop for some time to allow the agitation of the audience to be calmed.'

This establishment of a theatre will be observed to be peculiarly French. The English, in like circumstances, would most likely have occupied themselves in making a boat wherewith to escape from their dismal island prison; or would have resorted to some scheme of social improvement. Yet the French in Cabrera are not to be condemned for having found amusement in theatrical representations; it was well for them that they could be entertained with anything, in a situation so calculated to depress the spirits. The enterprising serjeant goes on to say that, encouraged by success, he attempted fresh plays. 'I laboured,' says he, 'incessantly, and wrote out several plays that I recollected, and we performed them all in their turn. Our funds increased amazingly, as well as our general comforts. We left half of our profits to the general fund, and divided the rest. Ricaud had already procured himself decent clothing. I had already bought a curtain for my theatre; I had obtained ropes, nails, a hammer, and even a hatchet, for which a Spaniard had made me pay a most exorbitant price; all these objects were intended to aid us in our theatrical arrangements, but they could also be of use in our grand project of making our escape, which we had not lost sight of: every evening we carefully locked them up in our hut. I was very desirous also of obtaining some arms, a sabre at least, for each of us; but I tried in vain, and did not press this matter much, for fear of becoming suspected; so that our tragic heroes were forced to be satisfied with wooden sabres.

'The whole colony felt an interest in our dramatic success; for after the second performance, I always allowed twenty of those who had not the means of paying, to receive a free admission; but during the month of September a calamity befell the island, which carried off

a great number of our fellow-prisoners, and suspended for several days work of every kind, lessons, and amusements. The provisions did not arrive on the day they were expected; but this misfortune had occurred so frequently that it did not create much surprise; the next day, at the usual hour, the starving prisoners covered the heights and the shore, expecting every moment to see the long-wished-for vessel. Their anxiety continued increasing, the day passed over, and night came on, while their hopes became fainter and fainter. There was nothing heard but one universal cry of horror and indignation against the Spaniards, who had resolved, said the multitude, to leave us to die of hunger. On the first day of the scarcity, the small store of provisions in the hands of the shopkeepers had been consumed. On the second night, more than a hundred and fifty persons died of madness or inanition. The third day came, and the prisoners crawled again to the shore; our looks were anxiously directed to the sea, but at twelve o'clock nothing had yet been seen.

'The council had assembled, and resolved that a deputation should be sent to the priest, entreating him to find out some means of relieving us.' The good man promised to do what he could, and forthwith proceeded to perform certain religious services in behalf of the famishing prisoners. Further than this, he does not appear to have concerned himself; though what more he could do, unless it were to part with his own small share of provisions, it is not easy to understand. Meanwhile, the agony of hope deferred was extreme. Roaming about in despair, some of the prisoners sought for any trash that might appease their hunger; others sat down in mute despair, and waited for dissolution. The account given by the serjeant of this crisis in the fate of the prisoners, does not impress us favourably with either the philosophy or piety of the French character. The general conduct seems more to have been that of children than of grown and reasoning men. At the same time, it must be allowed that the spectacle was appalling. A solemn council was called

to determine on what was to be done. An Italian non-commissioned officer made a proposal to resort to human flesh for subsistence; but this was rejected with a greater degree of horror than could have been expected in the circumstances. 'Another and more hopeful member of the conclave succeeded in dispelling the idea of the fate that we thought reserved for us. He was persuaded, he said, that the provisions had been delayed by some unexpected accident, that we should assuredly receive them next day, and he proposed to make use of the only resource that remained to support the strength and courage of the prisoners till then, by killing our poor ass. Some may doubt the fact, but even in our cruel position, Martin had some advocates: his services, it was said, were of the greatest utility to the greater part of the prisoners; and, besides, the share that would fall to the lot of every individual would be quite inadequate to enable him to wait till next day. It could not possibly do so. Notwithstanding the soundness of these arguments, they were scarcely listened to, and Martin was almost unanimously condemned to die. Two men were accordingly sent to seek for the poor victim that was to be sacrificed to our common preservation. Martin was found browsing quietly at a short distance, and was led into the midst of the crowd, quite unconscious of his approaching fate, and probably thinking of performing his ordinary service. Ten minutes after he was condemned, he was dead, flayed, cut up, and pieces of his flesh were roasting over the coals, or were employed in making soup for those who had somewhat more patience. Two ounces were distributed to every three men, including the bones and intestines.'

This sacrifice of the unfortunate ass gave but a momentary respite. To aggravate the general distress, on the succeeding night a dreadful storm of wind, rain, and hail swept across the island, and several huts were destroyed. The serjeant's dwelling scarcely stood the blast. 'Notwithstanding the strength of our roof, it was pierced through in several places; torrents descended from the

heights where the cemetery was placed, hollowed out profound ravines in their course, and carried off in one mass of confusion quantities of earth, shrubs, pieces of dead bodies, and dead bodies entire, which they rolled into the very midst of our camp. At sunrise it was found that about three hundred of our fellow-prisoners had sunk under their sufferings, or had been drowned in their huts and the collections of water that had been formed round them. As on the preceding days, we were almost all on the shore by daybreak. This time we at last discovered a sail, and soon recognised it to be the brig; it came to at nine o'clock, and landed us provisions for eight days. The important cause of the famine we had been exposed to was nothing less than a dispute which had arisen about the provision accounts, between two contractors, one of whom wished to have the other's place. Military authority was invoked, and the English general who commanded at Palma was very scrupulous in the performance of his duties, and had determined that the dispute should be settled before any more provisions were sent, quite indifferent to the risk in which some thousands of Frenchmen were in of being starved to death in the interval.'

This interruption in the supplies of the colony was the last it was exposed to during the stay of the serjeant. Privations were forgotten, gaiety prevailed, and the dramatic representations, that had been for a time suspended, were resumed. 'There were amongst us,' says the serjeant, 'about twenty women, French, Italian, and Spanish, who had followed their husbands or lovers after they were made prisoners, and who were almost all sutlers. Some of these modern heroines were young and handsome. With some trouble, I engaged two of them to join our troop, and our performances attracted such crowded audiences, that we were constantly forced to refuse entrance to many, and to remove the ladder when the theatre was full. Meanwhile, I had been more than eight months on the island, and we had not the smallest hope of escape; I began to feel discouraged, though we still persevered in our vigilant watching by night and

day, as heretofore. Each of us had several times presented plans of escape, more or less hazardous, but we had been obliged to give them up as impracticable.'

Guillemard was, however, mistaken in these gloomy prospects. He and his two associates had the good-luck to discover one night a boat on the shore brought by three English sailors: this they adroitly seized, and, after a couple of days' hard toil at sea, they were landed on a part of the coast of Spain, and in a little time fell in with their respective regiments, by which they were joyfully received.

So ends the account of the French prisoners of war in this miserable island, where most of them probably remained till the peace of 1814. In lately going through one of the back streets in Paris, near the foot of the Rue St Honoré, we casually observed an inscription over a door, 'Café de l'Isle de Cabrera;' and it suggested to the mind, that this was probably a house of entertainment kept by one of the surviving companions of the French serjeant.

THE VILLAGE BROOM-MAKERS.

English country villages and towns have their passing subjects for amusement as well as the great city itself. Practical joking—a dangerous weapon of its kind—out-of-door sports, and betting, and the writing of quizzical rhymes on a neighbour, form at all times a pretty good staple of entertainment. He who has the ability to pen a verse—make lines which will jingle—is reckoned at once a poet and a person of no small consequence; one whose acquaintanceship is well worthy of cultivation. Some years ago, while residing for a short period in a village on the borders of the weald in Sussex, we had an opportunity of marking these peculiarities, and of gathering a few particulars regarding a humble family in which one of these great versifiers appeared.

Poor old Matthew Gedge followed the profession of a broom-maker in the weald, and, as we are told, had for years been noted for the excellence of his rude wares; but of this eminence he was much less proud than of another cause of supposed distinction—namely, that of having a son who, as he fondly imagined, exhibited an extraordinary talent for poetry. Nothing could exceed Mat's delight in chuckling over this splendid accomplishment—splendid, for it promised to do great things for the family.

This youth of promise had been christened Tom, because it had been the favourite name in the family for ages, or ever since old Gedge's great-grandfather's brother Tom obtained celebrity as a poet under the following circumstances:—A whale that had been wounded, perhaps in the North Seas, had wandered into the British Channel, and there attracted the attention of several fishermen belonging to the town of Folkstone, in Kent, who were out mackerel-catching in their well-constructed boats. The energies of every man were directed to the capture of the huge monster. They occupied several hours in the endeavour to entangle it in their nets, or to force it on the Kentish shore; but after having in vain employed every means that could be devised, in which their strength was exhausted, they were almost broken-hearted at the sudden disappearance of the whale to the depths below. The bleeding fish, however, still pursued its course along the coast, and neared the shore off Hastings, in Sussex, where it got into shallow water. The fishermen of this town immediately assembled all their strength, and soon vanquished the defenceless enemy. The tackle was well adjusted, and the expiring whale was towed and drawn on the beach by capstans, amid shouts of triumph. This was considered a deed so worthy of commemoration, that a sum was set apart by the captors, as a premium for the best poetical effusion on the subject. Among the number who, on this occasion, invoked the muse, old Gedge's great-grandfather's brother Tom was dubbed the Fisherman's Poet Laureate.

The lines which gained him this distinction were these—

'A mortal great whale comed off our coast, indud!
The Folkstoners cou'dn't catch un, but the Hasteners dud.'

This elevation above his fellows was not to be permitted to slide into oblivion, although, like the gout in some families, it might lie dormant for a generation or two; so the Gedges' ancestral lustre was thought to have been smouldering for a time, and now to burst into extraordinary effulgence in young Tom. Poor old Gedge looked on his son as a superior being in embryo; his good dame, however, who had no poetry in her composition, and was of a more sober way of thinking, discouraged such a hallucination.

'A tell e what,' he would say again and again to his sagacious helpmate, 'a do think our Tom be a mortal clever chap, he ha gotten such a pretty nack o' wroiting poetry.'

'Ay, there it be again,' she would grumble: 'a do wish e wou'dn't talk such nonsense—e be chock full on't te year, a do think. A tell e what, Tom ad better moind his work: there be morts o' heath to bind, an' there be no handles ready.'

'Now, doant e zay that, deam: why there be fourscore ready, a did we moy own hands this vera day.'

'Did e do so? then more sheam to Tom to let e, whoile he be sitten scratchen head, an' lookin' at flies on bacon rack, whoil nauthen do e do we pen but twiddle and twiddle, tell a be just ready to throw all into fire. I tell e what, measter, meaking brooms be mortal deal better than meaking werses, vor nauthen do come on't.'

'Ay, ay, deam! never moind, it be all in good toime. A must zay e knaw no more about poetry than a cat do o' an eclipse. Look at what be wroitten up o' the sign-post at John Charnam's out at Warnham. People stop and read 'em over and over again; sum on um do laugh mortally—zo doan't e zay Tom bean't a poet. A tell e, deam, he ha got the roight sort o' stuff in his head, else how cou'd such mortal pretty words all noisely packed

up in poetry, come trickling out at end o' his pen! Listen deam—

"John Charnam doth live here,
To play at cricket I do not fear;
Bats and balls he also keeps,
And welcome every friend I meets."

And up t'other soid of signpost there be—

"I, John Charnam,
Will do half-annum
With ere a long-legged man in Warnham."

Half-annum, deam, do mean hop, step, an' jump; an' it be all mortal clever, I must zay that.'

'Faugh!' exclaimed the old woman: 'a do knaw that nauthen but broom-meaking wull pay the rent; a do tell e that, measter.' And with this home-thrust the debate was usually terminated.

After several months had passed in such contention, a circumstance occurred that brought the old man an argument most triumphant, and to which his dame, however reluctant, was compelled to yield. A man named Wilkinson had been for some years a barber in the town, although originally bred a shoemaker; so, as shaving fell off, he took up that of cobbling. This change gave offence to Mr Scardifield, the first shoemaker and cobbler in the town; and young Tom Gedge was requested to write a few lines, by which the said Wilkinson might be put into utter insignificance. Tom tried, and received twenty shillings for his production. The poetry not only appeared in manuscript, but Scardifield had it painted on a large board, and placed over his shop window—

'John Scardificld, a man of good renown,
As any in this pretty little town,
Lives here, a cobbler in his stall,
Who will make or mend shoes with any of them all;
And there is one Tim Wilkinson, who knows
That people do not shave who must have shoes;
So leaves off taking any by the nose,
To place bad leather on the people's toes.
But, ladies and gentlemen, I'll let you into the light,
What he puts together in the morn, comes to pieces long before night.'

Such a wonderfully clever effusion produced the desired

effect, and the jibes became so grating to Tim Wilkinson, that he applied to young Tom Gedge to write a counteracting poetical showboard forthwith. Tom hummed and hawed so long, that Wilkinson endeavoured to win over old Gedge, that his influence with the poetical youth might produce a few lines that should annihilate Scardifield outright. This was rather an embarrassing affair to the old man, who perceived the inconsistency; but he submitted it to his dame, who at once replied: 'That's what cums o' wroiting poetry, but what meak such a woundy clatter for? A tell e what: a think if Tom do set up a poetry-shop, a moight as well serve one as t'other we his articles, just as 'twere we brooms.' This was a clenching argument; still there was a more powerful reason in favour of Tom's undertaking the business. Tim offered forty shillings, and therefore it is not surprising that he at once agreed to Wilkinson's proposal. In the course of the succeeding night, he hammered out the following inimitable lines—

'Here lives a shoemaker who people shaved,
Tim Wilkinson his name. Most well behaved;
He tells John Scardifield, to poze his empty noddle,
That henceforth thinking people will refuse
To wear his ill-made boots and worthless shoes,
That pinch their toes, or make them limp and woddle,
And sets one's teeth on edge to see them try to toddle.'

Two pounds were paid for them by Wilkinson, and many printed copies were handed about the town; but it never appeared on a board to compete with its rival over Scardifield's window. Tom's mother's opinion was found to be correct. She prophesied that no more fools would be found to commission such stuff; that poetry, even if it were much better, would never pay the rent, or make the pot boil. And these two points, with all respect to literature, she, like a good housewife, strongly insisted on. Old Gedge could not well rebut the pithy sayings of his dame, and he at length softened into silence, although, till the day of his death, he believed his son to be a prodigy of poetical genius. Tom, having received a few quiet hints regarding the folly of his aspirations, took his

mother's advice, and settled down as a broom-maker, in which occupation he sustained the glory of the family, and is now at the head of one of the most thriving families in the weald of Sussex.

THE PLAGUE-SHIP.

SOME years ago, Carl Andersen, the mate of the *Mayflower*, and the original narrator of the following occurrences, was associated, by necessitous circumstances, with the mob of ragged and sunburnt adventurers who infest the quays and landing-places of Campeachy, and gather their miserable livelihood by assisting in the shipment of sugar and indigo cargoes, or any other office of drudgery. These loungers are common to all the seaports of the West Indies, but in particular to those of Havanna and Campeachy. In the latter place they are very numerous, and are mostly to be met with on the moles and quays near the harbour, sauntering idly up and down, or squatted in the dirt, playing at cards, exhibiting the most offensive picture of filth and indolence the traveller can meet with either in Europe or America. The *chinganahs*, or houses for the sale of coffee, in Campeachy are, particularly during the heat of the day, infested with these vagabonds, though their beverage is rarely confined to that refreshing liquid. They meet in those places in such numbers that the smoke of their cigars may be seen issuing in a continued stream through the *jalousies* and other apertures of the house, as if from a confined fire; while the ringing of flagons, the loud discord of voices, strike the ear with a clamour which on a near approach is absolutely deafening. There are many circumstances which combine to render the chinganah a scene of merriment: all sorts of itinerant musicians, jugglers, and mountebanks are there permitted to pursue their vocations; and it is not unfrequent to find a com-

pany of dancers and a trained monkey performing antics to the same guitar; sometimes also Carib children, who are particularly dexterous in the use of the bush-knife, exhibit a sort of gladiator game, which consists in throwing these weapons at each other, and catching them in the air before they have time to do injury. I have witnessed those feats at different times, and it is singular that they were never attended with any bad consequences. It is no wonder, therefore, that the chinganahs should be the favourite resort of the rabble I have alluded to, when they afford such ample and constant means of beguiling the time which hangs so heavy on their hands.

It so happened that a group of those worthies was stationed one evening under a *bungaloe* or small shed, erected for the shelter of goods, upon one of the quays. The sun had descended into an abyss of huge clouds that gathered over him like conquerors, darkening his glorious path with deep and stormy shadows, and reflecting his farewell smile upon the world with a lurid and brassy glare. Those banners of the tempest were not long of imparting their gloomy colours to every object beneath them; and the white-walled houses of Campeachy, which a little while before had blushed beneath the declining ray, now shrunk into obscurity, and specked the gathered darkness like tombs of Italian marble peering through the gloom of a cemetery. Andersen and his companions had been waiting for the arrival of a vessel, whose approach had been announced by the island telegraph two days before, but which had been kept beating about in the offing by head-winds ever since. This day, however, had been remarkably calm and sultry; and the loiterers, who had expected to profit by her arrival, after lingering till expectation became vain, had disappeared one after another, so that the solitary group I have mentioned was all that remained to face the squall that seemed bearing overland. Before it set in they were hailed from the water by a negro pilot named Mingo, who was bringing up his canoe with an appearance

of anxiety and fatigue. Andersen returned his halloo: 'What cheer, Mingo!'

'A plague-ship! a plague-ship!' was his immediate reply, as with two or three heavy strokes he ran his craft up to the landing.

His narration was received with mingled curiosity and indifference. Andersen contemned the idea of danger, and most of his companions had never heard of the contagion but as a sort of yellow-fever to which they were familiar. It was, therefore, a matter of speculation and interest to them, but not of alarm. The pilot informed them that the strange vessel was a brig from Cadiz, which he had gone out to meet in the morning. She was now brought to anchor on the lee-side of a small quay covered with mangroves, and had suffered much from stress of weather; the island, however, presented a sort of shelter for the meantime, and she was likely to ride out the gale in safety. He had been surprised, on coming within hail of the vessel, to perceive no person upon deck, and was at a loss whether to make the customary signals or to run his craft round to leeward at once. He did not remain long in uncertainty—his first halloo had the effect of calling up a single figure from the fore-hatch, who invited his approach with hurried and frequent gestures, and he ran his *doree* alongside. The sailor leaned over the gangway, and as Mingo raised his eyes towards him, he was struck with the appearance of ghastly and death-like languor which he presented. He spoke in Spanish, with a low, exhausted voice, and informed the terrified pilot that the vessel contained the plague; that it had first broken out in the Gulf of Florida, when the hatches were opened to stop a leak; and that it had been brought from Barcelona with some bales of cloth which had been shipped at Cadiz for Vera Cruz. 'We are all dying!' said the poor wretch, wringing his hands—'we are all dying!' Mingo set his feet in the chains, and sprang up to look over the sideway: two men were lying dead upon their faces in the lee-scuppers; and a third was reclining against the caboose, with his head thrown back, his

teeth set, his eyes strained, and his hands clenched, as if he had expired in despair. One look of those dismal objects was sufficient for the little pilot, who leaped back into his canoe instantly, and put off from the vessel, regardless of the melancholy cry that adjured his stay only to convey a message to the shore; and it was not until he had almost exhausted himself in rowing that he ventured to rest his paddle and pause for respiration. The vessel was still within hail, and Mingo could perceive the same solitary individual pacing the deck, and tossing his arms distractedly above his head. After several turns in this manner he appeared to stop opposite the caboose, as if he was contemplating, with a sort of desperate firmness, the object from which the pilot had retreated. Mingo then observed him stoop, as if to raise the dead body from its recumbent position, and having lifted it with great apparent effort to the taffrail, let it drop overboard. The white spray leaped up against the ship's side for a moment as it fell, and the sailor leaned faintly over the bulwarks, either overcome by the exertion or watching the eddies which the sinking carcass left upon the surface of the water. Mingo's heart sickened within him, and feeling a kind of insecurity while he shared the same element with the infected vessel, he made for the land with the utmost eagerness. Andersen and his associates were the first who received his intelligence. I recollect well the manner in which Andersen related this part of the story, and it will be told better in his own words.

'What was the plague to us,' said he, 'who were compelled to risk our lives for almost every mouthful we swallowed—*to us* who had spent merry privateering lives through all the long French war—*to us* who had tracked the Guineamen to their bushlair, and waded up to the very ankles in blood before we left it? Had we not, besides, seen the eyes running out of their heads with the horrid disease which is peculiar to slave-traders?—what was the plague to us?—not the whiff of a cigarita! "Come, my lads," cried I, "we will count the *pesos* of the

Spanish skipper—we will see whether the sea-water will not wash the plague from his Barcelona cravats." They would have followed me to Davy Jones, who was just beginning to sound his whistle overhead; but the scud was fair for the ship, and we had all seen the weather-side of Davy's face before now; so we unfastened Mingo's doree, as soon as the cowardly lubber, who was lipful of the story, had gone up with the news to the commandant's house, and put off for the plague-ship. It was now as dark as the grave, but we kept her close before the wind, which was almost due south; and we knew that in that case we were standing fair for the Mangrove Key. It was then, skipper, while Mingo's cockboat was mounting like one of Mother Carey's birds over the black waves that were rising like leviathans around us —it was then I remembered the osier sledges that used to carry me, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, over the icy tracks of my own country, and my whole heart leaped up to my throat with a feeling of wild and measureless exultation. As the surges tossed our slight craft in the air, I recollected all those happy feelings; and wringing the spray from my hair, I called to mind one of my old Norse ditties, and piped it loudly and willingly to the gale that was passing over us. Ha, ha!—I did not think I had so much of the young slip left in me; but I neither feared the devil nor the deep sea.'

There are very few better sea-boats than the *creears* of the West Indian pilots, and few who are more expert in managing them than the *stivēe doers*, as they are called, of Campeachy. The reckless adventurers reached their destination in safety. The Mangrove Keys were an archipelago in miniature, and formed a kind of semi-circle, in the centre of which, sufficiently screened from the weather, the 'pesthouse of the waters' floated in perfect security. There was a dim light twinkling in the binnacle, that discovered to Andersen and his companions the same solitary wretch mentioned by the pilot, still reclining on the taffrail, with his arms folded drowsily beneath his head, as if he had been yet watching

the body he had consigned to the waters. He did not appear to distinguish the canoe, though the desperadoes that manned her ran her close up to the ship's side, and shouted lustily for a rope's-end; neither was there the slightest attention paid to the demand, though it was urged with a volley of Spanish execrations which could not fail at least to be understood. A wave hove the slight craft near to the gangway, and one of the crew laying hold of the chains, the canoe yawed close, and the whole company leaped easily on board. Andersen, as self-appointed leader of the enterprise, was the first who approached the 'watch on deck,' and he shouldered his long paddle with an air of menace as he did so, which was meant to impress the sufferer with the conviction that in this case 'might would constitute right.' The watchman did not move, however, and a suspicion, which a moment's scrutiny confirmed, occurred to Andersen, and overcame his determined indifference with a feeling of involuntary dread. The Spaniard was a corpse; and at the very time when Andersen became aware of the fact, the vessel gave a sudden lurch, and the body fell back upon the quarterdeck. Andersen retreated in disgust, and the creoles lifted the body and threw it overboard. They then advanced to the companion; and looking down, Andersen perceived that the cabin, which the creoles were in some hesitation to enter, was lighted by a small lantern suspended from a bulk-head. 'Pray for me, my hearties,' cried the Norwegian, 'for I'll bide this risk by myself,' and he descended the trap-stair at two steps.

O what a scene of utter misery and desolation did that dark and confined apartment present to him! and how welcome was the first breath of the cold and pure atmosphere that he inhaled as he retreated at first with an impulse of horror from its infected precincts! It was the very charnel-house of the plague, and the crew of the vessel were mingled there without distinction; some dead, and some whose feeble moanings were the last exertions of exhausted nature. Its victims in the first stages of the disease had forsaken the forecastle, the

close, contaminated air of which was imbued with destruction, and had gathered in the cabin, whose lattices gave a free current to the breeze, and made it therefore the most eligible situation for the sufferers. The first object that arrested Andersen's attention as he entered was the countenance of a negro, probably the steward of the vessel, which was still distorted by the convulsions in which he had expired. He was reclining upon a locker immediately opposite the light, which fell upon his sable visage with an imposing and frightful effect. Turning from this object, the regards of the Norwegian were attracted to an obscure corner of the cabin, where, stretched on a low mattress, in an attitude of exhaustion and despair, lay the figure of a young female. A profusion of dark hair lay dishevelled on her pillow, and formed a strong contrast to the ashy paleness of her features; and her heavy, voluptuous eyelids, deeply marked by long black fringes, appeared closed in a stupor, from which she was never to awake. One white arm was folded listlessly over her bosom, as if to watch the expiring struggles of nature, and the other sustained a rosary of very large amber-beads, that reflected the light of the cabin-lantern with a warm and steady lustre. The sight of this valuable object restored the Norwegian to a sense of his interest, and at once swallowed up every feeling that interfered with it. It was, he considered, now perfectly useless to its possessor; and he approached to claim it before the creoles, who had apparently mustered courage from his example, had descended the trap-stair. He plucked it hastily from the relaxed fingers of the dying girl, who opened her dim eyes for an instant, with a feeble exclamation in Spanish, and, immediately closing them again, breathed out her spirit with a heavy and convulsive sigh. It was the action of a moment, and before any of his associates had entered the cabin, he had secreted his prize under his Guernsey-frock; and if any human eye in that dismal place was aware of the theft, death had sealed it up ere it could betray it.

To dwell upon the proceedings of those desperadoes during that long stormy night, and the feeble and unavailing resistance that was offered to them by a few dying wretches, who lay in an adjoining berth, would compel me to enter upon a detail of cruelties of which Andersen had long and sincerely repented before he related the adventure, and which for his sake I would now willingly forget. The sentinels and night-watchers of Campeachy and its neighbourhood were astonished by an apparition, which borrowed a deeper character of terror from that wild and squally night, and was not soon forgotten by those that witnessed it. The midnight-gun had discharged its wonted signal; and though the gale was somewhat abated, the sky was loaded with black and dreary clouds, which still sent out arrows of fire, as if the angels of the tempest were unwilling to forego their warfare. But though less vivid than those 'electric wanderers,' there suddenly arose through the blackness that pervaded the offing a long fiery train, which appeared to be carried away by the wind as it ascended, as if some 'mysterious monster of the deep' were flying up to heaven, and had tinged with a red lurid glare the low-hung clouds that were drifting over it. This phenomenon lasted for at least an hour. At the end of that time it passed away with an explosion like the discharge of a cannon, which came booming over the disturbed waters with a lulled and heavy sound. The plague-ship was swallowed up in that dreadful conflagration, the dying and the dead were mingled in one funeral-pile, and those who had set forth on that evening on their errand of plunder, had concluded it with an act of desperate and merciless wickedness.

'We stood up in our creear, skipper,' said Andersen, 'when we had rowed to a safe distance, and watched the progress of the flames, which were already bursting through the hatchways enveloped in sheets of smoke, and were reflected from the wet sails that flapped above them. There was one devoted sinner, strong in his agony, who staggered about the deck like an antic fiend exulting in

his own element. I think I still hear the shrill, searching cries of that doomed wretch—that rose above the gale in tones that were almost heartbreaking—but I dared not listen to them. Sometimes the fiery smoke whirled round him, as if impatient for its prey, and for a moment stifled the accents of his despair, but the next they rose louder and louder, and ran through my head like a knife. Wo for me, skipper, if my penitence has been rejected in heaven, for I shall hear those screams of agony again when the anchor of fate is fixed for ever.'*

THE OLD AND YOUNG EXILE.

PLACED on the spot where the several roads meet leading to the south and north of Siberia, the town of Caterinburg may be justly termed the key of these wild and desolate regions. Although from the moment you have passed the Oural Mountains you are in Asia, you still perceive some traces of Europe, but they are the last. Beyond, all appearance of civilisation vanishes, and, turn which way you will, on leaving Caterinburg you find Siberia in all its originality.

It is in this town, placed at the entrance of the Siberian territory, that the events we are about to narrate will begin. It was the middle of September, in the year 1766. The sun was shining in all that deceitful splendour which in northern climes betokens the approach of

* The above impressive story, the production of an old acquaintance, was first published a number of years ago in the 'Edinburgh Observer' newspaper, to which it was contributed, among other excellent articles in prose and verse, by Mr Andrew Belfrage Picken, a person of no ordinary talent, but who, we regret to think, ultimately saw fit to cast his lot on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr Picken, whom we knew from boyhood to more advanced life, was a leading individual in the expedition to Poyais, and it was while returning from that unfortunate enterprise that he picked up the impressions odied in 'The Plague-Ship.'

winter: its last rays illuminated the windows of the large stone-houses built by the merchants and directors of mines, darting long and beautiful purple beams on the mossy roofs of the small wooden-houses occupied by the workmen.

A numerous population, clothed not only in the national garb, but the various costumes of Germany, Greece, and Armenia, were pacing along the wooden footpaths which bordered the long, unpaved streets, when at once a loud noise and tumult was heard in one of these. All stopped; and the cry 'The exiles—the exiles!' drew nearer and nearer.

The merchants on hearing this clamour came out of their houses, the windows became filled with women and children, and all eyes were directed to the same quarter. At the same instant, at the end of the street appeared a number of men chained two and two, led by Cossacks. They were the unfortunate exiles sent by the Russian government to work in the mines, or to people the wilds and deserts of Siberia.

Among these were some justly punished for the crimes committed to the prejudice of their fellow-creatures and society; others were political offenders—instigators of plots, or the victims of persecution—but the greatest number was composed of *brodiaghi*, or vagabonds, to whom, spite of themselves, the government provided a home. These last were easily recognised by their tattered garments and unconcerned appearance, as well as by the brutal and depraved expression of their features.

This troop, consisting of about 200 exiles—about half of the usual contingent of each month—stopped before the house of one of the military commanders, where the officer who had charge of the prisoners entered to receive his orders. Several women who had mingled with the crowd hastily returned home, but soon reappeared, bringing a provision of dried fish, mutton, and brandy, which they first presented to the Cossacks, then to the exiles.

This distribution of assistance necessarily broke the order they had kept before: some formed in groups, others sat down on the footpaths, unheeded by their keepers. One of them had remained standing in the same place where they halted, his head bent down, and arms folded on his breast. He was a young man of about thirty, well made, with an open and determined countenance. His dress was that of a Russian slave, but the whiteness of his hands denoted that he had never been employed in hard work. His noble air, supple and graceful movements, clearly proved him to belong to an elevated station. His reverie was disturbed by the voice of the old man with whom he was linked, and who, no doubt more fatigued, was seated at his feet beside a spaniel, which seemed to be his companion.

'This, then, is Caterinburg, Mr Nicholas Rosow!' said he in Russian, but with an accent which bespoke French origin.

'It is so,' replied the young man. 'We are arrived at our destination, or at least nearly so.'

'And 'tis well,' observed the Frenchman. 'I have had enough of your pine-woods and roads made with trunks of trees; and am as glad of a rest as my poor dog Vulcan.'

'Now that we have got to our destination,' said the young man Nicholas, 'may I ask why you are sent hither?'

''Tis all a mistake,' said the poor old Frenchman, M. Godureau. 'I came to Russia to pursue my profession of a writing-master. I committed a mistake in caligraphy; and for that I am a ruined man. But a petition will put all right. Here, I have one ready written in my pocket; and hope to get some good Christian to deliver it.'

A merchant, who was a resident in the place, now approached and tendered any assistance in his power; but on hearing that the old man was not a criminal, but a political offender, he immediately, with a look of horror and amazement, turned his back and ran away. Godureau remained petrified with his petition in hand. He

was not aware that to political offenders there can be no hope, and that there is danger in their acquaintanceship.

At this instant the officers made their appearance; the exiles were ordered to form their ranks, and were conducted to the quarters they were to occupy during their residence at Caterinburg.

The next morning the exiled were informed of their several destinations. Many were sent to the Oural mines, and others to the steppes as colonists. Nicholas and his companion set out for Berezov, where they were to be informed of their future fate. They were scarcely arrived when they were visited by Michael Kitzoff, receiver of the taxes, who was regarded as the adviser and associate of the government.

Kitzoff was a short, stout man, of a sallow complexion, squint-eyed, straight-hanging hair: his every sentence was interrupted by a sarcastic laugh; his shabby and threadbare dress revealing at once his unbounded avarice. He immediately set to work by questioning the two exiles with the deepest cunning. But Rosow, who from the very first had felt towards him an insurmountable repugnance, answered all his questions laconically. At last the receiver asked him which was the quarter assigned to him and his companion.

'We wait for orders,' answered Rosow.

'Indeed!' said Michael. 'You may then be sent east—among the Tungouses, perhaps—a country where neither corn nor vegetables grow, with no other liquor than mushroom brandy, and where earth is used instead of butter! Eh! eh! eh!'

The receiver's wicked and malicious laugh forced an impatient gesture from Nicholas, but he immediately recollected himself. 'A man may exist everywhere when others do the same,' he dryly answered.

'Just so,' replied Kitzoff, laughing still. 'And since you are so stout-hearted, boy, you may be sent still farther north—among the Samoyedes. They will teach thee to go on all-fours, to imitate the movements of the white bears in order to decoy them.'

'Decoy white bears!' exclaimed poor Godureau terrified; 'and to what purpose, sir?'

'In order to kill and feed on them, my dear sir—eh! eh! eh! The white bear is the Samoyede game. Their sole food is bear, raw salmon, and lichens—with some little of fish-oil, to assist, in digesting the whole.' The writing-master uttered a cry of horror. 'Besides which,' continued Kitzoff, 'you would not be so badly off either: wherever the colonists are they may work when they please. But you may be sent to the mines of Bolchoï-zavod, where in six months the work of twelve must be accomplished—eh! eh! eh! The strongest man cannot stand it for more than three years.'

'But our death is then resolved upon!' exclaimed Godureau, struck as he was by the receiver's extraordinary account with stupid consternation. ''Tis an abuse, sir—a monstrous abuse! We are not condemned to die either in the depths of the mines or surrounded by white bears! We surely cannot be sent to any of the places you have named, sir? Vulcan as well as myself have not strength sufficient to bear such trials. I am fifty-five. Cannot a petition be presented: will no one exert himself in our behalf?'

'I might speak to the governor,' said Kitzoff with a significant look. And he forthwith let them know that a bribe of twelve rubles would be acceptable. The proposition was treated with scorn. Kitzoff departed with threats. These were soon accomplished. Rosow and Godureau were sent off the next day to the northern regions as free colonists.

Before their departure each was obliged to relinquish his usual garb, to be replaced by that of the Ostiaks. The first thing put on was a pair of leathern knee-breeches, and attached to these by a strap a pair of spatterdashes; boots made with reindeer-paws sewed in strips; then a *malitza*, or shirt, with the skin of the same animal, the fur being turned inwards, and a glove sewed to each sleeve. Over this the *parka*, or fur frock, and above this again a cloak called *gous*, the hood of which was ornamented

by deers' ears, and edged by a trimming of shaggy dog-skin. The dress was completed by a belt studded with buttons, to which hung a knife with a wooden handle, enclosed in a leathern sheath. Thus equipped, the two exiles resembled bears so perfectly that Vulcan retreated from them, barking loudly.

Each was presented with a bow six feet long—composed one-half of birch, the other of pine-wood—and a quiver full of arrows—some with tin-points; the others, for catching zibellinas and squirrels, having no darts.

After the most affectionate farewell, which Rosow endeavoured to render as cheerful as he could, each of them took separately the road to the quarter assigned him.

From what we have already related, the reader must be sensible of the energy as well as amiability of Nicholas Rosow's disposition; insomuch that, instead of allowing himself to be cast down in this sad and forlorn situation, he nobly endeavoured, on the contrary, to make the best of it.

On arriving at his destination, some tools were presented him, and the right of felling pines in the nearest forest was also accorded in order to build himself a cabin. He then obtained a few seeds, some reindeer, as well as sheep. To these articles was the emperor's generosity and indulgence confined; but it proved enough for Nicholas: his ability and perseverance supplied the rest.

He began by driving away the bears, foxes, squirrels, and elks; the skins of which he sold to the merchants of Berezov. Then having learned how to manufacture lines and nets with nettle-fibres, he employed himself in catching salmon along the river. But the most lucrative of all his occupations was the capture of swans on the banks of the Oby. Towards the end of autumn he placed large nets perpendicularly in the glades of the wood, bordering on the river; then taking advantage of a thick fog, he got into a boat and drove before him the flights of swans, which in darting off to seek for shelter in t' wood met the nets, and remained caught in the sl'

meshes. Rosow also carefully collected in the woods black-currants, the northern raspberry, and aromatic berries, with which naliki is made. The most of these commodities he took to Berezov when going there to pay his tax to the receiver, Michael Kitzoff.

The latter, not having forgotten the contemptuous manner in which the young man had rejected his proposition, vainly tried to annoy him; but Nicholas set at nought his malice, by a strict obedience to the laws, and the most scrupulous attention to fulfil all the conditions imposed on the colonists. At last the receiver seemed to have set aside his former malice, save a few jeers when he happened to meet the young man. One morning the latter quitted his hut with several valuable furs, intending to sell them to Daniel Oldork, and took the road to Berezov, which he had not travelled for a long time.

It was the end of September. The birch-leaves, driven by a furious north-east gale, were whirled in every direction over the country; flocks of wild geese were migrating towards the south; all meetings in the open air had ceased, and were replaced by in-door wakes: everything announced the approach of winter. Indeed such is the sudden change in Siberia, that a few hours only suffice to change the whole face of nature; from the most beautiful autumnal days you are at once precipitated into severest frost. To-day the barley is cut, and in two more probably the whole country lies buried in deep snow. Rosow followed the road, which he was enabled to keep by stakes of pine-branches fixed here and there as marks. He frequently passed villages, in the centre of which were fixed masts decorated with placards, upon which might still be deciphered some vestiges of ukases, or imperial ordinances; then birch-woods interspersed with small huts, half underground; or iourtas which were entered by a pine staircase. Frequently on passing these one of the little windows, formed of the bladder of the eelpout, would open gently, and a woman would peep through with an inquiring look; but oftener none but men were to be seen, gathering the spongy excrescences off the birch-

trees to mix with their tobacco; the dogs, too, would get up to look at the traveller.

On approaching Berezov he observed the preparations in which all were busied. At each door were carts, full of corn and vegetables, drawn by reindeer, which were anxiously waiting the moment of return to their pasturage of lichens. The streets were filled with Russian peasants, bringing in loads of fermented cabbage; Samoyedes and Ostiaks with fish and carcasses of reindeer for the gentry, who preserve them all winter without further preparation in their ice-houses; and, last of all, the colonists from the banks of the Oby with their wild-duck eggs and salted swans.

After having passed through many streets, Nicholas at last reached Daniel Oldork's dwelling. This was lofty and spacious, strongly built, though of wood. At the side were lower buildings, some containing baths, others being large storehouses: at the back was a long row of wooden huts, joined to the principal mansion, so as to form a vast court. These in winter were opened by the merchant, to shelter the destitute poor, who, in return for the shelter and food he gave them, owed him their time and labour.

Daniel Oldork's house, like all those of the rich Siberian merchants, was divided into several apartments, each having its fixed, invariable purpose. Nicholas first entered Daniel's own room, in which was placed the *abras;* that is, the spot consecrated to contain the saints' images, surrounded by tapers of artificial flowers. In this room persons of distinction were received. He then passed the door of that in which European wines and other most valuable commodities were deposited; then traversing those where reindeer-skins and more common articles were placed, he next reached the large one, in which Daniel was seated—a spacious apartment filled with articles of every kind, from which it might be justly denominated a cabinet of curiosities: among them skins of wild beasts, to be sent to Russia, piled up with shirts made of nettle-fibres, and blouses of fish-bladders; fruits also confusedly mixed with bags of castor; bales

tea with mammoth's teeth; tobacco with brass kettles; rusty sabres and strings of buttons. And with all these were mixed women's dresses and kitchen-utensils of every kind, dispersed here, there, and everywhere.

In the midst of this confused mass Rosow advanced towards the table at which Daniel Oldork was seated, and shewed him a small box of zibellina furs. The merchant was taking a skin to examine it, when Michael Kitzoff entered on some private business. While Nicholas waited to have his business attended to, a loud noise was heard at the door, in which the receiver's name was frequently uttered. Michael Kitzoff got up to meet those who sought him. They were Cossacks of the garrison, leading in a colonist they had been ordered to arrest; and who was walking between his guards, accompanied by a dog, which Nicholas at once recognised to be Vulcan.

At the young man's exclamation of surprise, the writing-master—for it was he—turned round with astonishment. 'My friend Rosow!'

'Father Godureau!'

These two names were uttered at the same moment. The young Russian advanced towards his old acquaintance with his arms extended, while the latter, still preserving his French custom notwithstanding his change of dress, was putting up his hand to the hood of his gous, placing his feet in the third position, to salute as usual. Rosow embraced him. 'You here! Father Godureau?' he cried.

'And I very little expected to meet you,' said the old man quite overjoyed; 'and I am not come voluntarily, as you can perceive,' turning towards the Cossacks with a look of intelligence. In short, it appeared that the aged Frenchman had been seized as a rebel in consequence of failing to produce a certain assigned quantity of furs.

'There is no alternative,' said the receiver; 'the stipulated dues or the prison.'

The old man tried to remonstrate; but Kitzoff made sign to the guards, and they were going to lead

him away, when Rosow came forward. 'Take the emperor's dues,' said he, presenting the box containing the two zibellina-skins to the receiver; 'and set this old man at liberty.'

Kitzoff regarded Nicholas with astonishment. 'What! you pay for him?' he exclaimed.

'Do you find any reason against it!'

'None, none,' quickly replied the receiver, who having already reported Godureau on the list of colonists unable to pay the iasak, intended to profit by this last arrangement.

The aged writing-master at first made some objections to his old companion's generosity, but Rosow stopped him short by observing that they should settle the matter hereafter.

'Alas! the reckoning is all made,' said Godureau quite overcome. 'I shall not be a more profitable debtor to you than the emperor. I have vainly endeavoured, since I inhabited this country, to acquire its habits. I am sixty-six. All my attempts have been fruitless. My iourta, badly built, has not been habitable these six months; the corn I sowed failed, the reindeer given me were devoured by the wolves. I then tried to have recourse to fishing and hunting; but I could not perceive the elks ten paces from me, and the fish ever escaped from my net. Finding that, from my inability and inexperience, all my attempts proved unsuccessful, I abandoned everything.'

'And how then have you existed?' asked Rosow.

'On wild-fruits, milk from the two deer I still had, and wild-ducks' eggs.'

Rosow looked on the old man with compassion; and he perceived that unless he took charge of him he must perish. 'My mind is made up,' said the young exile; 'you go with me. I shall hunt for both. Come—let us be off.' Godureau could answer only with a tear. He looked his thanks, while his tongue denied its office.

Rosow's iourta was sufficiently capacious to accommodate with ease another inmate. The young man marked

out a spot for Vulcan near the fireplace, established the writing-master in the most comfortable apartment, and begged him to take rest. But Godureau declared that he would take his share in the ordinary occupations, and decided that all interior arrangements should be his care, while Nicholas pursued his of fishing and hunting. Rosow was much pleased at the comfort and regularity which resulted from this plan, and the merit of which he kindly ascribed to his associate.

But these endeavours of the latter to contribute to Rosow's comfort were the least part of the solicitude which pervaded him: he hoped and sincerely desired at some future period to have it in his power to give him a much stronger proof of attachment and gratitude. Sensible of the deep melancholy which frequently, notwithstanding the courage and patience of the young man, filled his soul, and concluding this was caused by the remembrance of his cherished country, and absent, beloved friends, he was for ever thinking of the means which might be employed in endeavouring to repair the injustice under which he suffered.

Notwithstanding all he had been told, and various proofs he had seen, he could not give up the hope of forwarding a petition to St Petersburg. Without saying a word to Nicholas of the matter, he prepared a detailed statement in his favour, begun it twenty times over in order to make it out in a clearer and more impressive style, and employing all the skill he possessed as a penman. When completed, he locked it up carefully in a leathern purse which he always carried about him, waiting a favourable opportunity of transmitting it to the empress.

In the meantime winter had made its appearance, and the ground was covered with snow. Nicholas, who frequently walked to the neighbouring villages, returned one day with an order addressed to Godureau, which had been given by one of the governor's Cossacks. The writing-master was summoned to Berezov, to account for his change of abode, for which he had neglected to obtain permission.

He was at first much alarmed by this order; but Nicholas assured him that by means of some skins all might be satisfactorily settled with the commandant Lerfosbourg; and it was decided that on the following day they should set out together. Early the next morning they equipped themselves in their winter travelling-habiliments—consisting, first, of a pair of snow-shoes, formed of two planks, each six feet in length by six inches wide, inclining slightly towards the ground, and pointed at the extremities; then, in their shoulder-belts, a hatchet, to open a path in the woods or break the ice; a lopatkas to sweep away the snow; and a bag made of sturgeon-skin, filled with dried fish. They were also armed with an iron-pointed club-stick, encircled six inches from the ground by a kind of wooden wheel, to prevent its sinking in the snow. Thus provided, they departed, followed by Vulcan, head downwards, in gloomy mood.

They had not proceeded far when the snow began falling in large flakes. The air was calm, but piercing; the *babacks*, or Siberian marmots, were running into the fissures of the rocks whistling; and as the travellers passed the Ostiaks' iourtas, the dogs sat in sullen silence.

Rosow became anxious at all these indications of an approaching storm. 'We should have been wiser to put off this journey,' said he, on observing the lowering sky. 'I fear the *pourga*, or snow-storm.'

'We may perhaps be able to reach Berezov before it comes,' replied Godureau.

'I doubt it much. Look at the horizon. At anyrate, we must hasten quickly; for should night surprise us, we are likely never to see the day more.'

They both marched on; but notwithstanding all their endeavours, and help of snow-shoes, they advanced but slowly. The whole country was silent and deserted. Scarce any of the iourtas, closely shut and buried in their winter sheet, betrayed existence unless by their faint smoke. Even these soon entirely disappeared. The

snow, which fell heavily, formed a cloud which intercepted daylight. Two or three times the travellers thought they perceived sledges passing them, drawn by reindeer, but with such rapidity that they seemed as visions.

Their steps became heavy and slow; day disappeared, and the wind was rising fearfully. The thick and frozen snow was whirled round them. Godureau, who until then had proceeded in silence, stopped almost breathless, and putting up both hands to his half-frozen visage, 'I am quite exhausted,' he said to Rosow.

'Courage a little longer!' replied the young man: 'when we reach the first pine-wood we shall rest. Quick! quick! Father Godureau; the pourga is at our heels!'

The old man made an effort, and walked for some time close to Nicholas; but night had come on, and the north-east blast was increasing. The travellers followed the edge of a ravine, supported by their club-sticks, when a cry was heard amidst the dull moaning of the storm. They both stopped, and perceiving an overturned sledge on the edge of the bank, they concluded some one was in the hollow. Vulcan evidently smelled some one, and hurried forward. The two travellers followed him.

But when half-way over the precipice, they were prevented from proceeding by a large body of ice, so slanting and slippery that it became impossible to descend, and they were forced to form themselves a passage by cutting steps in it with their hatchets. When at last they reached the bottom of the opening, they perceived a man half-buried in the snow: it proved to be the receiver, Michael Kitzoff. He was much alarmed on recognising his deliverers; their readiness, however, to come to his relief soon gave him confidence. The injuries he had received were not serious; they consisted of merely a few bruises. The two exiles soon set him on his feet, and assisted him in quitting his perilous situation; but just as they reached the summit, they were nearly precipitated into the depth again by a whirlwind of snow, and for a moment even Nicholas felt appalled and irresolute. The

pourga was raging in all its fury, and the darkness was so great that each could not perceive the one next him. Michael Kitzoff uttered the most terrific cries, accompanied by lamentations and prayers. But Rosow, who had almost immediately recovered his presence of mind, bade him be silent. 'Remain between us both, and be quiet!' said he abruptly: 'your complaints can be of use to no one, and you run no greater danger than we do.'

'If we were to get into the ravine it might shelter us,' observed the old writing-master.

'Rather say bury us,' replied Nicholas. 'To-morrow this abyss will be filled up, when no earthly power could then extricate us from it.'

'What can be done then?'

'Endeavour to reach a forest, if we can meet with one.'

'Let us try,' said Godureau, restored to momentary strength by the imminent danger to which they were exposed.

They all marched on. The intensity of the pourga instead of diminishing was increasing every moment, but with a stillness which rendered it doubly appalling. Neither the whistling of the wind, roaring thunder, nor rushing of distant waters, was heard: all was still and silent as death.

The two exiles and their companion continued for some time to advance, not knowing whither, half-stifled by the snow. At last Nicholas, who was foremost, stopped at once. 'We are drawing near to a shelter!' he cried.

'How do you know it?' asked Kitzoff.

'Do you not perceive that the whirlwind has much less power here?'

'It is so indeed.'

'There must surely be a mountain on the right, or a forest which protects us.'

'Let us hasten, then, and turn to the right.'

Scarcely had they proceeded a few steps in this direction when they breathed more freely. As they advanced the snow diminished, and at length it ceased altogether: they had reached the edge of a thick forest of pines.

A light which they perceived through the trees induced them to hurry on in the hope of meeting with some habitation. They came to a glade, in the midst of which stood an iourta in ruins, which was open and lit by the remains of a fire nearly extinguished; from the total want of furniture, it might easily be recognised for one of those huts of refuge placed for the accommodation of strayed travellers, or when overtaken by a storm.

Nicholas and his companions were rejoiced at meeting with such a comfortable shelter, where they might wait the coming day in safety; but Godureau, whose sole attention and strength had until then been directed in keeping up with his companions, then remembered Vulcan, and perceived he was missing. This discovery threw the poor old professor into complete despair. He ran to the edge of the wood, calling his poor dog in every tone and manner which he was wont to recognise him by; but all in vain. The disconsolate old man wished to turn back to seek him, notwithstanding his fatigue, but Rosow opposed it most strongly, and at length persuaded him to return to the iourta.

Michael Kitzoff had already laid himself on a bed of branches before the fire. Notwithstanding the suffering in his limbs occasioned by his fall, he felt much inclined for nourishment, and begged Rosow to give him a little of his porsa, which he mixed up with a little snow in a leathern cup. The young man persuaded Godureau to do the same; but the loss of his dog deprived him of all appetite and courage. Nicholas endeavoured to comfort him by the hope that Vulcan would be found the next day; then stretching himself on some pine-branches which lay by the receiver's side, he fell asleep.

The night was nearly over. Godureau, exhausted by fatigue, had lain down by his companions, and sleep at last overcame him. The thought of Vulcan had never quitted him; he had sat up several times, thinking he heard him bark. Deceived by this kind of hallucination, he had just opened his eyes, for the tenth time perhaps, when he perceived the hut illuminated by a red, bright

light. He started up, wondering still if it were a dream; but the blaze became greater, and a burning blast penetrated the iourta. Godureau uttered a cry which awoke the receiver and Nicholas. 'What is the matter?' they exclaimed at once.

'See!' said Godureau, shewing them the blaze. They both rose and ran to the door: one side of the pine-wood was on fire.

Their first impulse was to run in the opposite direction; but they had scarcely reached it when they were met by flames also, which forced them to turn back. They tried another, and a third: flames were everywhere; and after numerous fruitless efforts they returned to the glade near the hut of refuge.

Nicholas had often heard of these immense conflagrations, caused in the Siberian forests by the friction of the trees, thunder, or remaining embers forgotten by huntsmen; but this was the first time he had witnessed such a disaster, and his consternation was almost as great as that of his companions. Fired in every part the forest formed a circle of fire round the three forlorn travellers. One small spot alone was sheltered, but there rose a group of precipitous rocks, and it was at their base the hut had been built, close to which Nicholas and his companions were now watching in the most fearful anxiety. At first the party were in a stupor—they felt as if hope of escape was shut out; but at length an attempt was made to climb the rocks, and to their joy they beheld Vulcan coming down towards them by a fissure that had escaped their notice. Thus directed by the instinct of the animal, they, after great fatigue, and with much difficulty, reached the summit, and were safe. The fiery furnace was left raging beneath them in the distance. Day had for some time dawned; the pourga had abated; and Nicholas recognised the spot which had been fortunately attained.

But the fatigues of the preceding day, as well as the disasters of the night, had exhausted their strength; the receiver particularly felt incapable of proceeding on his journey. Rosow, therefore, determined to seek the road

leading to the dwelling of an Ostiak with whom he was acquainted, and where he was sure of finding those necessary comforts they stood in such need of.

The iourta to which Rosow repaired was built near the Oby, on a steppe where there was little wood, but fertile in pasture. When he arrived there with his companions, all the dogs, as usual, were lying in the different holes formed in the snow by the heat of their bodies, round the door of the habitation; they arose and barked slightly, as if to apprise their master, Eter Rocob. These dogs were all the size of a large spaniel, generally white—but black and upright ears—short hair, tail long and bushy. On observing the miserable appearance of these poor faithful animals, half-starved, without shelter, and kept constantly employed in the hard labour of drawing the sledges, Godureau could not repress a sigh, at the same time casting an affectionate look at his dear Vulcan.

The travellers stopped on the threshold to scrape off the snow from their fur boots, which they did with their knife according to Ostiak custom; after which Eter Rocob opened the door and bade them welcome. The iourta was divided into several small apartments, all opening in the large one they first entered: this one was heated by a large earthen-stove with an iron kettle above; a pipe formed with clay descended from it, in the shape of a funnel on the stove, to receive the smoke issuing from thence. Round the iourta was a large bench, six feet in width, used as a bed at night, and to work upon by day. On one side of the door was placed the *sinikoui*—a kind of wooden trough, in which are placed the provisions required for the day's consumption; on the other, a leathern bottle containing sour milk, of which their daily beverage—called *kourmis*—is composed. Two women—their heads veiled with a tissue composed of nettle-thread, and their waists girded with larch-tree chips, which in Siberia are used instead of cloth for coarse work—were employed near the stove in distilling kourmis to make milk-brandy or *arakou*. In a corner at the farthest end were a dozen puppies, reared for the

purpose of having their skins; they were tied to one of the beams supporting the iourta.

Eter Rocob presented stools to his three guests, and gave them two fish placed in a wooden dish.

Rosow related the dangers which his companions and himself had been exposed to, and their miraculous deliverance from, to all appearance, certain death. He then inquired from the Ostiak peasant if he could procure some conveyance to take the party to Berezov. Rocob said he would provide him with sledges—drawn by twelve dogs—the price for which being agreed upon, the Ostiaks begged Michael Kitzoff would make a notch on the principal beam of the iourta; this notch was intended to serve as his certificate for remuneration.

The party of travellers, along with their obliging host, set out in two sledges to Berezov. Godureau begged that he might be the companion of Kitzoff, and this request was agreed to. They occupied the same sledge. What conversation occurred between them, it might be needless to recapitulate; and it will probably be thought enough when we mention that the aged exile prevailed on the receiver to forward his petition to the empress. This promise he actually kept a few hours after he arrived at Berezov.

It was night when the sledges, drawn by dogs, entered the town; a dead silence prevailed, and the cold was intense. The party gladly secured the shelter of a roof. In the morning, Kitzoff went away to attend to his affairs. We shall follow him to the residence of the governor, who, shut up in his quarters, was waiting a milder temperature to resume his inspections and audiences. Having withdrawn to the warmest room in his dwelling, and reclining in a vast leathern easy-chair, he was smoking in silence, his elbow resting on a small table, on which were laid a few papers and a half-empty flask of *kirschwasser*.

Commandant Herman Lerfosbourg, born in Germany, had entered the Russian Guards as an instructing officer, and had become acquainted with Captain Passig, who ha

induced him to join the conspiracy in favour of Catherine. Once established on the throne, she became anxious to remove all the subaltern agents engaged in this affair, and, according to Passig's recommendation, had appointed this German officer to the government of Berezov, and thus it was that Lerfosbourg had commanded there for some years.

He was a man of about fifty, of colossal stature, and excessively stout; his large and falling cheeks with heavy eyelids denoted the sottish state to which the flask of kirschwasser, always at hand, had reduced him. For a length of time he had scarcely ever been sober, by which all his ideas were confused. Avarice alone seemed to survive his dormant faculties: where his interest was concerned his sleepy eye became lit up, and a kind of sordid intelligence animated every feature.

He was no doubt under the influence of one of these impressions at the moment we introduce him to our readers; for as he was refilling his extinguished pipe, he kept muttering between his teeth, in a most animated manner, exclamations mingled with grumbling and broken sentences. 'Three thousand skins!' he repeated; 'the value of a load of brandy and kirsch. Knave! but he shall pay it me.' At this moment he was interrupted by a Cossack, who announced the receiver Michael Kitzoff. The commandant let fall his pipe. 'He!' he cried out. 'Ah! let him come in—let him come in!'

The receiver entered, making a most humble and facetious bow. 'I hope that our noble governor does not suffer from the severity of the weather?' he said.

Lerfosbourg regarded him without deigning to answer. The receiver observing this unmoved silence, stopped. 'Nothing disastrous has happened to you, commandant?' he inquired earnestly.

'Pardon me,' the latter replied.

'How? what is the matter then?'

'A theft!'

Kitzoff started. 'A theft?' he repeated.

'Of three thousand skins!'

The receiver turned pale. 'I beg pardon,' he stammered out; 'I do not comprehend.'

Lerfosbourg with his giant fist seized Michael's arm, and drawing him near, so as to fix him, sternly said in a thundering voice: 'You have robbed me of three thousand skins! What is more, you have cheated the exiles. I will endure this no longer. Wretch! to steal from *me*. I will have you hung. That I shall. The judge is sent for. He will be here immediately.'

Kitzoff trembled, being sensible how much he had to fear from such a man. He felt all the danger of his situation, and the necessity of preventing the threatened inquiry. It being impossible to dissuade or soften Lerfosbourg, whom anger and inebriety rendered incapable of listening to expostulation, he determined at once what steps to take to accomplish by fright and alarm what he could not effect by persuasion. Raising his head with audacious effrontery, with his usual familiar and sarcastic laugh, he exclaimed: 'Very well, Commandant Lerfosbourg; you will have me condemned; but the same blow will strike us both, for you cannot hold the government of Berezov without me.'

'How! What do you say!' asked the governor.

'I say,' replied Kitzoff with confidence, 'that I alone am acquainted with what is passing here. I know something of a certain exile. He whom Count Passig sent here to be out of the way. That person whom you were to watch has succeeded in transmitting a petition to the empress.'

This intelligence produced a wonderful effect on the commandant. He altered his tone towards Kitzoff, and declared there would be no more said about the theft, provided the petition could be intercepted and brought back. Kitzoff immediately undertook that such should be done, and hurried away in pursuit with a party of Cossacks. On receiving the dreaded petition Lerfosbourg broke into a rage against Rosow, whom he threatened to punish severely for his audacity. But he was calmed on examining the writing, which was more than usually

beautiful. It was the work of Godureau. The old man was sent for, and in requital for pardoning his young friend, consented to act as secretary to the brutal and ignorant commandant.

For three months Godureau fulfilled the irksome duties of secretary to the governor of Berezov; and to his care entirely the latter had committed the whole of his correspondence. He expedited all orders, opened the dispatches as well as answered them. The governor each morning merely affixed his signature, and most frequently without taking the trouble of reading the documents presented him; and as each day passed, the miserly German congratulated himself on his having met with a secretary who took all the trouble off his hands, and cost him nothing.

Winter had disappeared. Siberia, stripped of its snow mantle, now appeared clad in all the charms and luxury of summer. Already were to be observed on the most elevated steppes the graceful waving of the barley and maize-fields; while in the low grounds, on both sides of the Oby, rich meadows appeared covered with flowers; the hills, ornamented at their base by camaringa and ledum, were crowned above in stages by beautiful cherry-trees in blossom, maple, birch, and fir trees. A light and balmy breeze issuing from the larch-woods, bore to the town itself the delightful perfume of the northern raspberry, black-currant, and rose bushes. The joyous Ostiaks were dispersed over the fields, caroling gaily as they worked, clad in nettle-cloth; and the roads were filled with merchants wending their way to the most distant habitations. The very houses, so lately closed, seemed to feel the influence of brighter days; the calked windows were open, and the thresholds filled with merry groups: on every side nothing was heard but sounds of joy and delight.

Government House, as well as every other, was now thrown open; and at the moment we resume our narration the most of the government officials were assembled in the reception-room, having been summoned by

Lerfosbourg to attend for the communication of several dispatches received the evening before.

Godureau, whose business it was to read them, was seated by a table covered with papers. The old professor's countenance, usually so calm, seemed greatly agitated—it bore evident marks of repressed joy, mingled with anxiety. He could not remain in the same place, but went from the table to the window, muttering at the same time unintelligible sentences, observing a clock placed in one corner of the room, and unable to restrain an appearance of impatience, as if awaiting the arrival of some person.

At length the governor gave him notice that all summoned were present, and ordered him to proceed in reading the dispatches. The order was again repeated; but Godureau still looked at the clock in consternation. 'He has not received the letter,' he said to himself; 'and such a moment as this is not likely to occur in a hurry.'

At length, on another order from the governor, he took one of the dispatches and began reading it slowly. It announced additional restrictions imposed by the empress on the brandy-trade carried on by the Ostiaks. Godureau, who had been reading on mechanically, stopped at once, seeming to listen.

'Well, what is it?' asked the governor.

''Tis Vulcan's bark!' cried the good man.

'What does it signify?' said the governor.

'Has he recognised him?' repeated Godureau, trembling with anxious uncertainty.

'Recognised whom?' repeated Lerfosbourg.

Godureau had risen from his seat, his eyes fixed on the door: at once it opened, and Nicholas Rosow appeared. The old professor uttered an exclamation of joy.

'What does that fellow want here?' cried the governor: 'who called him?'

'I, sir!' said Godureau.

'And by what right?'

'By the empress's orders.'

'The empress'—— All the officers rose.

'Yes,' cried the old man with an air of exultation. 'Let all attend!' and drawing a paper from his breast, he read as follows:—'"I, Catherine II., Empress of all the Russias, on the remonstrance addressed to me by the Frenchman Pierre Godureau in favour of Nicholas Rosow"'——

'How?' cried the governor: 'you have dared'——

'Under your cover, sir,' replied the old man: 'but pray listen to what follows.' And he proceeded: '"In favour of Nicholas Rosow, sent to Siberia in consequence of Count Passig's criminal designs: moreover, having learned that the said Pierre Godureau and Nicholas Rosow, notwithstanding their being political exiles, have been sent as common offenders to the wilds of Siberia, and deprived of the assistance granted by me, I further command that they both recover their rights as free men; and that the present dispatch be given to the said Nicholas Rosow, to be by him opened in presence of all the officers and functionaries of Berezov."'

'And you have concealed this order from me, wretch!' exclaimed the governor, pale with fright and anger.

'I feared, sir, that you might forget to put it into execution,' said the writing-master. 'As to the dispatch before mentioned, here it is.' He then presented a sealed packet to Rosow, who opened it hastily. All the officers surrounded him in mute astonishment. When he had concluded, he advanced with a noble air towards the governor.

'We have changed places, sir!' said he: 'the empress grants to the heretofore exile, Nicholas Rosow, the government of Berezov.'

'Is it possible? And I?'

'You will replace me in my iourta of exile: here is the order.' And he handed over the dispatch.

Exclamations of surprise were heard on all sides, accompanied by one of joy from Godureau. Lerfosbourg endeavoured to speak, but his tongue refused utterance, his legs tottered, and he was forced to sit down. Some of the officers drew near and endeavoured to console

him, while the greater number surrounded Rosow to congratulate him; but he quitted them hastily, being anxious to testify his gratitude to the old writing-master, who had remained by the table, wiping his spectacles, still wet with tears of joy: he threw himself in his arms.

'And now, are you happy?' asked the worthy man after a long embrace.

'Oh, how can I ever repay what you have done for me?' cried the young man, completely overcome.

'You can—indeed you can!' said the old man.

'Yes,' replied Rosow, 'by sending you back to your own country rich and free.'

'No,' answered Godureau, 'it is too late now; I might die by the way—I am sixty-seven. I am, besides, accustomed to Siberia, and to you.'

'But how, then, acquit myself?'

'By retaining me as your friend and secretary.'

The moderate request was of course gladly acceded to. Rosow entered on the duties of an office which his experience taught him to qualify with kindness and mercy. He remained a number of years at the head of affairs in Siberia, until called to a higher post in the imperial court; and his administration was long remembered for its uprightness and clemency.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THESE have been a thousand times described, and they may be described a thousand times more. The truth is, it is not easy to give a correct idea of these magnificent cascades, for the impression they make on the mind of the spectator cannot be conveyed in mere words. Yet as everybody cannot see the Falls of Niagara, let us try what can be done to communicate a notion of their appearance.

It will be understood that these celebrated grand Falls consist of the water of an immensely large river, which forms the outlet of a series of lakes that from their size are worthy of being called seas. These lakes, of which Erie, Huron, and Superior are the principal, stretch away in a north-westerly direction, dividing Canada from the United States. Erie is the most easterly of the lakes, and it is the river which pours from it that afterwards makes the Falls. When people in the 'old country' think of a river, they remember the Tweed, the Thames, or some other stream which one could pitch a stone across, or at all events row across in a wherry in a few minutes. The great rivers of America are something different. The volume of water issuing from the outlet of Lake Erie, at Buffalo—a town on the southern, or United States' side—is at first about five miles in width; then it narrows; but the breadth of the river may be said to vary from one and a half to three miles — quite a long look across it.

Three miles below Buffalo, at Black Rock, is the first regular ferry across, and the current runs here so rapidly that a steamboat of the same power as those that ply on the Firth of Forth betwixt Leith and Kinghorn, generally makes a semicircle of frequently a mile or two on her passage across. The river is here divided by a beautiful and fertile island (Grand Island) belonging to the States, about twelve or thirteen miles in length, which contains some of the finest land, and some of the most picturesque scenes that we have seen in America. The distance from the island to either shore nowhere exceeds a mile, and in some places on the States' side not more than 200 yards. The channel here is very deep, and the current runs so smoothly—at the rate of from three to four miles an hour—that boats and canoes can pass and repass with ease and safety. Beneath Grand Island, or rather dovetailed into it, as it were, lies a small island belonging to Great Britain, a mile in length, called Navy Island, at the termination of which the river suddenly widens to about three miles betwixt Fort Slusser on the States' side, and

Chippeway Village, at the mouth of Chippeway Creek, which forms the entrance to the Wieland Canal on the Canadian side. The current here begins to run more swiftly, and continues to increase in velocity for two miles, when it arrives at what are called the Great Rapids. These constitute one of the most splendid objects imaginable, and to some they appear as beautiful, though certainly not so sublime, as the Great Fall itself. They are formed by numerous masses of rock that have been left alone to withstand the rude shocks of this prodigious accumulation of waters, the softer parts in some places having been washed away to a considerable depth by the constant action of the current.

It is peculiarly beautiful on a fine summer evening to stand on the Canadian shore, at an elevation of a hundred feet above the river, and see the vast clouds of white foam ascending high in the air, sometimes beautifully tinged by the last rays of the setting sun, long after he has ceased to illumine the dark expanse beneath. There are also, at irregular distances, shelving rocks which appear to have been made of sterner stuff, which run completely across the river, forming numerous embankments, over which the waters roll and tumble with tremendous fury. It is altogether a magnificent scene, and what a painter would much delight to contemplate. These rapids continue battling with the current to the very brink of the great leap, a distance of rather more than a mile, and are divided by another small island, Goat Island, whose foundations may truly be said to be laid in the deep, and which, if it had been placed in the river Thames instead of the river Niagara, would ere this have been made a perfect paradise. A handsome bridge, about 150 yards in length, connects it with the village of Manchester. This bridge was built at considerable expense and risk; the workmen employed in its erection had to be secured by ropes tied round their waists, to prevent them from being carried over the Falls, which are almost immediately beneath. It is an object of interest to the tourist, as from the centre are

you have a beautiful view of the rapids, both up and down the river. The reader is already aware that this island, by dividing the river, makes two separate falls, but by far the largest portion of the waters goes down the Canada side. The breadth from the lower extremity of the island, where the river takes its awful leap, straight across to the British shore, may be about 500 yards, but, as the fall is something in the shape of a horse-shoe, the curve inwards, and deeply indented, the actual breadth is generally estimated at 700 or 800 yards: our own opinion is, that it cannot be short of half a mile. According to the best authorities of the many scientific men who have visited this place, the height from whence this huge body of water descends in one uninterrupted mass is 165 feet above the level of the river below. But to enable you to form any idea of this stupendous scene from description is utterly impossible. We have gazed on it a hundred and a hundred times, and always with increased emotions of admiration, fear, and wonder. When standing on the brink of the awful precipice, you think that the foundations of the earth are falling asunder: the tremulous motion of the rocks beneath your feet, and even of the surrounding country to some distance, which is distinctly felt, and the mighty thundering of the waters as they descend into the gulf beneath, are enough to shake a person of the strongest nerve.

The noise of the fall may be heard at the distance of twenty miles; and when the wind blows in a particular direction down the river, it may be heard at double that distance. A very heavy spray rises, particularly in clear weather, many hundred feet above the Falls, sometimes flying away and incorporating itself with the dark clouds in the extreme distance, but more frequently condensing, and falling on the surrounding country as the wind blows it; and wo betide the poor wretch who is caught in the rain! No Scottish mist ever fell on the braes of Lochaber, or ever wet an Englishman into the skin, quicker than would the spray which ascends from the Falls of Niagara. When the wind blows down the

river, the passengers in the ferry-boat are obliged to use umbrellas. By far the finest view of these Falls is from the Canadian side, for here you have both the Horse-shoe and the American Fall at once before you. This last-mentioned is a most beautiful sheet of water, and well worthy to hold the rank of the second wonder of the world of this kind, although not to be compared in grandeur and sublimity with the other. It is about 150 or 200 yards in breadth; and either from its rocky bed being composed of harder materials, or from the greater weight of water coming down on the British side, and wearing away that channel more rapidly, it is about twenty feet higher than the Horse-shoe. It does not fall into a gulf or caldron as the other does, but amongst huge rocks, where it dashes itself into an ocean of foam, and then rushes with tremendous velocity to join its former companion.

From Goat Island a handsome flight of steps, well secured, leads you down to the margin of the river, where Sam Patch, of unhappy memory, made his celebrated leap. A ladder was erected 120 feet high, with a platform at the top, from which he descended into the eddy, to the great disappointment of thousands who had come far and near, expecting to see him actually leap over the Falls. But no living thing has ever gone over them and been seen again. The story of an Indian in a canoe having achieved this is all a humbug. On the Canadian side there is also a staircase by which you can descend to the river, and the strong-hearted and adventurous can, by means of a ledge of rocks, go 150 yards completely in under the great leap—a fearful place truly, and which you are glad to get out of again. Nevertheless, every one who has ventured there must admit that he has been amply rewarded for the risk he ran, in surveying the beauty and grandeur of such a scene. To say nothing of the immense body of waters above, beneath, and around you, which is truly awful, you have reflected before you on a fine day, when the sun shines full on the cascade, a succession of the most beautiful prismatic colours that can be imagined: it

is altogether a lively scene, and which, once seen, can never be forgotten. It is a matter of no little jeopardy, however, to get the length of Termination Rock, as the farther extremity of this pathway is called, for the shelf or jutting of the rock is in some places so narrow that a single false step would precipitate the luckless wight to immediate destruction. There is a house erected at the head of the staircase, where you can procure a guide for a trifle, and an oilcloth garment, without which you would be drenched to the skin instantly by the spray which is constantly dashing around you. There is also kept a kind of album, in which are inserted the names of those who have been so foolhardy as to venture the length of Termination Rock, and where we also had the honour to insert ours. Here are names recorded from every quarter of the globe, and it will afford amusement to find so many in the course of one season as there are from England and Scotland.

A ferry-boat plies with passengers only about half a mile beneath the Horse-shoe, and lands within a hundred yards of the American Fall, which, viewed from this place, has a most magnificent effect; but of all the sensations we ever experienced on water, the motion of this boat is the queerest. It is neither rolling nor tossing, but a mixture of both; yet the current is not so swift, at least not so perceptible as one would expect from the well-known great body of water that is running past: of course it must be of immense depth. The river continues for six miles to run between precipitous banks, from 180 to 200 feet in height, until it comes to Queenstown, forming in many places eddies and whirlpools where no boat could live. The width seldom exceeds 300, and in some places not more than 200 yards. Indeed many people think, and with some appearance of probability, that the Falls must have been as far down as this. An old farmer, who came from Roxburghshire in Scotland about forty years ago, mentioned, that in his time he has noticed a perceptible alteration, particularly at the curve of the Horse-shoe, where the heaviest

body of water runs, and which would indicate that the rocks are gradually wearing away. Indeed, from certain landmarks which he pointed out to us, the great leap must now be thirty yards farther up the river than it was when he first came to the country. It has been ascertained by naturalists that the rocks forming the bed of the river, from the rapids upwards, are of a softer nature than those at the Falls, and consequently less able to stand the action of the current. Certain people, therefore, who delight in the marvellous, speculate on the time when the bed of the river, having been washed away to a level with the bottom of Lake Erie, will allow its waters, and consequently those of the upper lakes, to escape so rapidly that Ontario must overflow its banks, Lower Canada and the northern portion of the States be completely laid under water, and the Gulf of St Lawrence turned into another ocean. At Queenstown the high precipitous banks disappear, the river widens to nearly a mile, and continues moving gently at the rate of three or four miles an hour, making many beautiful meanders, until it mingles with the waters of Lake Ontario, twelve miles below the Falls, and six below Queenstown.

The last, and not the least interesting fact that may be mentioned respecting the cataract of Niagara is, that according to the best calculations, the quantity of water which falls amounts to about 20,000,000 of cubic feet per minute—a mass too great to be properly comprehended.

BISSET, THE ANIMAL TEACHER.

Few individuals have presented so striking an instance of patience and eccentricity as Bisset, the extraordinary teacher of animals. He was a native of Perth, and an industrious shoemaker, until the notion of teaching animals attracted his attention in the year 1759. Reading

an account of a remarkable horse shewn at St Germain, curiosity led him to experiment on a horse and a dog, which he bought in London, and he succeeded in training these beyond all expectation. Two monkeys were the next pupils he took in hand, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, whilst the other held a candle in one paw for his companion and with the other played the barrel-organ. These animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks—such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling on a horse's back, and going through several regular dances with a dog.

All this, it may be said, was very ridiculous. No doubt it was; at the same time, the results shewed the power of culture in subduing natural propensities. Bisset's teaching of cats was a signal instance of this power. Having procured three kittens, he began their education, with his usual patience. He at length taught these miniature tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer as to produce several regular tunes, having music-books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. He afterwards was induced to make a public exhibition of his animals, and the well-known *Cats' Opera*, in which they performed, was advertised in the Haymarket Theatre. The horse, the dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their several parts with uncommon applause to crowded houses; and in a few days Bisset found himself possessed of nearly a thousand pounds to reward his ingenuity and perseverance.

This success excited Bisset's desire to extend his dominion over other animals, including even the feathered kind. He procured a young leveret, and reared it to beat several marches on the drum with its hind-legs, until it became a good stout hare. He taught canary-birds, linnets, and sparrows to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and perform many other surprising feats: he trained six turkey-cocks to go through a regular contre-dance; but in doing this confessed he adopted the Eastern method by

which camels are made to dance—by heating the floor. In the course of six months' teaching he made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name in the company. He trained a dog and a cat to go through many amazing performances. His confidence even led him to try experiments on a goldfish, which he did not despair of making perfectly tractable. But some time afterwards a doubt having started to him, whether the obstinacy of a pig could be conquered, his usual patient fortitude was devoted to the experiment. He bought a black sucking-pig, and trained it to lie under the stool at which he sat at work. At various intervals during six or seven months he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpose; and, despairing of every kind of success, he was on the point of giving it away, when it struck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in consequence of which, in the course of sixteen months, he made an animal, supposed the most obstinate and perverse in the world, to become the most tractable. In August 1783 he once again turned itinerant, and took his learned pig to Dublin, where it was shewn for two or three nights at Ranelagh's. It was not only under full command, but appeared as pliant and good-natured as a spaniel. When the weather made it necessary that he should move into the city, he obtained the permission of the chief-magistrate, and exhibited the pig in Dame Street. 'It was seen,' says the author of *Anthologia Hibernica*, 'for two or three days by many persons of respectability, to spell, without any apparent direction, the names of those in the company; to cast up accounts, and to point out even the words thought of by persons present; to tell exactly the hour, minutes, and seconds; to point out the married; to kneel, and to make his obeisance to the company.' Poor Bisset was thus in a fair way of 'bringing his pig to a good market,' when a man, whose insolence disgraced authority, broke into the rooms without any sort of pretext, assaulted the unoffending man, and drew his sword to kill the swine, an animal that, in

the practice of good-breeding, was superior to his assailant. The injured Bisset pleaded in vain the permission that had been granted him; he was threatened to be dragged to prison, though on what grounds it is impossible to understand. Disheartened by this vulgar and unjustifiable rebuff, the ingenious Bisset left the place and returned to England. Unfortunately, the agitation of his mind threw him into a fit of illness, and he died a few days after at Chester on his way to London.

BUFFALO-HUNTING.

HUNTING the buffalo is one of the most exciting sports in India, and, as it is pursued on horseback, it is generally preferred to tiger-hunting, which is carried on upon a more imposing and expensive scale by means of elephants. Without the horse, buffaloes could not properly be hunted; because they are huge and fierce animals, and so fleet of foot that they are not easily surrounded, or speedily brought to a charge; hence the impossibility of overtaking them on elephants. Besides, there is not sufficient danger or excitement in being stuck aloft on the back of an elephant. On horseback, the danger is imminent, the hunter being often obliged to ride for his life when pursued by an enraged buffalo, perhaps with no ammunition left, or no time to reload after firing a brace of barrels ineffectually. Elephants, unless exceedingly stanch, will not stand a charge from a buffalo; they are apt to swerve at a critical moment, thus preventing the sportsman from taking a correct aim; while, unless the buffalo should be arrested in his course by a bullet, down he comes, his head lowered, and his formidable horns directed full tilt against the enemy. Elephants have died from the consequences of the wounds thus inflicted; and when horses

are employed, both steed and rider have often very narrow escapes. Wild buffaloes are usually found in herds; and though at all times dangerous animals to encounter, and very easily provoked to do battle, they are comparatively peaceable when thus congregated. A solitary buffalo, turned out of the herd after some fierce conflict with a rival, in which perhaps he has been severely gored, frequently becomes maddened by the pain of his wounds. When found in this state their fury is unbounded; nothing that crosses their path is suffered to escape; and the havoc which they make when they invade the plantations of the unprotected villagers is dreadful. In fact, the natives suffer more severely from the assaults of wild buffaloes, when they take up a position in their neighbourhood, than from those of tigers. The latter are generally content with killing cattle, but the former not only devour the crops, but prevent what they cannot eat from being reaped, and seldom leave their quarters without being the death of several of the cultivators. Consequently, European sportsmen are often solicited to destroy the buffaloes, and nothing affords them greater delight than to go after these men-slayers; and much do they exult when they have slain a brute which has perhaps for several months together kept a whole village in jeopardy.

A wild buffalo roaming about in his native haunts certainly affords a very exciting spectacle: there is a savage grandeur in his aspect, a fierce glare in his lurid eye, and a determinedness in his whole appearance as he spurns the ground beneath his hoofs, which renders him a very imposing object in the landscape. Imagine an open space of swampy ground surrounding a large pond, backed by a thick forest, and patched with brushwood, tall reeds, and other covers: in the midst of this congenial scene stands the buffalo, his bulky form of a dark leaden colour, his head rather stooping, but advanced like a battering-ram, and his whole deportment characterised by sullen ferocity. As the sun rises high in the heavens he betakes himself to the water, wallowing in

the mud near the bank, and allowing little save the tip of his nose to appear above the surface: here he indulges in the utmost extent of grovelling luxury, an occasional snort alone indicating his presence; and here he remains until the approach of evening or the desire for food induces him to emerge. When lazily inclined, these creatures, accustomed to consider themselves masters of the waste, will allow their pursuers to approach within fifty yards before they condescend to take any notice of them. A fine large bull will be lying down in some snug patch, and from his place of repose will look quietly at the hunter until he presumes to invade the immediate precincts; then he rises, stretches himself well up, and, lowering his head almost to a level with his knees, charges. A bullet causes him to make a sudden pause: he then turns and flies, but in most cases only for a short distance, for again coming to a stand-still, he charges a second, and sometimes a third time upon his adversary. Should the balls tell without being immediately mortal, after he has received three or four he generally takes refuge in his speed, and then it is necessary, in order to come up with him, to follow upon horseback. Throwing back his horns, and giving a stamp with his foot, he goes off like the wind; and it requires a good steed, perfect in all points, to plunge into the heavy cover which is usually the scene of the chase. The hindmost of the sportsmen can only see the hats of those who lead, can only hear a tremendous rush through the jungle, boughs and branches of trees splitting and canes rattling, with now and then the sharp crack of a rifle. Should the buffalo succeed in breaking cover, off he goes at a pelting pace through the open country, the only chance of coming up with him being the faintness and exhaustion from some wound unfelt at first. When severely wounded the buffalo will seek some secure retreat, often choosing so impenetrable a thicket that it is almost impossible to dislodge him. He may be heard panting and snorting; but unless—angered by the shower of balls poured into his hiding-place—he is provoked to come out, there is no

means of expulsion. Sometimes, if wounded by one of these shots, he will rouse himself to a new encounter, and, rallying all his energies, will charge again with great gallantry, stumbling perhaps, and falling at the moment of his final and vain attempt. But when the trees and underwood are matted together with the huge creepers that coil themselves round them in innumerable involutions, where the prickly pear chokes up the soil, and the canes attain a gigantic height, the buffalo may bid defiance to his assailants, and die in peace.

The coolness with which an Indian buffalo will endure the attacks of his human foes, is exemplified by the following description of a chase which occurred within rather a recent period. The sportsmen were not of that tame sort who would be content to sit at their ease upon an elephant, taking an occasional shot while catching a momentary glimpse of the animal as he bursts through the jungle into some open space, losing sight of him perhaps for a whole hour, or having the mortification of seeing him with his tail high in the air far out of bullet range. These gentlemen trusted to their own dexterity, and the blood and bone of their Arabs, pursuing at full speed over rough and smooth, through bush, brake, bog, and brier, an object worthy of their guns—a large bull buffalo, an animal usually answering the description given of him by an old Bengal sportsman—that is, 'black as death, fleet as the wind, huge as a young mountain, and wicked as the devil.' Having received intelligence of the whereabouts of three wild buffaloes which had been the terror of the country within a range of fifteen miles for the last two years, the sportsmen mounted their horses at daybreak and proceeded to the place of destination, their guns and ammunition having been sent on before. The country was of the most desolate description, consisting of a series of bogs, small lakes, and high-grass jungle, diversified with tracks of arid sand, crossed and intersected by the beds of rivers, now dry, with high and crumbling banks, difficult, and indeed barely possible, to scale.

The retreat was certainly well chosen by the buffaloes, the three occupying separate positions; and so well had they been watched by the sufferers from their depredations, that the party in quest of the adventure were directed to the very spot in which one was reposing. Following on the trail, they found the animal lying in the water on the opposite side of a small lake, his head and part of his back alone visible, and shewing to a certainty that he was a large and powerful bull. The sportsmen crossed at a shallow place a short distance below him, and at their approach he rose from the water and gazed at them in bold defiance. Expecting a charge, the gentlemen simultaneously fired a volley; but in consequence of the unsteadiness of the horses, not accustomed to the discharge of guns upon their backs, the bullets apparently fell harmless: the noise and the blaze, however, proved a sufficient hint for the buffalo, and tossing his head he went off, breaking his way through very difficult ground. The party of course dashed after him, sending a shot ahead at every convenient opportunity, but without the effect of diminishing his speed. Crossing the open country at a pelting pace, he vanished over the bank of one of the dry rivers already mentioned. The sportsmen followed upon his traces without much hope of coming up with him; but, greatly to their surprise, on arriving at the bank which he had descended, they saw him in the dry bed of the river engaged in a furious contest with another buffalo, and both so intent upon the work of destruction, as to disregard the human intruders. The scene which this battle occasioned is described as being remarkable for its fierceness and grandeur. The animals rushed on each other with the utmost fury, the crash of their meeting horns resounding, while they spurned the glittering sand in clouds over their dark bodies. After standing for a few minutes mute and motionless, the party fired a volley, but the combatants were too fiercely engaged to notice it, and it was not until after repeated hints of the same kind that the smaller of the two, having made a last and tremendous rush, turned and fled, pur-

sued by his opponent, following closely across the loose sand. Both made for the bank, which they clambered apparently with the greatest ease, although it proved at that place too difficult for the sportsmen, who were obliged to ride lower down to obtain a footing for their horses. The buffaloes in the meantime had got considerably ahead, and when next espied were making their way to the Ganges, which spread its broad bosom full in sight. Both entered the water, but the strength of one was now failing; and finding it impossible to breast the current, he relanded, and staggering from the effects of a well-directed shot, fell to rise no more.

The day was now too far spent, and the horses too much exhausted, to admit of more business upon this occasion; but those who have once tasted the strange delight of buffalo-hunting are sure to renew the onslaught, and accordingly our friends were soon in their saddles again. Upon reaching their ground, their servants and scouts informed them that the buffalo chased on the first day's expedition, which was reported to have been severely wounded, had returned to his old haunts in the lake, and, more infuriated than ever, attacked every living thing that came in his way, and had killed a poor man employed in weeding his rice-fields. Upon arriving at the lake, well provided with guns and ammunition, and having a small elephant to perform the duty of beater, they could see nothing at all of the buffalo. Almost disheartened by their vain attempts to find him, they began to despair of their day's sport, when a loud noise intimated the presence of the foe, and with his huge head and horns appearing above the high grass, he was seen in the very act of charging. Shots were fired immediately, but two of the horsemen falling together into the same hole, a predicament in which a sportsman in India often finds himself, on recovering their ground, saw the buffalo in full chase after another of the party, who was making a circuit to rejoin the main body. A ball now hitting the animal in the muzzle, he paused in his career, and, turning short round, rushed into the jungle. It was now

necessary to dislodge him—a work of considerable difficulty; but at length out he came, and, receiving another bullet while in the act of charging, made across the plain, the party following at their utmost speed. Soon distancing his pursuers, he took up another position in the midst of a pool of water. Apparently he had become weary of the contest, and would gladly have retired from the field, for he remained quiescent for some time; and it was not until after he had received several shots, and had been severely wounded, that he arose, and, gaining the top of the bank, took once more to flight. He now entered a richly-cultivated country, and made the best of his way to a large village in the distance, still displaying unabated speed notwithstanding the injuries which he had sustained. Having reached the village, which, being interspersed with patches of long grass and jungle, afforded good cover, he upset everything that impeded his progress, while pursuing what might well be termed a headlong course. At length, having reached a piece of high ground immediately above a broad dry ditch, he made a pause, affording the first opportunity for a shot since he had left the water. Receiving a volley, he came down with all the fury of wrath and desperation, obliging his assailants to turn and seek a place of security whilst they reloaded their guns. Having effected this object, they advanced again to the spot, but the buffalo was gone: the villagers, however, had marked the place of his retreat, and pointing it out in the midst of some very tall reeds and brushwood, reported that he was upon his last legs. The party accordingly rode up to the place: he was not to be seen, but the hard breathing, resembling the blowing of a whale, sufficiently indicated his presence. Firing at random, a heavy crash shewed plainly that he was not quite so far gone as had been expected, but he had evidently no desire to renew hostilities, and made no attempt to come out. One of the gentlemen finding an aperture in the thicket, put in a couple of well-directed shots, which sealed his fate; but he died game, for he made a final effort to confront his foes, sinking on his knees in a fruitless attempt at a charge;

and, looking at them sternly in the face, he fell on his side and died. Upon examination, it was discovered that he had received more than fifty balls, some of which had only penetrated the skin, and travelled under it without piercing the flesh. Unless these powerful animals should be wounded in a vital part, or disabled by a shot in the leg, they will maintain their speed under an enormous quantity of lead; and inexperienced sportsmen, having so wide a mark, blaze away without considering how very ineffectual their fire must be, unless the ball can reach the seat of life. Horses that on their first expedition will allow their riders to load and fire upon their backs, are often found quite incapable of enduring a similar trial a second time: the very sight of a gun or the click of a lock will put them into an agony of fear, and they will rear and plunge at a most tremendous rate whenever reminded of their former peril, although at all other times quiet and gentle as lambs.

To the sportsmen of India we are indebted for many interesting facts relating to natural history: young and ardent followers of the chase plunge very frequently into the most frightful solitudes, and, associating with the natives tenanting a few straggling huts, or the fakirs, who are to be found in the most savage places, make themselves acquainted with the habits and manners of the brute denizens of the soil.

THE LADY OF BUSTA.

About ninety years ago, Busta, in Shetland, was the property and residence of a gentleman named Gifford, in whose family history some incidents of a remarkable character took place. The wife of Mr Gifford, usually designated Lady Busta, was a woman of vigorous mind, and of a temperament uncommonly proud and imperious, as the events to be related will sufficiently shew.

Lady Busta had borne to her husband four sons and several daughters. The eldest of these sons, John Gifford, had reached the age of twenty-five at the period to which our narrative refers. Some years before that period a new inmate had been added to the house of Busta in the person of Barbara Pitcairn, the daughter of an old and dear friend of the Giffords, and who had recently been left an orphan. Barbara had sprung up, in the course of the two or three years spent at Busta, into a lovely and blooming woman.

One day in the pleasant month of May Lady Busta entered the sitting-room in the mansion of Busta, where Barbara Pitcairn was seated alone, bending over her work. A storm was on the lady's brow as the orphan girl recognised at a glance; and *when* she recognised it, she trembled.

'Know you, Barbara Pitcairn,' were Lady Busta's first words as she seated herself opposite the object she addressed—'know you the pleasant news I have heard to-day?'

'I know not indeed, madam,' said Barbara, attempting to smile, though she could not help shrinking under the stern gaze which Lady Busta fixed upon her.

'I have heard, then,' continued the lady, 'that the heir of our house and name, John Gifford, has formed an attachment without *my* consent, and one unworthy of himself and his family.'

'Can it be, my lady?' said Barbara timidly, hearing rather than seeing—for her eyes were fixed on her work—that a reply was expected from her.

'It can be, and is so, I am told,' continued Lady Busta. 'But mark me, Barbara Pitcairn—and *you*, I know, converse oft with John Gifford, and may tell him this—mark me, when I say that, before I saw the heir of our house degrade himself by a mean alliance, I would prefer to have him stretched a corpse at my feet!' These words made her auditor shudder; but the lady went on, her voice rising into accents of sterner passion as she spoke: 'Ay, girl, though these breasts gave him food,

I would sooner see his comely body lifeless—bloody—disfigured—before me, than see him disgrace the name he bears! Mark my words, Barbara Pitcairn!' The young lady raised her eyes to the speaker's face as these last sentences were uttered, but dropped them again instantly with an involuntary shudder at the expression which Lady Busta's countenance wore. The latter then, as if her mission was sped, rose slowly, and left the room.

For some minutes after she was gone, Barbara sat motionless as marble, and with its hue upon her features. When she awoke from the stupor into which she had fallen, it was only to enter upon a state of more acute suffering. Her work fell at her feet, and she wrung her hands bitterly. 'The evil day, then, has come at last,' was her thought. 'Heaven help the destitute, and those who have no home!' For a time Barbara could do nothing but repeat to herself such expressions as these, while her tears fell fast. 'Yet can it be possible,' thought she, as she became a little more composed, 'that Lady Busta should have discovered all? Would she not have driven the object who had offended her from her doors? And yet why should I deceive myself?' continued she, relapsing into her grief; 'how can it be concealed long, even if yet unknown! How *can* it! No: something must be done instantly. I must see John immediately, ere this threatened storm breaks and involves us in ruin.' Barbara hastily rose as she spoke, dried the traces of her tears from her countenance, and gathered her work into its place. She then prepared her attire for a walk abroad.

Our story requires that we should follow the young lady whither she went. Not far from the house of Busta was a *voe*, or arm of the sea, of considerable extent, being above a mile in breadth, and running into the land for several miles. To the shore of this sheet of water Barbara took her way, and walked along it for some distance, until she reached a spot out of sight of the family mansion, where she sat herself down on the grass.

The day was a pleasant one of early summer, and at another time the orphan girl might have found pleasure in contemplating the smooth surface of a sea which rarely held a placid mood; but now her heart was too much occupied with other thoughts to enjoy the beauties of nature. Her eye and her mind were fixed on an angle of the hill, by the foot of which she had taken up her station. Nor had she waited long before the object for which she looked appeared. A young man in a hunter's dress, with a dog by his side and a gun on his arm, came round the end of the hill, and advanced towards her. In a few minutes the pair were folded in an embrace, which proved that John Gifford and Barbara Pitcairn were lovers—at least.

John heard from the young lady's lips the language which his mother had used respecting his formation of an attachment below his station, and the narrator's tears again flowed as she repeated the words. Though concerned to hear what had passed, the heir of Busta was also irritated by the unfeeling expressions of his mother.

'She has long governed all as she wished,' said he; 'but affections are not to be ruled. Nor have I placed mine on an unworthy object, but on one who by birth, and in everything else but wealth, is my equal—one, indeed, of whom I am unworthy.'

Such words as these were soothing to the ear of Barbara, but her alarm was too great to be quickly or easily removed.

'She can only suspect an attachment between us, dearest Barbara,' said Gifford; 'but long ere her anger can go further, I will have taken steps, with my kind father's help, to make it harmless.'

'There is more in it than suspicion, John,' was Barbara's reply: 'she has discovered or been informed of something.'

'Suspicion, dearest, is all, believe me,' said the young man: 'our confidants are all trusty, and I bear the written tokens of our affection ever in my bosom—close to my heart. See here, love,' said he, shewing the corner

of a few papers in the situation he spoke of. The converse of the pair continued for some time longer. At its close Barbara, with her heart partially lightened of its load, took the path homewards, while John remained behind for a space, in order that jealousy might not be further awakened by their return together.

On the day following these occurrences John Gifford and two of his brothers, William and Hay, with their cousin John Fiskin, a young clergyman, lately made assistant to his father, the minister of a neighbouring parish, left Busta House to cross the voe already mentioned, in order to spend the day with a gentleman on the opposite side. Barbara from her window saw them take boat on the voe. Her heart communed with her lover even in this separation. A motion made by him with his handkerchief was answered by her in the same way, and though unperceived by others, the signal gave joy to *them*. John's youngest brother James did not go with the rest by boat, but chose to ride round the head of the voe, to join the party at the same house. Cheerless was that day in the dwelling of Busta to some of its inmates. But the dusk came at length; and then the eight o'clock bell rung for supper, which was to be the signal for the return of the party across the lake. But an hour passed, and they came not: another hour—and still they did not appear. However, the night was so calm that no dread of an accident was felt at Busta. It was concluded by all that the party had been prevailed upon to stay all night.

Early in the morning, nevertheless, a horseman was sent from Busta round the head of the voe to ascertain the safety of the party. The man returned—his horse covered with foam—with the alarming intelligence, that on the previous evening the party had taken boat from the opposite side of the voe as soon as they heard the supper-bell rung! Who shall describe the alarm and agony of the father, or of the poor orphan whose life was bound up in one of the lost, though even her anguish she was forced to conceal! The cold, stern heart of Lady Busta was well shown by her manner of receiving the

intelligence brought by the servant. 'If the boat has sunk, my sons cannot all be lost, for James went not with the rest, but rode by land.' James, however, *was* with the rest. He had chosen to take the boat on his *return*, with his brothers and cousin.

It may be presumed that the fate of the party was not all at once absolutely despaired of. They might have put in somewhere along the voe, either in frolic or by mistake. Upon this slender hope, incessant search was made along the shores of the voe, and in the country around, for the young Giffords and their cousin. During the first day, neither hope of good nor certainty of evil was attained from the search. But with the suspense despair began to creep over the bosoms of those most interested in the issue; nor was the feeling groundless. On the afternoon of the second day the body of John Gifford was cast ashore on the beach of the voe, not far from the house of Busta.

One of the two men by whom the body was found ran to the house to communicate the information. Every inhabitant was at the moment out of doors, so incessant had been the search, excepting Lady Busta and Barbara Pitcairn, the latter of whom was in a condition of helpless anguish, while in the former the accident seemed but to have caused an additional sternness. As the shortest mode of delivering his tidings, the man from the beach rushed up to the window of the sitting-room and announced what had occurred. As soon as the wretched orphan heard what he said, a wild shriek burst from her lips—she uttered the words 'My husband!' and fell to the ground insensible. Her exclamation was not lost on the ears of the person beside her. Lady Busta had heard the man's tidings without emotion, but the words of Barbara Pitcairn seemed like the sting of an adder to the lady. She cast on the prostrate girl a glance of mingled scorn and hate, and then muttering: 'Ay, has it gone so far!' she left the room to go to the beach.

Some time elapsed ere Barbara recovered from her swoon, and it was some time longer ere she regained a com-

plete consciousness of what had passed. When she did so she started to her feet, and pressing her hands to her brow, as if to quiet the throbbings within, darted with hurried steps from the house in search of the body of her beloved. A number of persons had already collected around it, and Barbara was thus easily directed to the spot. When she came up—her face pale as death, her hands distractedly parting her dishevelled locks from her brow, and her eyes wild as a maniac's—the attention of all was turned to her. 'Stand back!' she cried, or rather screamed, in accents most unlike those of the timid gentle girl that all had known her to be—'stand back! He is mine! he is my husband—mine in life and in death!' So saying, she made her way to the body, fell on her knees beside it, and bathed the cold lips and brow with her kisses, uttering the most passionate exclamations, and calling upon the dead to return to her—'to his wife!' Those around felt equal surprise at her words and pity for her grief; and Lady Busta too put on a pitying aspect, but it was as if of pity for the poor girl's hallucination. Barbara caught the expression of Lady Busta's face, and again she cried: 'Yes, he was mine!—my wedded husband, in the sight of God and man! See! mark, all of you! I have tokens!' With this she hurriedly opened the vest of the deceased, ejaculating as if to herself: 'Next his heart—in his bosom he wore them—for my sake, for the sake of his unborn child!' But, after a time, her hands began to relax in their search; a degree of faintness appeared to come over her, and she cried: 'They are not here! they are gone!' Her eyes at this instant fell on Lady Busta's countenance: an expression of triumphant malice sat upon it; and the miserable Barbara, exclaiming: 'They have been taken away, and I am lost!' fell back on the ground in a state of utter unconsciousness. She was borne to the house in a condition scarcely more alive than that of the corpse which was carried beside her.

The bodies of the other unfortunate Giffords and their cousin the clergyman were all found in the course of the succeeding few days; but the cause of the loss of the

boat on so calm a night was never known. Left childless, or at least without male heirs, by this event, it might have been supposed that the intelligence of her son's having left a widow, and that widow likely to become a mother, would have been to Lady Busta like the rise of a star of hope upon a night of sorrow. It might have been expected that the relict of her son would, under such circumstances, have become to her the most interesting object on earth, and that she would have watched over her with inexpressible solicitude, in the hope of receiving a precious compensation for all that had been lost. Human beings with ordinary feelings will scarcely credit that it should have been otherwise; and yet it was so. After the discovery of her eldest son's remains, and the scene already related, Lady Busta unscrupulously gave out that the expected infant which Barbara Pitcairn confessed herself about to bear, was illegitimate, and that no marriage had ever probably been thought of by her son. Too well did Lady Busta know that no proofs of that marriage could *now* be adduced to falsify her words. Too well also did poor Barbara know it after the hour when she knelt by her beloved Gifford's body on the beach. From the sick-bed to which she was then carried she never rose for many weeks, and she had prayed never to rise again, unless it was the will of Heaven that she should live for her child. Her spirit, her heart, was broken, and she had no strength to struggle against the power that oppressed her. She had no home, no friends to fly to. One only attempt to move Lady Busta's compassion did she make—one only attempt to avert shame from the unborn child, for the father's sake, if not for the mother's. Lady Busta's reply was in these stern words: 'Woman! an acknowledged alliance with thee would disgrace our house, and thou and thy child must suffer the penalty that all pay who offend and disobey *me!*' Lady Busta's husband, however, a good man, but incapable of contesting against his wife's will, was much kinder to Barbara, and gave her strong assurances that her child and she should be protected.

Nor did these assurances prove nugatory. After recovering from her sickness, Barbara removed from Busta House to a neighbouring cottage, where she gave birth to a fine boy. To this child his grandfather became deeply attached; and after a year or so had passed away, he prevailed on Barbara to give the boy to him, to be brought up and educated. Strange to say, Lady Busta gave her consent to this arrangement, although upholding at the same time the little Gideon—for such was the name given to the boy—to be illegitimate. Nay, more: she exacted from the servants of the family and from all around the same respect and attention to him as if he were the undoubted wedlock-born heir of Busta. Her own behaviour to him exhibited a striking mixture of affection and dislike. Though she suggested nothing, yet she objected to nothing that was for his good. She even consented, after the lapse of several years, and when her husband felt himself dropping fast to the grave, that an entail of the estate of Busta should be executed in favour of the boy! This deed was not long drawn up ere the old man died, and his grandson Gideon thus became, when about twelve years of age, irrevocably the heir of Busta.

The last years of Barbara Pitcairn's life were soothed by the thought of her son's welfare, and at her death, which occurred a few years after that of Gideon's grandfather, she had but one desire left unfulfilled relative to things of earth. Lady Busta, at Barbara's request, went to see her on her dying bed, and on entering the room where she was, beheld her lying, pale and emaciated, with her son on his knees, weeping over her hands. The departing woman spoke not on the visitor's entrance, but, pointing with her finger to the handsome form of Gideon, cast on Lady Busta a look of pathetic entreaty. The lady understood the look, but her cruel pride steeled her against its influence, and she turned and walked away.

Barbara Pitcairn died on that night, and within three years afterwards Lady Busta also sank into the tomb, leaving Gideon Gifford, at the age of twenty-one, the sole

possessor of the property of Busta. Yet the stain of illegitimacy remained upon him, and he had married, and become the father of a large and happy family, ere the honour of his mother—of poor Barbara Pitcairn—was vindicated before the world, though that world, to do it justice, had ever entertained the impression that she had been legally married to John Gifford. Among the papers of Lady Busta was a packet given at her death to Lady Symbister, one of her daughters. In this packet was a marriage-certificate, bearing that John Gifford and Barbara Pitcairn were duly married by John Fiskin, in presence of William and Hay Gifford, attesting witnesses. All these parties, it will be remembered, perished in the voe! Accompanying this certificate was a letter from Lady Busta to her daughter, confessing that she had denied the fact of her son's marriage chiefly because she could not bear the thought of such an alliance, or that any one 'should divide authority with herself in the house of Busta!' How Lady Busta became possessor of the proofs of the marriage does not appear from the packet. The opportunities, however, which she had when the body of her son was found remove all mystery from the matter.

These disclosures restored honour and station to the descendants of John Gifford and Barbara Pitcairn. The measureless and indomitable pride which prevented the earlier reversal of the injustice, and, indeed, which caused the injustice to be done at first, may be thought unnatural; and yet nothing can be more faithful to the reality than the picture given of Lady Busta. Such characters certainly occur seldom in nature, but it is not the less true that they do sometimes occur. Happy it is for society that they are but rarely seen!

BRISSON'S CAPTIVITY IN AFRICA.

SHIPWRECK on the coast of Africa, particularly on the western coast, has been always attended with peculiar circumstances of horror and distress. The unhappy sufferers, on escaping from the raging billows of the ocean, find themselves exposed to unmitigated misery on a barren and inhospitable coast, abounding not only with wild beasts and noxious reptiles, but also inhabited by men of a most barbarous disposition, exceeding in ferocity even the savage animals of the desert themselves. The country of Morocco, which extends about 600 miles along the shores of the north-western part of Africa, is possessed by a race of men who are characterised as being jealous, deceitful, superstitious, and cruel to a most excessive degree, so that any mariners who have had the misfortune to be wrecked on these coasts have almost invariably met with immediate death from their hands, or have been condemned to suffer the miseries of a most wretched and hopeless captivity amongst them. There are two sorts of inhabitants in Morocco — the Arabs, who dwell in movable villages, composed generally of about 100 tents each; and the Berebers, Barbars, or aborigines, who live in towns and villages. There are also a great number of Christian slaves, and some merchants on the coast, besides a multitude of Jews who carry on almost all the trade, especially by land, with the negroes, to whom they send large caravans, which travel over vast deserts almost destitute of water. The inhabitants of these western parts of Africa have therefore been long a various and mingled race, and, along with the other nations on the African coast as far as the borders of Egypt, are known to Europeans by the general denomination of *Moors*.

On the open plains of Morocco the climate is hot, yet

genial. Its grand chain of mountains, denominated Atlas, from whence the neighbouring ocean has received the name of the *Atlantic*, has its summits often covered with snow; and between these and its bases there is presented almost every diversity of climate and temperature. Excessive rains sometimes deluge the level districts, to the destruction both of vegetables and animals; there is sometimes a drought, which continues till vegetation is almost wholly withered; and armies of locusts occasionally devour the produce of the most fruitful seasons before it can be converted to the use of man. Sheep and oxen are the most plentiful among the domesticated animals in these countries; the camel is the common beast of burden; the horse and the mule are employed for riding: fowls, pigeons, and partridges, hares, and, in the northern parts, rabbits, are in sufficient abundance. The wild animals of the forests and mountains are—deer of different sorts, antelopes, foxes, bears, lions, and tigers.

Monsieur Brisson's account of his shipwreck on these barbarous coasts, attended with all its usual horrors, and of a most distressful captivity in consequence of it among the savage inhabitants, is possessed of great interest and importance. The interest is almost equal to that which is excited in reading Byron's Narrative; and a great similarity exists between his sufferings and those of M. Brisson, from whose narrative we shall now select a few of the most interesting particulars.

His voyages to Africa, the author says, had already been productive of many hardships and much loss to him, when he received an order from the French government, in the month of June 1785, to embark for the island of St Louis, at Senegal. When he arrived at the Canaries, the vessel on which he was aboard passed between these isles and that of Palma; but the captain, having refused to follow M. Brisson's advice, the ship was soon after driven upon the coast, and cast away. In many particulars it will be observed that this catastrophe is remarkably similar to that of the *Medusa* in later times.

Immediately after this fatal occurrence he asked the captain at what distance they might be from Senegal; but the answer he received not proving satisfactory, he informed his companions in misfortune that he could not flatter them with the hope of being able to conduct them to any village of the tribe of Trargea, where he might perhaps have been known to some Arab, who had relations at the island of St Louis, in which case their captivity would have been shorter and less rigorous. 'I am afraid,' added he, 'of meeting with some hordes of the tribe of Ouadelims and the Labdesseba, a ferocious people, who live like real savages, who always wander through the deserts, and who feed on the milk of their camels.'

According to M. Brisson's conjecture they fell immediately into the hands of the Labdesseba, and these barbarians, after plundering the ship, stripped him and his companions, and then crowded them into a small hut covered with moss, which was above a league distant from the sea. As M. Brisson's master happened to be a *talbe* or priest, he thought he should procure some alleviation of his misfortunes by bestowing upon him the few jewels he had in his possession — namely, two watches with their chains, a ring set with diamonds, and 200 livres in specie. The talbe hereupon made him great promises, but he soon proved to be as deceitful as he was barbarous. To avoid another tribe still more savage, the Arabs made their prisoners proceed by forced marches to the interior parts of the country, during which they were so oppressed with thirst that they could scarcely move their tongues. In this situation they obliged them to climb mountains of a prodigious height, and covered with sharp flints, by which their feet were dreadfully cut and mangled. Their masters made a kind of paste of barley-meal, which they mixed with water in the hollow of their hands, and swallowed without chewing it.

'As for us slaves,' says M. Brisson, 'we had nothing to eat but the same kind of paste. The Arabs threw it to us upon a kind of carpet, which our patron generally

spread below his feet when he repeated his prayers, and which he used as a mattress during the night: after having kneaded this leaven a long time, he gave it to me that I might divide it among my companions. One can hardly conceive how disagreeable this leaven was to the taste. The water with which it was mixed had been procured upon the sea-shore, and had been preserved afterwards in the skin of a goat newly killed. To prevent it from corrupting they had mixed a kind of pitch with it, which rendered the smell of it doubly nauseous. The same kind of water was given us to drink, and, bad as it was, our allowance of it was extremely small.'

Next morning, after a most laborious march over a plain, upon which the rays of the sun fell almost perpendicularly, the prisoners were employed in unloading the camels, and in pulling up roots, a labour which was exceedingly painful, as in that country the root and herbs are mixed with briers and thorns. When the sand was well heated by the fire, the Arabs covered a goat with it, until it was completely baked, and immediately, without giving themselves time to free it from the sand which adhered to it, they devoured it with incredible voracity. After having thoroughly gnawed the bones, they made use of their nails to scrape off the remaining flesh; after which they threw them to their miserable slaves, bidding them eat quickly, and make haste to reload the camels that their journey might not be retarded. At length, after a march of sixteen days, during which they were exposed to the greatest hardships and fatigue, they arrived in a most deplorable and attenuated condition at the habitation of their masters. The reception which they met with from the women was mortifying in the utmost degree. When they had satisfied the first emotions of their curiosity by looking at them for some time, they bestowed the most abusive language upon them, spat in their faces, and even pelted them with stones. The children, copying their example, amused themselves by pinching them, pulling their hair, and scratching them with their nails. The heat was so

excessive that the flocks, half-starved, could find no pasture, and the sheep and goats returned with their dugs almost empty; and yet it was their milk, and that of the camels, which was to supply food for a numerous family. 'One may judge after this,' says M. Brisson, 'how much our portion was diminished: as we were Christians, the dogs even fared better, and it was in basins destined for their use that we received our allowance!'

Their situation became every day more wretched. The end of October was approaching, and a single drop of rain had not fallen for three years. The plains and valleys were entirely burnt up, and nothing remained for the nourishment of the cattle. The desolation was universal, when an Arab from a distant part of the country came to inform them that refreshing showers had covered those parts where he resided with abundance of vegetation. Joy then succeeded to fear and distress. Every one struck his tent, and all set out together. This was the thirtieth time they had changed their habitation, and that their fatigues had been renewed, for these hordes never remain above twelve or fifteen days in the same encampment. At length they arrived at the wished-for spot, where the sand was so impregnated with moisture, that the least pressure of the body made the water spout up in great abundance. Here the prisoners would have thought themselves very happy could they have procured a hurdle made of osier-twigs to repose upon, and a coarse-napped carpet of wool to cover them; but amongst the Arabs none but those who are rich use such pieces of furniture. To add to their misfortunes their portion of food was increased, but only with water, so that in a little time they had nothing to eat but water whitened with meal, which weakened them to such a degree as can hardly be conceived. Wild plants and raw snails were then almost the whole of their aliment.

M. Brisson's master had promised to send him to Mogadore, and to furnish him with the means of procuring his liberty; but he soon put an end to his dissimulation, and this unfortunate man lost every hope. He no longer

met in the fields his miserable companions, and he regretted above all the loss of the captain. One evening he found him stretched out on the sand, and in such a condition that he scarcely knew him but by the colour of his body. In his mouth he held one of his hands, which only his extreme weakness prevented him from devouring. Hunger had so much changed his figure, that his appearance was horrid and disgusting. A few days after, the second captain, exhausted by want, fell down under a tree, where he remained exposed to the attacks of a monstrous serpent. Some hungry crows frightened the venomous reptile by their cries, and, perching upon the dying man, began to tear him to pieces; while four savage monsters, still more cruel than the furious snake, beheld this scene, and suffered the unhappy wretch to make vain efforts without deigning to lend him the least assistance. M. Brisson endeavoured to save him if possible, but he was prevented by the Arabs, who ill-used and insulted him. Not knowing which way to bend his steps, he hastened away from this scene of horror.

Almost all the prisoners sunk under their misfortunes in succession, and no one was left to comfort Brisson under his sufferings; he became frantic through excess of thirst, and even the Arabs themselves died from the same cause. They preserved with the greatest care the water which they found in the stomachs of their camels, and boiled their flesh in it. At length his master's brother-in-law purchased him for five camels; and this man having occasion to go to the court of the emperor of Morocco upon business, he carried M. Brisson along with him. The French consul at that time was luckily in great favour with the emperor, on account of some presents which he had made him; for this reason the emperor set all the prisoners at liberty, and amongst the rest M. Brisson, who then found his way once more home to his native country.

THE MAYOR OF GALWAY.

In the history of Ireland there occurs an instance of judicial integrity, which has often been referred to as the most remarkable in modern times. The case is related as follows:—James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, an opulent merchant, was mayor of Galway in 1493. He had made several voyages to Spain, as a considerable intercourse was then kept up between that country and the western coast of Ireland. When returning from his last visit he brought with him the son of a respectable merchant named Gomez, whose hospitality he had largely experienced, and who was now received by his family with all that warmth of affection which from the earliest period has characterised the natives of Ireland. Young Gomez soon became the intimate associate of Walter Lynch, the only son of the mayor, a youth in his twenty-first year, and who possessed qualities of mind and body which rendered him an object of general admiration; but to these was unhappily united a disposition to libertinism, which was a source of the greatest affliction to his father. The worthy magistrate, however, was now led to entertain hopes of a favourable change in his son's character, as he was engaged in paying honourable addresses to a beautiful young lady of good family and fortune. Preparatory to the nuptials the mayor gave a splendid entertainment, at which young Lynch fancied his intended bride viewed his Spanish friend with too much regard. The fire of jealousy was instantly lighted up in his distempered brain, and at their next interview he accused his beloved Agnes of unfaithfulness to him. Irritated at the injustice of the accusation the offended fair one disdained to deny the charge, and the lovers parted in anger.

On the following night, while Walter Lynch slowly passed the residence of his betrothed, he observed young

Gomez to leave the house, as he had been invited by her father to spend that evening with him. All his suspicions now appeared to receive confirmation, and in headlong fury he rushed on his unsuspecting friend, who, alarmed by a voice which the frantic rage of his pursuer prevented him from recognising, fled towards a solitary quarter of the town near the shore. Lynch maintained the pursuit till his victim had nearly reached the water's edge, when he overtook him, darted a poniard into his heart, and plunged his body, bleeding, into the sea, which, during the night, threw it back again upon the shore, where it was found and recognised on the following morning.

Having committed this totally-unprovoked murder, young Lynch awakened from his paroxysm of passion, and fearing the consequences, proceeded to hide himself in the recesses of an adjoining wood, where he passed the night a prey to all those conflicting feelings which the loss of that happiness he had so ardently expected, and a sense of guilt of the deepest dye, could inflict. He at length found some degree of consolation in the firm resolution of surrendering himself to the law, as the only means now left to him of expiating the dreadful crime which he had committed against society. With this determination he bent his steps towards the town at the earliest dawn of the following morning; but he had scarcely reached its precincts when he met a crowd approaching, amongst whom, with shame and terror, he observed his father on horseback, attended by several officers of justice. At present the venerable magistrate had no suspicion that his only son was the assassin of his friend and guest; but when young Lynch proclaimed himself the murderer, a conflict of feeling seized the wretched father beyond the power of language to describe. To him, as chief-magistrate of the town, was intrusted the duty of trying his son, and, if need be, executing capital punishment upon him. For a moment the strong affection of a parent pleaded in his breast in behalf of his wretched son; but this quickly gave place to a sense of duty in his magisterial capacity as an impartial dispenser of the laws,

The latter feeling at length predominated; and although he now perceived that happiness was no longer his lot in this world, he resolved to sacrifice all personal considerations to his love of justice, and ordered the guard to secure their prisoner.

The sad procession moved slowly towards the prison amidst a concourse of spectators, some of whom expressed the strongest admiration at the upright conduct of the magistrate, while others were equally loud in their lamentations for the unhappy fate of a highly-accomplished youth who had long been a universal favourite. But the firmness of the mayor had to withstand a still greater shock when the mother, sisters, and intended bride of the wretched Walter beheld him who had been their hope and pride approach, pale, bound, and surrounded with spears. Their frantic outcries affected every heart except that of the inflexible magistrate, who had now resolved to sacrifice life, with all that makes life valuable, rather than swerve from the path of duty.

In a few days the trial of Walter Lynch took place; and in a provincial town of Ireland, containing at that period not more than 3000 inhabitants, a father was beheld sitting in judgment, like another Brutus, on his only son, and, like him too, condemning that son to die as a sacrifice to public justice. Yet the trial of the firmness of the upright and inflexible magistrate did not end here. His was a virtue too refined for vulgar minds: the populace loudly demanded the prisoner's release, and were only prevented by the guards from demolishing the prison and the mayor's house, which adjoined it; and their fury was increased on learning that the unhappy prisoner had now become anxious for life. To these ebullitions of popular rage were added the intercessions of persons of the first rank and influence in Galway, and the entreaties of his dearest relatives and friends; but while Lynch evinced all the feeling of a father and a man placed in his singularly-distressing circumstances, he undauntedly declared that the law should take its course.

On the night preceding the fatal day appointed for the

execution of Walter Lynch, this extraordinary man entered the dungeon of his son, holding in his hand a lamp, and accompanied by a priest. He locked the grate after him, kept the keys fast in his hand, and then seated himself in a recess of the wall. The wretched culprit drew near, and with a faltering tongue asked if he had anything to hope. The mayor answered: 'No, my son; your life is forfeited to the laws, and at sunrise you must die! I have prayed for your prosperity; but that is at an end: with this world you have done for ever. Were any other but your wretched father your judge, I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortune, and solicited for his life, even though stained with murder; but you must die! These are the last drops which shall quench the sparks of nature; and if you dare hope, implore that Heaven may not shut the gates of mercy on the destroyer of his fellow-creature. I am now come to join with this good man in petitioning God to give you such composure as will enable you to meet your punishment with becoming resignation.' After this affecting address, he called on the clergyman to offer up their united prayers for God's forgiveness to his unhappy son, and that he might be fully fortified to meet the approaching catastrophe. In the ensuing supplications at a throne of mercy, the youthful culprit joined with fervour, and spoke of life and its concerns no more.

Day had scarcely broken, when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards without. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner they ascended a flight of steps lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been unprepared. His wife, failing in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honour of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew

to arms; a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them; and the outcries for mercy to the culprit must have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of their country; but finding all his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled by the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope, which had been previously fixed round the neck of his son, to an iron staple which projected from the wall, and, after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity.

The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace; but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded by the magnanimous act, that they retired slowly and peaceably to their several dwellings. The claims of justice being now satisfied, the feelings of the aged man gave way, and from this period he led a life of seclusion and mental anguish; and at last died, an example of what may be done and suffered under a high sense of public duty.

THE GARLAND OF HOPS.

FREDERICK HERMANN, a schoolmaster at Pierrefond, in Germany, was one of the happiest of men. The society of children was his greatest delight, and under his instruction they rapidly improved. Satisfied with moderate remuneration, he was as happy as a king in his little territory. Three years after the establishment of his school, about the time of vintage, Hermann set out for the city, to bring home his intended wife, Theresa

Hilmer. Theresa was the daughter of the Count of Lindenbourg's steward. She had early lost her mother. Her father had intrusted the management of his family to a faithful and laborious servant, who had served him with fidelity and uprightness since his marriage.

Their nuptials were celebrated at her uncle's, the chief chanter in the choir. Some years before Theresa had seen the school-house and garden adjoining; the remembrance she had preserved of them was not very cheering; and though Hermann assured her that everything was much improved, his words did not satisfy her, and she set out quite melancholy for the village of Pierrefond. What was her astonishment when, on her arrival, instead of the pool, she saw a green lawn, in which were rows of young healthy trees covered with rosy apples and yellow pears! The school-house, truly, was no more than a cottage; but the new yellow thatch, and the gray and bluish walls, had a neat and cheerful appearance; and when Hermann said to her that the weakness of the walls did not permit him to change the roof, she hastened to reply, saying: 'We may live happy and content under a thatched roof if we love God and live in peace and unity.'

God blessed their union with many lovely children. Catherine and Sophia, the two eldest, bore a striking resemblance to their mother. The next was a fine, lively boy, called after his father, whom he much resembled. In the course of some years after the birth of her ninth child Theresa fell dangerously ill, and was confined to bed for a long time. However, her health improved gradually, and she was able to get up for some hours every day. At the time of the anniversary of Catherine's birth she remained up all day; but as she felt too weak to attend to household duties, she looked for a straw-hat, which she had worn whilst at Lindenbourg, and wished to repair as a present for her daughter Catherine. Though the hat was already much worn, she arranged it so well that at first sight it appeared quite new. This present, which cost Theresa some trouble, afforded Catherine much pleasure.

'A blue, green, or red ribbon,' said she in a low voice, 'would look very well on this yellow hat. I would wish very much for such a one. Perhaps my father may buy it for me on my birthday: if I asked him for the necessary money he certainly would not refuse me. But I will say nothing; his expenses are already so great that it would really be a sin to ask him for money to buy such a useless piece of dress.'

Theresa had taken much pleasure in this little task, but when night came she found herself getting very ill; and next day she was worse. The whole family were plunged into extreme distress, and the more so that their poverty prevented them from procuring proper medical assistance. At this juncture a kind neighbour recommended a decoction made from certain wild herbs that grew near the summit of a neighbouring mountain. Catherine, as a good child, volunteered to gather the herbs, and soon set out on her expedition.

As this simple child of nature crossed the garden on her pious journey, her attention was drawn to a beautiful hop-plant that spread itself luxuriantly over the hedge. The idea of ornamenting her newly brushed-up straw-hat entered her mind; and the bonnet was speedily and tastefully decorated with a garland of the flowering hop. It was more beautiful, she thought, than the finest ribbon. She now hastened on her way in quest of the medicinal herbs.

The road which led to the top of the mountain sometimes passed through grass-plots enamelled with flowers, sometimes through groves, where breathed the most agreeable freshness. All was calm around; she heard nought but the sound of the grasshoppers, or the singing of the birds in the neighbouring bushes.

Catherine reached the higher part of the hill without much difficulty, and was filling her basket with plants when she heard footsteps. Suddenly there stood before her a young lady of engaging appearance, with a veil drawn tightly over her head. Catherine uttered an exclamation of surprise.

'Listen to me, my good girl,' said the stranger. 'I have just, by a slight accident, lost my hat. I have travelled a long way, and have much farther to go. Will you, then, sell me yours?'

'Very willingly,' replied Catherine; 'though it is very pretty, and I set much value on it. It is a present from my good mother, who wore it in her youth. Yesterday she repaired it for me, and I wear it to-day for the first time. I love it very much; but I will sell it willingly to you, because my mother wants money. I would give my life for her!'

'Very well,' said the stranger. 'But what will you take for your hat? Tell me what price you set on it?'

Catherine replied: 'I am ignorant of its value.'

'Well,' said the stranger to her, 'I will give you one crown for the hat, and three for the pretty garland of hops round it. How well it is made! The natural flower could not be prettier. Adieu! my mother calls me: our postilion has reached the top of the hill. Take this piece of gold, which is worth four crowns: make no reply, but give me your hat quickly.'

Having said these words she darted off towards a postchaise, which she entered immediately. The postilion cracked his whip, and, as they had arrived at the descent, the carriage disappeared in an instant. All that had passed seemed as a dream to Catherine, but the piece of gold she held in her hand told her that it was quite true. She wearied her mind to explain the haste with which the stranger had paid so dearly for the garland of hops.

Catherine placed on her head the basket which she had filled with the medicinal plants, exclaiming: 'How delighted my parents will be when they see the gold that Heaven sends them! I will carry it to them immediately. I have gathered a sufficient supply of plants for to-day. Now that the sun is so hot, the basket will shade me, and admirably replace the hat which I have sold.' She descended the mountain with the swiftness of a deer.

'My dear parents,' cried she even before she had

entered the house, 'I have met with rare good-fortune! See this piece of gold, which I have been assured is worth four crowns!' And she proceeded to relate how she had received this large sum of money from a stranger in exchange for her hat. Theresa's countenance became sad at this narration. She thought it could only have been by mistake that so considerable a sum had been given to her daughter. This also was the opinion of her husband. Catherine tried to explain. The lady gave me one crown for the hat,' said she; 'and as to the other three, she gave me them for the garland of hops which ornamented it. She told me so expressly.'

'The affair is clear,' cried Theresa. 'She thought it was an artificial garland; that is the reason she paid so dearly.'

'Therefore,' added Hermann, 'it is right to restore this gold to the stranger.'

'Yes,' said Theresa: 'to keep these three crowns would be to steal them.'

'You are right, dear parents,' said Catherine: 'it is only now that I perceive why the young lady admired the hops so much. We did not understand each other. She told me that the garland was quite like nature. I see now; she meant to say that this artificial hop was a perfect imitation. A singular mistake! But how can we give back the gold to this young lady? I know not what her name is, where she came from, or whither she went.'

'That can be easily ascertained at the stage which she has just quitted,' said Hermann. 'As she travels with post-horses, her name, or at least that of her mother, is inscribed in the way-bill. The post-mistress is in the habit of finding out the name, residence, and situation of all the travellers. Write a letter, then, immediately to the young lady, and let there be nothing to add to it but the address. The post-mistress will direct it; you can put the money and letter in the post-office, and they will soon reach the stranger. God preserve me from keeping money unjustly acquired! that would never promote our happiness. What do you say, Theresa?'

The mother replied, that though the hat had been worn some time, it did not seem to her too dear; and she thought they might conscientiously keep one crown.

Catherine, who wrote letters with great ease, addressed one to the stranger. Her father read it, and found it required but a few slight alterations; she then copied it very neatly. It was as follows:—

'MADAM—I was very happy to be able to accommodate you in your journey by selling you a hat. But you must very soon have perceived that in your haste you made a great mistake respecting the garland of hops. Until my parents explained it to me, I did not understand what passed. I am grieved that I did not perceive your error in time to inform you that the garland was the work of nature—not that of art—and that when passing I had plucked it from the hedge of our garden. I return you the three crowns which you gave me over and above, keeping one as the price of the hat, which has been more than sufficiently paid for; and as you kindly wished to render me a service by paying so generously, I thank you for your benevolence. I have the honour to be your very grateful servant, CATHERINE HERMANN.'

Theresa gave her the piece of gold, saying: 'Ask the post-mistress to change this for you, and to give you four crowns: put three into the letter, which the post-mistress will have the kindness to seal; the fourth is yours—you can use it as you like.'

'Is it really true, my dear mother?' replied Catherine in a transport of joy. 'Well, I know already what I will do with it. As my father doubts the efficacy of the plants, I will go to the physician and implore him to restore your health: he could do it very well for a crown. It is true it would be necessary to pay something for medicine, but I have yet a silk handkerchief, given me by my godmother; it is very pretty, and quite new. I will sell it also very willingly. In this way all will be right, and we will not incur debts.' He who is in debt is always in danger of being dishonest.

Catherine set out immediately for the next post-town. She borrowed her sister Sophia's straw-hat. By her mother's advice she cut some cauliflowers for sale, and put them in her basket. Theresa had often said: 'When a good manager has a little journey to go she always takes care to do two things at a time, so as never to have empty hands.'

When Catherine arrived in the little town, she went directly to the post-office. The post-mistress, a mild, well-looking woman, sat knitting near the window. Catherine saluted her politely, and asked her who were the two ladies who had posted from thence in the morning.

'Madame Duval and her daughter Harriet,' replied the post-mistress. 'They were returning from their country seat, and are now going to the capital, where Mr Duval resides. They intend to stay there many months. But what have you to do with these rich ladies, my poor child? What relations are they to you?'

Catherine shewed the letter, as well as the piece of gold, saying: 'Miss Harriet gave me three crowns too much in a little bargain I made with her; I wish to return them to her by post: be so kind as to change this piece of gold for me.'

The post-mistress, taking the gold, went to look for four crowns, and said to Catherine: 'Will you permit me to read this letter?' She gave it to her. When the post-mistress had read it, she cried: 'This letter does not proceed from your pretty little head; it is not that hand which wrote it.' Catherine assured her that the letter was her composition, and that her father had only corrected the mistakes. 'Well,' said the post-mistress, 'we will soon see.' She put the three crowns in the letter, which she enclosed in an envelope, and said to her: 'Write; I will dictate the address.' Catherine wrote, and great indeed was the post-mistress's astonishment. 'Young girl,' she said, 'I never could have believed it. You write better than I could. You have a well-educated father.' She sealed the letter, and placing it amongst the others said: 'All these will go this evening by post. You

are a well-instructed, and, above all, a very virtuous girl. Continue always so, and my best wishes for you will be realised.'

Catherine then asked her where the physician lived. This lady, who was very inquisitive, as we have already seen, wished to know what Catherine wanted of the physician. The young girl spoke of her mother's illness, the grief of her father, and of his nine children. 'I wish,' added she, 'to give this crown to the doctor, to engage him to visit my mother.'

The post-mistress was much affected by her filial piety. 'It is very right,' said she to Catherine, 'cheerfully to employ this crown, the price of your pretty hat, in your mother's cure. Come with me. The physician lives some paces from this; his wife is my friend: I will conduct you to his house.' She put on her shawl, and Catherine accompanied her to the physician's.

The post-mistress could not restrain herself from telling all about the straw-hat ornamented with the precious garland of hops. She related it in such a lively manner that the physician and his wife fell into fits of laughter. After that, she depicted Catherine's filial affection with such feeling, she spoke of the mother's illness, the grief of the father, and his nine children, praised the honesty of Catherine's parents, so that tears filled the eyes of the physician's wife. He said to the young girl, who presented him with the crown in an imploring air: 'Take back your money, my dear child; it would be a sin for me to take even a farthing. To-morrow morning I will ride into the neighbourhood of your village: I will go to see your mother, and, by God's help, will cure her gratuitously!'

'Well,' said the post-mistress, 'I wish also to do something for this virtuous invalid. I engage to pay the apothecary. Catherine's father and mother have performed a noble action by thus returning the money which a singular accident had thrown in their way. Their poverty renders the action still more meritorious.'

Catherine shed tears while thanking the doctor and the

post-mistress. She accompanied the latter to take the basket she had left at her house.

'Well,' said she, 'what is there in your basket?'

Catherine raised the cover, and replied: 'As you have been so kind to my mother, I beg you will accept these cauliflowers, as a token of my gratitude. My mother desired me to sell them, but I am sure she will be much better pleased that I should thus express my thanks to you.'

'I admire your kind-heartedness,' said the post-mistress; 'but I will pay you very willingly for your vegetables. Your parents want money more than I do.' She took the cauliflowers, paid for them, and said to Catherine: 'I do not wish you to take back your basket empty: wait an instant.' She went for a bottle of Malaga wine and a white loaf. 'This wine,' said she, 'is for your mother; the physician wishes her to take a glass of it every day. Divide the loaf between your brothers and sisters, and do not forget yourself in the distribution.' She put the bottle of wine and the bread into the basket, wishing Catherine a safe journey, who did not fail to thank her. She went home, and entering her house joyfully, gave the crown to her mother, saying, that neither the physician nor apothecary would take any remuneration. She then handed her the bottle of wine, and divided the bread among her brothers and sisters. The parents were enchanted as well as the children.

Very early next morning the generous physician knocked at the door. He did not find the invalid very ill; 'But,' said he, 'she may have become so if a doctor had not been called in time to see her. The herbs would be useful afterwards, at present more efficacious remedies are requisite. I hope, however, that she will be able to leave her bed in about eight days.'

He wrote his prescription, promised to see her again shortly, and galloped off. Returning in a few days he found Theresa convalescent, and said: 'All is right: she has no more need of medicine. She only wants rest and nourishment.'

'Alas!' said Hermann, 'where will we get it?'

The doctor drew from his pocket a little sealed parcel, which contained a sum of money, and handed it to Catherine. On opening the parcel she found the following note :—

'My dear Catherine—My parents and I were much struck by the disinterestedness you evinced in returning the three crowns. My error in mistaking for artificial the garland of hops which ornamented your pretty hat has been useful to me, by shewing me that honesty may be found in the poorest village and under the most humble thatch. Accept, then, the three crowns in remembrance of the occurrence, and three more as a reward for your honesty. In consequence of your good parent's illness my mother sends her four crowns to contribute to her restoration, which she and I unite in desiring ardently. Adieu! Henrietta Duval.'

Catherine and her parents were agreeably surprised by the contents of this letter, as well as by the money which accompanied it. They were astonished that the young lady knew already of the mother's illness, as Catherine had not mentioned it. But the generous physician, having heard of Madame Duval's benevolence during her stay in Vienna, had written to her immediately after his visit to Theresa.

The story of the straw-hat and the garland of hops had furnished him with an opportunity of recommending to Madame Duval's kindness the sick mother, as well as her poor and interesting family.

One fine day in spring, some months after Theresa's recovery, as she and Hermann with their nine children, the youngest sitting on her mother's knee, were at dinner, they suddenly heard a knock at the door. All the children cried with eager curiosity : 'Come in!' and a young person, richly dressed, entered the room.

'Miss Harriet!' cried Catherine, as she ran to meet her. All rose respectfully.

Catherine and her parents began to thank her for the money she sent them, but Harriet stopped them, saying :

'Unless you sit down again, and say no more about it, I will go away immediately.'

At this moment they heard another knock, and an elegant-looking lady appeared. She stopped some minutes in silence on the threshold, and looked around her. Harriet said in an under voice to Catherine, who was near her: 'It is my mother.'

Catherine saluted Madame Duval respectfully, who, on perceiving her, exclaimed: 'Whom do I see? I had a friend in my youth who resembled you as one rose resembles another.' Mrs Duval, looking around, said to Catherine: 'Is your mother here? Is she alive and well?'

Catherine had not replied when Theresa entered.

Madame Duval looked at her, and immediately exclaimed, quite overjoyed: 'Theresa! yes, it is you! What happiness to meet after such a long separation!'

Theresa regarded the stranger with surprise, and said: 'I do not remember ever to have seen you.'

'What! do you not know your Leonora? Have you forgotten all the happy days we spent in our youth at the castle of Lindenbourg?'

'Ah,' replied the wife of the schoolmaster, 'I now recognise an old and valued friend, from whom I have been separated by circumstances. But I could not expect the daughter of my father's master should have kept up an intimacy unsuitable to her station.'

This accidental renewal of an old acquaintanceship led to pleasing consequences. Madame Duval having seated herself, proceeded to make an exceedingly agreeable communication. 'My husband,' said she, 'has been intending for some time to remodel our village-school, and hitherto deferred it from unwillingness to hurt the feelings of the poor master who has had the management of it. But this difficulty has been removed, as he has of himself resigned the situation, sensible that his advanced age incapacitates him for the due performance of its duties. Mr Duval only requires a clever and educated master. Catherine's letter first made us think of you.

A note from the doctor who visited Theresa gave us a most favourable idea of your family, and informed us that Catherine herself had written that letter. Mr Duval said that the schoolmaster who gave such instruction to his children, and who possessed such sentiments, must be a man of probity and education. You may therefore have the vacant situation, if quite agreeable to you.' I do not doubt your acceptance of my proposal, for our village is a very agreeable residence. The school-house is large and commodious, and there is an excellent garden adjoining.'

Hermann was as much surprised as delighted with this proposal. 'Madam,' said he, 'I accept your offer with many thanks: I will try to perform my duties in the most conscientious manner, and to evince my gratitude more by my actions than by my words.'

Mrs Duval said to Hermann, that it would be well for him to quit the village of Pierrefond as quickly as possible: she told him to fix on a day for his departure, when they would send cars for his family and furniture. She then bade them adieu, and returned with her daughter to the carriage.

As Harriet was stepping into the carriage, she said to Catherine: 'I acted very improperly in taking your hat on such an exceedingly hot day. I must give it back.' So saying she handed it to her.

'Is it possible?' said Catherine. 'What! this pretty garland of hops, is it not faded yet? Really it is as green as the day I gathered it.'

Harriet clapped her hands, and said laughing: 'Ha! ha! you are as much mistaken as I was. I took the natural for an artificial garland, now you think the artificial natural. As soon as I arrived in town, I had your garland carefully imitated by an artist. I give it you. Keep it in remembrance of the one you put on your hat, and of the means used to make us all happy.'

'Miss Harriet is right,' said Hermann; 'keep it carefully, my dear Catherine, that you may remember the truth of the old adage: "Honesty is the best policy."'

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF JUDICIAL MURDER.

THE annals of courts of justice do not present a more lamentable case of erroneous decision than the following, every word of which we vouch for as correct.

In the year 1788, an event took place at Dundee, which excited a great sensation all over Scotland. On the night of the 16th of February, the office of the Dundee Banking Company was broken into, and robbed of the sum of L.422, 2s. 6d. It was discovered that the robbery had been effected by means of a hole made in the ceiling, through which the plunderers had effected their entrance and escape. The interests of so wide a circle of persons are involved in the security of a bank, that it was natural for such an occurrence to create much stir and alarm, though the sum stolen was comparatively small. Accordingly, a reward of L.150 was immediately offered for information respecting the offenders, part of the sum to be paid on conviction. For some time no discovery was made, but at length a person named Alexander Macdonald, tailor in Dundee, came forward and gave information, implicating three individuals—James Falconer and Peter Bruce, merchants in Dundee, and James Dick, late shipmaster there, in the affair of the bank robbery.

On Wednesday the 13th of August, the trial of Falconer and Bruce took place in the Edinburgh Justiciary Court, before Lord Hailes and other judges. Dick had left Dundee before the charge was made against him, and appears to have been out of the way during the whole progress of the business. When Macdonald was brought forward for examination, the leading counsel for the panels offered some objections to his testimony. The counsel declared himself able to prove that Macdonald was a person of bad general character; that he had once stolen a bill; that he had personated an exciseman,

and had made a seizure of tea under that character; besides being guilty of several other illegal acts. But the judges held that a conviction and sentence in a proper court were the only circumstances that could justify the rejection of a party's evidence in a criminal cause. Accordingly, as Macdonald had never been so tried and convicted, he was allowed to give evidence, although, in addition to the preceding objections, it was also proved that he had *claimed the reward* offered in the case now under examination; a circumstance which he himself had previously denied to the court in the most positive terms.

Macdonald deposed that, eight months before the commission of the crime, he had been requested by Falconer, Bruce, and Dick, to join them in a plan for robbing the bank, and had been repeatedly spoken to about the same scheme afterwards, being at the same time bound to secrecy by a terrible oath. Two other persons were concerned, according to the witness, with the three mentioned; but either these men were out of the way, or the court appears to have permitted him to keep the names of these parties to himself. Macdonald then proceeded to state that Falconer and his companions had called upon him late on the Saturday night on which the bank was robbed, and desired him, with threats, to rise out of bed and follow them to the bank. They left him, and he rose and dressed himself. On going into the street, he met two women, Anne Valentine and one Menzies, the former of whom was seeking a boy, her son. With these women he went towards the town-house, which is above the bank, the hall of the town-house being separate from the bank-office only by a single floor and ceiling in one part. In the Guildhall he saw the glimmer of a light, and conjectured that the plunderers had made their way into it. He and his companions went up the town-hall steps, and there, on looking through the key-hole, they saw Falconer with his coat off, and Bruce and the others engaged in fastening a rope round his waist, for the purpose of letting him down through a hole which they had made. Macdonald saw Falconer let down, after

which he and those with him left the town-hall steps, and went back to the street. They remained there till the five plunderers came out, and were seen by them. This took place about one on the Sunday morning.

This was Macdonald's evidence, and it was corroborated by the women Valentine and Menzies, as respected the seeing of the panels on the street and in the town-hall.

This was the whole evidence against Falconer and Bruce. The counter-testimony was of various kinds. The accused were persons of respectable station and character; their accusers were *not*. A living friend of Bruce, who was his schoolfellow and intimate friend, declares to us that no one who knew him believed for a moment in his guilt. Again, each of the prisoners brought witnesses to prove an *alibi*, and these witnesses were of respectable character; but unfortunately their testimony did not bear upon the precise hour at which the robbery was committed. Three witnesses saw Falconer in his own house between ten and eleven, and the latest visitor saw him in *bed*, complaining of illness. Three witnesses deposed also to Bruce being at home late on Saturday night; one person heard him reading at *twelve o'clock* at night. Moreover, the counsel for the prisoners declared that it was *impossible* for Macdonald and the women to have seen the hole through which the robbers had descended into the bank, from their position at the town-hall door. Strange to say, this point, which would have utterly subverted the whole criminatory evidence, does not appear to have been thoroughly examined into.

Notwithstanding the bad character of Macdonald, the main witness, and the strong points in favour of the accused, Lord Hailes, the presiding judge, summed up against them, and the jury gave a verdict of guilty by a plurality of voices. The prisoners were condemned to death; yet, as the jury were divided on the case, so do the highest authorities of the land appear to have been. The unfortunate men were respited two different times. At their trial, as well as during the whole of their con-

finement, they uniformly denied their accession to the robbery, and all knowledge of any intention to perpetrate it. Will it be credited? These two unfortunate men, to the everlasting disgrace of the judges, were executed at Edinburgh on the 24th of December 1788. 'Their behaviour on the scaffold,' says the *Scots Magazine* of the day, 'was devout, serious, and becoming; and in their last address they implored that mercy and forgiveness might be extended to those unhappy persons by whose testimony they had been thus untimely cut off. It is hoped that time, which unveils the dark and hidden doings of the most artful, will yet reveal to the public the whole history of this mysterious affair.'

Little more than a year after the execution of these unfortunate men, who died in the prime of life, a cause was brought before the Court of Session, in which Alexander Macdonald, Alexander Menzies, and Anne Kermack, were the parties on one side, while the heirs of William Bruce, late shipmaster in Dundee, and either father or uncle to the executed Peter Bruce, were implicated on the other side. Macdonald had instituted a process for the recovery of L.384, for which he held a bill purporting to have been granted by William Bruce. The result of the trial was, that Macdonald was found guilty of a gross fraud in obtaining the bill, and his witnesses and accomplices convicted of direct perjury. Macdonald was sentenced to be transported beyond seas for fourteen years, expelled from Scotland for life, and declared infamous. Menzies received the same sentence, with this difference, that his transmarine exile was for seven years; and in sentencing him, the Lord President declared him to be a 'most infamous man, dangerous to society, and one who feared neither God nor man.' The woman received a sentence more lenient, but was also declared infamous according to the forms of law of the day.

The exposure of this conspiracy excited a dire suspicion in the public mind. The name of Menzies will be remembered as having been that of one of the evidences against

Falconer and Bruce. In short, there appeared too much reason to fear that Macdonald had induced a band of confederates to perjure themselves on both occasions. The public thought so; for, in sentencing the man, Lord Henderland said, that, 'had it not been for the peculiar situation of the panel, he should have proposed that a public whipping be added to the punishment; but he feared the rage of an incensed populace would prove fatal to the prisoner.' The Lord President also remarked, that 'from what had appeared in this bill affair, there was room for a melancholy doubt whether all was right with respect to a late trial, but that he would leave this to God and the prisoner's own conscience.' Macdonald, who is described as a man evidently 'possessing superior talents,' and as having spoken for himself at the bill-trial with 'an energy and address worthy of a better cause,' had the hardihood to stand up and answer the Lord President's hint, by solemnly asseverating that Falconer and Bruce were really guilty of the robbery of the Dundee Bank. He also made an appeal against the sentence of banishment, which produced no effect.

Although a great portion of the public was now firmly persuaded of the innocence of Falconer and Bruce, believing, from Macdonald's audacity in bringing a fraudulent claim against the aged relative of Peter Bruce, that he was a man capable of any villany, yet a mystery hung over the subject to a certain extent. However, in the middle of the year 1790, two years after the execution of Falconer and Bruce, an extraordinary sensation was caused in Edinburgh by the commission of a number of mysterious robberies, the author or authors of which contrived to evade the vigilance of the authorities. These robberies followed each other in quick succession. For example, William Proctor, grave-digger, was knocked down and robbed, at the back of the Castle, on the night of July the 31st. Thomas Elliott, tacksman of Heriot-House toll, was knocked down and robbed at the Scienes, on the night of August the 2d. James Logan was knocked down and robbed of a gold watch on the Earthen Mound, on the

night of August the 4th. Within the same five days alone, a housebreaking and another robbery took place. From descriptions and other circumstances, the criminal authorities were led to believe these acts, with many others, to have been committed by one daring and active man. But all their exertions were inefficient in tracking the guilty party. At length suspicion fell upon a soldier in the Castle. Inquiry and a trial followed, when it was discovered that this soldier, William Gadesby, then only twenty-eight years of age, had not only committed the series of robberies which had attracted so much attention, but had carried on a similar course, with almost unexampled success and daring, from the age of fourteen upwards. Since his enlisting, he had contrived to leave the Castle repeatedly by night: he mentioned at his trial that hackney-coaches, going in and out at late hours from the officers' barracks, afforded him his usual means of passage. This singular malefactor, whose exploits also form a theme of remark in fireside tales in Scotland, was sentenced to die on the scaffold, on the 20th of February 1791.

Amongst his greatest crimes, though not one of those for which he suffered, must be reckoned that of his having allowed two innocent men to go to the scaffold for a crime not their own, but his. Such was the case. William Gadesby was the robber of the Dundee Bank. The wretch Macdonald, and the women who supported his evidence, had been actuated by the miserable desire to possess the stipulated reward, and had burdened their souls with the heavy crime of perjury in order to accomplish that object. Speaking of the execution of Gadesby, the *Annual Register* for 1791 states: 'With his last breath he declared Falconer and Bruce, who were executed here two years ago for robbing the Dundee Bank, to be innocent of that crime, and acknowledged his own guilt!' The deed had been committed by him before entering the army.

The discovery that two innocent individuals had been judicially murdered, produced a sensation of horror in the public mind; but what the judges said or thought on

the occasion is not related. Certainly, Lord Hailes—a man reputed for his acute historical researches—had much reason to blush for the part he had played in the transaction; and in point of fact, on his head rests the great crime that had been committed, for it was chiefly owing to his summing up that the jury were led to decide against the accused.

It is impossible to read the case of Falconer and Bruce in the present day, without an indignant sense of the mercilessness with which the laws were administered sixty years ago in Scotland. Here, upon manifestly bad and insufficient evidence, two men of good repute were put to an ignominious death, for a crime which, even had they been guilty of it, would have been far too dearly expiated by the sacrifice of two lives. It was atrocious, in the first place, to condemn on such evidence, and doubly atrocious, in the second place, to execute two men for such a crime. Judges sincerely anxious to do justice might have been expected to take some pains to sift and test the evidence, particularly by the obvious expedient of ascertaining if it was possible, from the Guildhall door, to have seen the robbers descend into the bank. None of the ordinary records of such events hint at such an inquiry having been made. And, considering the dubiety of the case, the supreme authority might have been expected to commute the punishment. But all persons in those days intrusted with the administration of the laws, from royalty itself downwards, were hurried away by an insane anxiety to punish. Life was held as light in the balance against the most trifling article of property; and servile juries were found to yield to the dictates of judges, in whatever they were pleased to command. We may surely congratulate ourselves on the better spirit which has since dawned on all these parties, and the superior value which is now put on human life—invariably one of the clearest marks of an advanced civilisation.

THE SONG OF THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

FROM GOETHE.

It was a knight, a captive knight,
He climbed at eve his prison-tower,
And mourned, amid the lingering light,
For a far-off lovely flower:
'My flower,' he said, 'so wondrous fair,
How fain on thee I'd bend mine eye!
How fain I'd seek thee everywhere,
If these stern walls did not deny!
O heavy change to love and me!
O heavy change! when I was free
I saw thee blooming ever nigh!

'Beyond my prison's steepy bound
Far, far my glances wander free;
But e'en this airiest turret's round
Can yield my soul no glance of thee!
Here whosoe'er could bid thee bloom,
Or knight or page, or squire or groom,
Loved in my heart of heart should be!'

THE ROSE.

Then rose a voice to the captive knight,
The lonely knight in his prison-tower;
A regal voice of proud delight,
To him who mourned his far-off flower—
Saying: 'I hear thee—I, the ROSE,
Beneath thy lattice blooming near!
And, well my fragrant spirit knows,
It is for me thou pinest here:
Thou hast a heart like these high towers,
And I, the sceptred queen of flowers,
To thee am dearest of the dear!'
—— Thus rose the fragrant voice on high,
And thus the captive made reply:

'O loved and praised on every shore,
Thy bloom that through its green veil shines,
The loveliest maidens covet more
Than richest gems from richest mines;
Thy garland is their loveliest dower!
Yet thou art not the little flower
For which my captive spirit pines!'

THE LILY.

Then rose a voice to the captive knight,
The lonely knight in his prison-tower;
A gentler voice of mild delight,
To him who mourned his far-off flower:
'Still, with her wonted pride, the Rose
Each gentler flow'ret queens it o'er;
Yet oft the meek pale LILY shews
A lovelier tint than e'er she wore:
And they who bid deep love endure
Pure to the last, as I am pure,
Will prize and love me more and more!'
'Twas thus the gentle lily sighed,
And thus the captive knight replied:

'Pure as thy purest leaf am I:
From ribald passion chastely free;
Yet here a fettered thrall I lie,
A lonely captive doomed to be.
O type of many a virgin heart!
Dear to my listening soul thou art—
But one is dearer far to me!'

THE PINK.

Then rose a voice to the captive knight,
The lonely knight in his prison-tower,
A laughing voice of gay delight;
To him who mourned his far-off flower:
'To ME the palm! Thy tower below

I bloom, the warder's floral prize!
Else, would the old man tend me so,
Morning and eve, with loving eyes?
My form thick-clustering leaflets wreathe,
And loveliest odours still I breathe,
'Mid thousand, thousand loveliest dyes!'
——Thus rose the laughing voice on high,
And thus the captive made reply:

'Thee to neglect no eye will doom,
The glory of the warder's bower;
Now to the sun he spreads thy bloom,
And now he shields thee from its power.
Yet that which might bring joy to me
Is not a glittering thing like thee—
It is a little gentle flower!'

THE VIOLET.

Then rose a voice to the captive knight,
The lonely knight in his prison-tower;
A low, sweet voice of calm delight,
To him who mourned his far-off flower:
'"*Half-hidden by a mossy stone,*"
I droop, and seldom answer make;
Yet ere the fitting hour be flown,
My dreamy stillness thus I break:
Dost thou for me, poor captive, sigh?
O gladly would I waft on high
My sweetest perfumes for thy sake!'
'Twas thus the gentle violet sighed,
And thus the captive knight replied:

'Flower of the gentle! well I love
Thy balmy breath, thy modest grace;
But something e'en those charms above
My yearning heart would here embrace—
A heart that owns, to each and all,
On this bleak, arid, craggy wall,
Sweet love can find no dwelling-place!

'Far down, yon distant river past,
The TRUEST WIFE the wide earth shews
Sigh upon sigh is pouring fast,
Till these, my prison-gates, unclose;
And when a flower, in some lone spot,
She culls, and names "FORGET-ME-NOT,"
E'en distant thus, my spirit knows!

'Yes! e'en in distance, Love's sweet might
Is felt in mutual bosoms pure,
And I the long and bitter night
Of dungeon-silence thus endure;
Thus wrestling with my captive lot,
Three little words—FORGET-ME-NOT!—
My sinking soul can reassure!'

[The above beautiful piece is by James Gregor Grant, the author of *Madonna Pia*—a fine poem (1848) which we fear has been suffered to pass almost unnoticed in the deluge of minor verses with which the world is now inundated.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLDIER IN THE BOMBAY ARTILLERY.

THE following account of a soldier's recollections in the East India Company's service, appeared about twenty years ago in a literary paper in Calcutta, and may be presumed to offer a fair specimen of what occurs in a life spent in the ranks while on foreign duty. The reasons given for enlisting are naturally those which would be advanced by a lad ignorant of the world, and indisposed to battle manfully with circumstances. The narrative is certainly to be commended for its candour, and may be read with advantage by young 'scapegraces.'

It is now fifteen years since I descended from the sphere of *gentility* in which I was born and educated, and became a soldier in the Bombay artillery. The death of

my father, a lawyer of considerable practice, had placed my mother in circumstances of great difficulty, which the small salary of L.20 a year I was receiving as a wine-merchant's clerk did not enable me to alleviate. I felt that I was still a burden to her, a draft on her slender resources she was ill able to acknowledge; and I cast about night and day for an opportunity of relieving her of my presence, little deeming that in doing so I should increase her load of suffering while I eased her pocket. After a month spent in fruitless schemes, my attention was attracted to a blue placard on a wall near our house at Camberwell, inviting 'intelligent and active young men' to enter the service of the East India Company, where the reward of 'high-spirited' conduct was to be a 'beautiful and fertile climate' and 'respectable situations.' This fixed my resolution. The next day I was at Soho Square, measured, described—blue eyes, fair hair, five feet seven, fine complexion—I never knew till then I was so handsome—and enlisted. Serjeant-Major King assured me I could not fail to get made a *writer* directly I arrived in India, and the serjeant who took me before a magistrate to be attested would not allow me to walk with the other recruits, 'because,' said he, 'you are a gentleman.'

He spoke correctly: true enough they were but a ragged crew, 'but a shirt and a half in the whole company;' yet I was not then aware how soon blue jackets and pepper-and-salt unmentionables, felt castors, and a firelock, would place us on an equality, and merge my gentility into 'No. 10 of the rear-rank'—their vulgarity and superior stature into 'Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of the *front*.' We were attested, and I thought the magistrate looked upon me with an eye of compassion, somewhat offensive to my *military* pride. The party then repaired to a public-house, and *the* shillings were devoted to beer in pewter pots and beef-steaks in wooden platters. There was something so repulsively anti-aristocratic in the whole business, that I paid my quota in advance and took my leave. Returning to Soho Square, I asked the

serjeant-major what was the next step in my new career, and was informed that I must repair to Chatham; that the *varmint* recruits would be sent down to Gravesend in a packet under the charge of the serjeant, but that I—O blest prerogative of gentle blood!—might go down alone, so that I did not delay my departure above a week. I thanked the serjeant-major for his indulgent behaviour, and went home. I imagined I had hit the nail on the head. My fortune, thought I, is made: the Company seem to set a proper value on gentleman-soldiers, and know when they have got a prize. Little did I then dream that all this blarney of Mr King's was but to blind me to the real state of affairs until I was too deeply into the mire to get out again; little did I suppose that the discourse of gentility was, as the serjeant-major himself would Hiberniously have expressed it, 'all blather and skite!'

I now left my home, wrote a letter to my dear mother, and went down to Chatham. Inquiring for the barracks, I was shewn up a hill, and after walking half a mile, found myself in the middle of a spacious parade-ground, where a band was playing, and a number of officers and ladies were walking about on a terrace above—a number of men and women were straggling on the *trottoir* below. Accosting a young officer of His Majesty's 90th light infantry, I begged to know which were the Company's soldiers—upon which he pointed out a few cadets of engineers, who were doing duty with the sappers and miners. I surveyed them for some time, and at last ventured to ask one if he belonged to the artillery, and to tell me where I was to go to get lodged, clothed, &c. He inquired into the particulars of my enlistment; and on being told the story of the serjeant-major and the shilling, and the steaks and the Gravesend boat, assumed an incomprehensible, supercilious air, and said: 'Oh, my *man*' (there was a cut!) 'you had better go to Serjeant-Major Juneau!' and wheeling on his heel he walked away. Now, as I did not know Mr Juneau from the Bishop of London, I waited till dusk, slunk out of the barrack-

yard, supped at Brompton, and early next morning returned to the barracks, and asked a sentry at the gate. He, however, made no reply but 'Och! are ye not a broth of a boy to be spaking to a man on his post?' Determined not to be daunted, I walked on; and at the first turning, or division, as I afterwards found it was called, found a little red-faced, gray-haired, smug gentleman in a red coat covered with gold lace, and a blue cloth cap similarly adorned. 'Pray, sir,' said I in a peculiarly mellifluous tone of voice, 'can you direct me to one Mr Juneau!'

'I am he,' answered the interrogated. 'What do you want?'

I explained the situation in which I stood, and my wishes in regard to costume, refection, and quarters.

'Oh,' said my friend, 'you are one of the new squad: I'll see to you, my man' (*my man* again!) 'Here, Serjeant M'Leod'—this to a brawny Scot with iron features and a sharp, gray eye—'let this recruit mess and sleep with you till his party can be numbered off, and let Drummer Wilson crop his wig!'

Did I hear rightly?—squad—recruit—numbered off—sleep with a Scotch serjeant—and be cropped by a drum-boy! 'Mr Juneau,' said I, half apprehensive, 'I imagine you are under a mistake; I am going out to be a *writer*: I am not exactly on a footing with the rest;' for so the Soho serjeant had taught me.

'A writer! You shall be governor of the Ingees if you like when you get there; but while here you must obey orders, and do your duty like a man. Come, be off!'

You might have knocked me down with a feather—annihilated me with a straw; but I saw the whole truth at a glance, and, wondering at the dimness of my perception hitherto, surrendered myself quietly, and went like a calf to the sacrifice. In a little week, yea, but a week, I was cropped as close as a mangey dog, wore coarse habiliments, had learned the use of pipe-clay—could turn to the right and turn to the left—had sold my hat to the pieman, my coat to milk-ho!—and had discovered the

legitimate absorber of a soldier's mess-coppers to be—the canteen. It was in the month of May, the last draft of recruits had just sailed for Bengal, and the depôt was destitute of more than a dozen hands. But each week now brought new levies, and it was no small subject of satisfaction to me that one or two out of every party proved to be a *gentleman*, or at least a gentleman's son, victims of fallacy, gudgeons caught by the serjeant-major and his accessory blue hand-bills. I say it was a source of pleasure to me, for I longed for a few companions of genial sentiments and tolerable information, though I could not but sympathise with them in the deception they one and all felt had been too surely practised. There were among them decayed merchants, ruined Irish attorneys, medical men who had struggled vainly for practice, and military and naval officers who had on various grounds forfeited their commissions — clerks, tradesmen, and mechanics — and though a censorious world would sanction the conclusion that where there was so much adversity there must have been much dereliction of principle, it was impossible for a feeling mind to contemplate the hourly humiliation of the well-born and the well-bred without deep regret and fervent resentment.

I pass over the account of our dispatch to Bombay along with the squad to which I was attached. We landed, and were afterwards marched off to our cantonments. The fatigue of a ten-mile march, and the exhaustion of spirits produced by the excited state of my feelings, sent me to sleep. When I awoke the next morning, it was not to mourn my desolate condition, but to inquire how far, on the whole, I had a right to complain of a situation in which I had voluntarily placed myself. The East India Company had held out certain promises in their blue bills, and on the strength of them I had sold my liberty and my services. Had those promises been violated? I could not deny the *fertility of the climate*—that was one inducement to expatriation; I could not gainsay the *respectability* of the situations open to soldiers

of intelligence ; for though this respectability was but *comparative*, yet the integrity of the title remained unaffected. The Company, therefore, had used no unfair means to seduce me into their employ. In less than a month I was engaged in the practical duties of a gunner, and could fire a mortar without wincing. Having a good hand of write, I was soon chosen by the adjutant to be his clerk. Very soon after this my promotion, the Bombay Government, in the month of October, determined to send an expedition to the Persian Gulf, in order to put an end to the piratical doings of the Joasmees. Volunteers being invited, I gladly seized the opportunity of seeing a little service, and of visiting a part of the world in which it might not be my fortune to be again thrown. Moreover, life in cantonments was sadly monotonous, for *then* we had no libraries or newspapers as now—no canteens, no institutions for the acquirement of mathematical and geometrical knowledge. I accordingly enrolled myself amongst the volunteers. We were all full of hope—buoyant with expectation—and not a little elevated in the eyes of our comrades; for it was known that we were now going to deal with an enemy who, though equally undisciplined with the Maharatta, was possessed of more bravery, and likely to offer much more vigorous opposition to our invasion. On the day fixed by government, we marched down to the presidency, and embarked under the eyes of Sir William Grant Keir, the officer commanding the expedition, on board one of the spacious vessels in the country trade, which had been taken up as a transport. The same evening we sailed with a favourable breeze—twelve fine large ships under convoy of a British man-of-war, and bearing 5000 fighting men, nearly 2500 of whom were Europeans. In the course of ten days we reached Muscat, and were joined by a considerable nautical force of the Imaum of Muscat, and in ten more we were in sight of the fort of Ras-el-Khyma, the stronghold of the Joasmee Arabs. The vessels in the van now lay to until all the rest hove in sight, when signals were made to rendezvous at a particular

spot within a moderate distance of the fortress. It was evening when all the ships joined, and one or two days before any preparation could be made for landing.

In the meantime the Arabs were mustering in strong force, and strengthening their fortifications, evidently anticipating an awful attack. Early on the third morning of our arrival, the landing commenced, and never shall I forget the enthusiasm that prevailed fore and aft in our vessel! While the flank companies of His Majesty's 47th and 65th regiments were going off to skirmish and clear the ground, we of the artillery were getting our howitzers into the boats, and succeeded in reaching the shore very shortly after the skirmishers. Captain Collier of his Majesty's ship *Liverpool*, had sent several of his seamen to assist in the labour of landing the guns, erecting batteries, and planting our artillery; and it was really as much as we could do to get through the work for laughter. Jack's singular aspirations for the everlasting confusion of the Arabs, his ship-shape mode of doing business, exhibiting so striking a contrast to our military proceedings, were all so many subjects of diversion, and tended to impede while they lightened labour. By the evening of the first day, we had got up a stout four-gun battery, for the beach, being sandy, supplied us with plenty of pabulum for our bags and baskets; we had, moreover, landed a very large proportion of our troops. The Arabs molested us a good deal while we were at work, but the activity of the flank companies, who in the course of the day received support and relief from the sepoy regiments, sufficiently punished them for their temerity, and prevented their offering any very serious obstruction.

Night fell, and the pickets being placed with orders to keep a sharp look-out, we lay down on our sand-bags to repose preparatory to the siege, which was to commence on the morrow. In a few hours, sleep and silence pervaded the camp; not a sound was to be heard but the 'All's well!' of the pickets, and the occasional tramp of the relief. It was very dark, and might have been

near midnight, when all on a sudden a faint cry, followed by a groan, was heard near our battery; then another cry, then a shot—two—three shots. In an instant we were all on our legs, and mingling in a bloody fray. It was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, in the dreadful confusion and obscurity that prevailed. The powerful principle of self-preservation, however, was soon in operation, and the countersign of the night quickly adopted as the only means of warding off a comrade's thrust or a comrade's blow. The enemy had surprised our camp—'Ullah-il-Ullah!' and 'Bismillah!' mingled with the watchword and 'England for ever!' and the din and clash of arms, accompanied by the hollow drum, the bugle, the hurra of the sailor, and the authoritative shouts of the centurion, announced the dire conflict of Moslem and of Christian. The strife lasted for an hour, by the end of which time scarcely a foe was to be found in the camp: a muster then took place, and the troops were kept under arms until daylight, when a sad picture presented itself. No less than eight of our company—a great number when the numerical strength of the artillery is considered—lay stretched on the ground. Five of them had evidently been killed before they had had time to shake off the lethargy of slumber; but the other three lay with their swords in their hands, which bore indubitable marks of having been steeped in the blood of their adversaries. One of them, a remarkably fine lad named D——t, lay *on* his antagonist—his bloody fingers grasping the throat of the Arab, his sword through the Arab's body—while the Islamite's weapon stained with red, shewed what arm had inflicted the death-wound on poor D——'s head. It was a horrible picture. The pickets, it appeared, had been stolen upon by the Arabs on all-fours, and mortal wounds in many instances were inflicted before they could have been aware of the proximity of an enemy.

The blow we had received during the night was a spur to our exertions: it shewed us the daring kind of opponent we had to deal with, and added a zest to our spirit

of hostility. With the dawn, we commenced battering the fortress, and made breaches in two of the curtains. The enemy answered us vigorously, and one of their earliest shots killed the gallant Major Molesworth, of His Majesty's 47th regiment. By the next morning, however, with the help of a smaller mortar battery, we had completely laid open all the towers, upon which a chosen storming-party advanced, and in a brief space cleared the ramparts of the besieged, and planted the British standard. The main body of the force then invested the town, and a scene of plunder took place more gratifying to our individual cupidity than creditable to our national character. It is due to the gallant Sir W. G. Keir to say, that the pillaging part of the story was entirely opposed to his orders, and was merely overlooked by him in consideration of what we endured, and of the trifling nature of the prizes thus obtained. A few Persian carpets, and some bags of Venetians, constituted the sum-total of the captured property.

Many acts of gallantry distinguished the siege and storming of Ras-el-Khyma, but it would be difficult for one who was himself deeply engaged throughout the day to enumerate them. We levelled the fortress to the dust, then proceeded to destroy other small defences, burnt all the *dows* and piratical vessels that could be found, and compelled the chiefs of the Joasmees to agree to certain obligations which involved the future cessation of piracy. This being done, and a corps of observation being left on the island of Kishma, in the Persian Gulf, the force returned to Bombay to receive the thanks of the Government and the applause of our countrymen. Considerable prize-money was subsequently distributed, but the share of the poor soldier was as usual but a miserable mite compared with the *lion's* portion.

I was now to all intents and purposes a soldier—I could speak of 'sallies and retires,' of the ear-piercing fife, the cannon's roar, of 'bloody noses and cracked crowns.' I had, moreover, attained the rank of serjeant. Gentility, and, in a word, every sentiment of delicacy

and vestige of sensibility, had been blunted or effaced, and I now look to the rank of conductor, not as a piece of promotion that would raise me nearer to the level of a gentleman, but as a step that was valuable only in proportion as it augmented my authority, for which I had acquired a vulgar kind of passion. Months passed away, during which I held charge of a small detachment in a healthy part of the coast, Severndroog; and I had begun to entertain some hope of being removed to the duties of the arsenal, when an order was received for the immediate departure of the detachment to join a second expedition to the Persian Gulf. It seems the Arabs had violated their treaty, and falling upon the small force we had left behind, had all but annihilated it. To avenge this outrage, another expedition was fitted out: I will not trouble the reader with its details. We suffered severe loss, particularly in another night-attack, but did not leave the Gulf until every atom of the Islamite power had been swept away.

Over the rest of my recollections I am anxious to draw a veil. One of my most intimate friends, who had for some time, from loss of heart in his situation, taken to drinking, died of a diseased leg, and in a state of horrible ebriety. My own taste for the bottle had, I am ashamed to confess, fearfully increased; and being on more than one occasion somewhat *disguised* during the performance of my duty, I was placed under arrest, tried by a court-martial, and reduced to the grade of gunner. From that moment I lost all self-respect. I now do my duty sullenly and mechanically. My evil propensities cling to me in spite of manifold virtuous endeavours to cast them off; and I look forward with anxiety to the expiration of my period of service, and my consequent transmission to England on one shilling per day.

Reader, my story conveys a moral and a precept, which if your sagacity has not helped you to discover them, I will here propound:—

'Pitch defileth—Evil communication corrupts good manners.' This is the moral of my tale. I would also

say—'Enter not into obligations with the hope of being able to evade the performance of your share of the contract.' There is my precept; I prithee cherish it.

THE RESOLUTE WHALE.

A SHORT time ago there appeared in the American papers a startling account of the destruction of a whale-ship, *Ann Alexander*, by a large sperm-whale, which, with some slight alterations, we transfer to our pages.

The ship *Ann Alexander*, Captain John S. Deblois, sailed from New Bedford, Massachusetts, June 1, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific in search of sperm-whales. After cruising some months in the Atlantic, and capturing several whales, the vessel proceeded to the South Pacific; and finally, on the 20th of August 1851, she reached a favourable spot, in latitude 5 degrees 50 minutes south, longitude 102 degrees west. In the morning of that day, at about nine o'clock, whales were discovered in the neighbourhood, and about noon the same day they succeeded in making fast to one. Two boats had gone after the whales—the larboard and the starboard; the former commanded by the first-mate, and the latter by Captain Deblois. The whale which they had struck was harpooned by the larboard-boat. After running some time, the whale turned upon the boat, and rushing at it with tremendous violence, lifted open its enormous jaws, and taking the boat in, actually crushed it into fragments as small as a common-sized chair! Captain Deblois immediately struck for the scene of the disaster with the starboard-boat, and succeeded, against all expectation, in rescuing the whole of the crew of the demolished boat, nine in number! How they escaped from instant death when the whale rushed upon them with such violence and seized their boat in its ponderous jaws it is impossible to say.

There were now eighteen men in the starboard-boat, consisting of the captain, the first-mate, and the crews of both boats. The frightful disaster had been witnessed from the ship, and the waist-boat was called into readiness and sent to their relief. The distance from the ship was about six miles. As soon as the waist-boat arrived the crews were divided, and it was determined to pursue the same whale and make another attack upon him. Accordingly they separated, and proceeded at some distance from each other, as is usual on such occasions, after the whale. In a short time they came up to him, and prepared to give him battle. The waist-boat, commanded by the-first mate, was in advance. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstration being made upon him, he turned his course suddenly, and making a tremendous dash at this boat, seized it with his wide-spread jaws, and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance by throwing themselves into the ocean.

Captain Deblois again seeing the perilous condition of his men, at the risk of meeting the same fate, directed his boat to hasten to their rescue, and in a short time succeeded in saving them all from a death little less horrible than that from which they had twice so miraculously escaped. He then ordered the boat to put for the ship as speedily as possible; and no sooner had the order been given, than they discovered the monster of the deep making towards them with his jaws widely extended. Escape from death now seemed totally out of the question. They were six or seven miles from the ship; no aid even there to afford them necessary relief, and the whale, maddened by the wounds of the harpoon and lances which had been thrown into him, and seemingly animated with the prospect of speedy revenge, within a few cables' length. Fortunately, the monster came up and passed them at a short distance. The boat then made her way to the ship, and they all got on board in safety.

After reaching the ship, a boat was despatched for the oars of the demolished boats, and it was determined to pursue the whale with the ship. As soon as the boat

returned with the oars, sail was set, and the ship proceeded after the whale. In a short time she overtook him, and a lance was thrown into his head. The ship passed on by him, and immediately after they discovered that the whale was making for the ship. As he came up near her, they hauled to the wind, and suffered the monster to pass her. After he had fairly passed, they kept off to overtake and attack him again. When the ship had reached within about fifty rods of him, they discovered that the whale had settled down deep below the surface of the water, and, as it was near sundown, they concluded to give up the pursuit. Subsequent events proved, however, that the whale had formed a deadly resolution to destroy the ship which had given him so much annoyance.

While Captain Deblois was waiting on deck for the reappearance of the whale, he suddenly saw it approaching at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. In an instant the determined monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern. She quivered under the violence of the shock as if she had struck upon a rock. Captain Deblois immediately descended into the forecastle, and there, to his horror, discovered that the whale had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water roared and rushed in impetuously. Springing to the deck, he ordered the mate to cut away the anchors and get the cables overboard to keep the ship from sinking. In doing this, the mate succeeded in relieving only one anchor and getting one cable clear, the other having been fastened around the foremast. The ship was then sinking very rapidly. The captain went into the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he, however, succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant, and chart. Reaching the decks he ordered the boats to be cleared away, and to get water and provisions, as the ship was heeling over. He again descended to the cabin, but the water was rushing in so rapidly that he could procure nothing. He then came upon deck, ordered all hands into the boats, and was the last to leave the

ship, which he did by throwing himself into the sea, and swimming to the nearest boat. The ship was on her beam-ends, her topgallant-yards under water. They then pushed off some distance from the ship, expecting her to sink in a very short time. Upon an examination of the stores they had been able to save, it was discovered that they had only twelve quarts of water, and not a mouthful of provisions of any kind. The boats contained eleven men each, were leaky, and night coming on, they were obliged to bale them all night to keep them from sinking.

Next day, at daylight, they returned to the ship, no one daring to venture on board but the captain, their intention being to cut away the masts, and fearful that the moment the masts were cut away the ship would go down. With a single hatchet the captain went on board, and cut away the mast, when the ship righted. The boats then came up, and the men, by the sole aid of spades, cut away the chain-cable from around the foremast, which got the ship nearly on her keel. The men then tied ropes round their bodies, got into the sea, and cut holes through the decks to get out provisions. They could procure nothing but about five gallons of vinegar and 20 lb. of wet bread. The ship threatened to sink, and they deemed it imprudent to remain by her longer; so they set sail in her boats, and left her.

They were then in a dreadful state of anxiety, as it was doubtful whether they should be able to reach land or see any vessel. With faint hopes of being rescued, they directed their course northerly, and on the 22d of August, at about five o'clock P.M., they had the indescribable joy of discerning a ship in the distance. They made a signal, and were soon answered, and in a short time they were reached by the good ship *Nantucket*, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, Captain Gibbs, who took them all on board, clothed and fed them, and extended to them in every way the greatest possible hospitality.

On the succeeding day, Captain Gibbs went to the wreck of the ill-fated *Ann Alexander*, for the purpose of trying to procure something from her, but as the sea was rough

and the attempt considered dangerous, he abandoned the project. The *Nantucket* then set sail for Paita, where she arrived on the 15th of September, and where she landed Captain Deblois and his men. Captain Deblois was kindly and hospitably received and entertained at Paita by Captain Bathurst, an English gentleman residing there, and subsequently took passage on board the schooner *Providence*, Captain Starbuck, for New Bedford, which was reached on the 12th of August, and where the account of the strange disaster created the deepest surprise and interest.

DENIS:

A TALE OF CEYLON.

It was on an evening in the early part of 18—, that a boat was seen gliding along the shallow, silent waters of the old Dutch canal, which flows lazily from the stream called the Maha Oya towards Chilaw, on the west coast of Ceylon. It was what is termed a paddy-boat—a sort of light travelling barge, roofed in with the dry leaves of the cocoa-nut palm, and roomy enough for chairs, a table, and a couch; sufficient, indeed, for a small family. It was nearly sunset when the boat touched the sandy shore close to the Pahlia Rest House, built for the accommodation of travellers in that wild country. Fastening the craft to the *tope* of bamboos growing at the water's edge, the turbaned Hindoo in charge of the party handed out a lady lightly clad, and after her a young child fast asleep, from the arms of its nurse or *ayah*. The little girl might have been about four years old: it was beautiful to see how tenderly and anxiously the great uncouth Indian took the sleeping infant from the trembling arms of the ayah, and placed it softly at the mother's feet, on a heap of mats and shawls in the wide veranda of the bungalow.

This was the family of the chief-justice of Ceylon, then absent on the northern circuit of the island, and hourly expected on his return to Colombo. The anxious wife had ventured thus far to meet him, and, regardless of the tedium and unhealthiness of water-travelling, had preferred the cumbrous paddy-boat as the least fatiguing. The most obsequious attention was paid Lady T—— by the Rest House keeper and the village functionaries, who entertained a becoming respect for the officers of justice. Fruit, flowers, milk, and eggs were brought in profusion, and laid in giant heaps before the lady as peace-offerings by the many villagers around; and if untutored but kindly attentions could have ministered to their wants, the travellers would surely have had but little to complain of.

The next morning the lady sat anxiously awaiting the arrival of her husband, her eyes bent along the sandy roadway he was expected to come. Her little girl was feverish and restless; the heat of the weather was excessive, and had proved too much for its tender frame, added to which had been the hot vapours from the sluggish waters of the Dutch canal, at all times injurious even to robust persons unaccustomed to travel in the East. The day was spent by the anxious wife in pacing the long, dreary, red-bricked veranda, alternately gazing at her dozing child, and watching every movement in the direction of the northern road. Evening fell, and still no travellers arrived. A restless, painful night was passed by both mother and child. The little creature was becoming really ill: its tiny lips were parched, its eyes were dim, and fever was rapidly obtaining the mastery over it. At last, some time past noon of the following day, a loud shout, accompanied by the beating of many *tom-toms*, proclaimed the near approach of the long-expected judge, and in a few minutes the cavalcade halted at the Rest House door. A glance at his sleeping child convinced Sir W. T—— that there was danger: the white and crimson cheek, the throbbing forehead, were signs not to be mistaken by one who had seen much of

fever cases during his residence in the tropics. But whilst he saw all this, he felt how powerless he was in that lone spot; his high authority availed him not; there was no medical man, no medicines nearer at hand than Colombo, a distance of forty miles. His horses had not yet come up, and when they arrived they would be tired out. His proud, hard nature sank as he thought of all this, and at the moment he would have given the value of his judgeship for a phial of medicine, or a dozen of leeches!

Though none there could administer a remedy, the servants crowded round the sick couch, for all loved that fair young child, and each would have given his uttermost possession to have saved its life. One, more anxious than the rest, pressed forward with the licence of an attached and favourite servant, and kneeling down, all hot and dusty as he was, fanned the sick girl with the broad leaf of a palmyra. This was Denis, head horse-keeper or groom, a fine athletic, dark-eyed, black-haired Singalese. He had come a good morning's journey on foot by the side of his master's palanquin; but he felt neither hot, tired, nor thirsty whilst cooling the parched skin of his little favourite with an impromptu fan.

He had not been many minutes thus occupied when his quick ear overheard his mistress telling the ayah that had they but a little medicine the child's life might be saved, and that they would give any sum for a messenger to Colombo. It was beautiful to see the good Denis leap to his feet, strip his flowing robe from his shoulder, and laying one of his fingers, gently as a child's, on the hand of his mistress and then on his own lips, to imply respect and submission, point with his other hand in the direction of Colombo. He told her in his own simple, energetic way, that he was quite fresh for the run; that he should soon be back; that the cool evening was coming on; that if he felt tired by the way, the Great Spirit, who loved children, would strengthen him. The judge could scarcely believe it possible that any man could make the journey both ways, but

Denis assured him that if he failed in returning he would send another messenger back in his place. A hasty note to the principal medical officer of Colombo was penned, whilst the courageous horsekeeper betook himself to the river, where he flung himself in for a minute or two; then drinking off the milk of a cocoa-nut, gathering his long wet hair into a knot, and fastening his head-dress round his waist, he stood all dripping wet from the stream before his master. The note was carefully hidden in the folds of his girdle: Denis stepped inside the room to touch the forehead of the sleeping child, and then, with a low salaam to his master and mistress, he rushed forth from the bungalow. As the keen arrow flieth from the hunter's bow, as the eagle darts upon its unsuspecting victim, so went Denis over the greensward, and the sandy plains and rough rocks that were before him. Master, mistress, servants, villagers, all flocked, as by common consent, to the large veranda, to watch the brave, bold man as he flew along like a creature of the wind, over herb, and over stone, and over flood. As he passed along, his dark form and white girdle shone in the rays of the setting sun. More nimble than chetah or fox, he sprang like a bird over a mossy rock, plunged through a dense copse of giant grass, and swept over the barren plain that stretched to the broad sluggish river, where the bamboos waved their fingery leaves. To plunge in and emerge on the opposite bank was the work of a minute: again he trod the grassy land, dashed over a hillock, and for a moment or two was lost in a short tope of palm-trees. Once more his lessening form was seen, still dashing onward; when, just as he approached a turn in the jungle, some dark form was seen to plunge upon his shoulders, and it appeared as though he halted in his course: a shudder ran through the spectators; but none dared to exclaim: 'A chetah is upon him,' though all felt it to be so, and some turned away their heads that they might not see him fall and die. It was not so. Again he pursues his course rapidly as ever. It was but his long black hair that had loosened and

flowed down his back, streaming in the wind. Another bound and he was out of sight.

The fever grew apace, and as midnight came it seemed as though the exertions of Denis were to be of no avail; but the little child's strength ebbed and flowed at intervals, and just as day broke it rallied and seemed better. Few slept there that night, when the minutes appeared hours, and the heavy hours seemed as though they meant never to go: the very night appeared unwilling to bid the sleeping child adieu. The mother watched the little slumberer as only mothers can; the father paced the long wide veranda; the moon shone brightly and beautifully, but not for him: he saw only the jungle-path down which Denis had disappeared, and thither, at each turn he took during the long lone night, he bent his anxious eye. The moon sank, and for a short time all was dark; but soon the first rays of dawning day lit up the distant hills, and flung a gray and uncertain light upon copse, and dell, and sandy plain. The first notes of the earliest birds were heard amongst the palms; the monkeys chattered in the neighbouring mango-grove, when a dark form was seen advancing rapidly along the skirt of the forest, and over the green plain. It was Denis, fleet-footed as when he left a dozen hours since. He bounded lightly over the huge rocks that lay in his path, waved one hand above his head to those who were now gathered at the bungalow door, rushed through the bamboo grass, and plunging in the sleepy river, leaped up on the nearest bank, dripping wet and joyous as a child at play. The potent medicine was there, with full directions on phial, and box, and powder. Leeches were applied; a draught administered, and repeated at intervals; and already the sick one appeared more calm and easy. But nothing could induce the faithful Denis to move from beside the bed, where he sat wiping the heavy drops of perspiration from his brow, watching every gentle respiration of the beloved sleeper.

The medicine wrought its full effect: the child recovered, to thank and gambol with its fond preserver. It would not have been easy to tell who shewed the

greatest delight when the young creature smiled again in health and vigour, the fond parents, or the simple-minded, single-hearted Denis. It would have done a cynic's heart good to have seen how fondly and tenderly the huge athletic man walked beside the child's palanquin on their return to Colombo; how he chased beautiful insects with gay, glittering wings, and brought them to her to admire as he set them free again; how he plunged into the mazy dells and jungle-depths for pretty wild-flowers, and literally strewed her tiny pillow with delicate buds and blossoms of richest hue and perfume.

Not many months after the incident just related, Denis was as usual occupied in the early morning exercising his master's horses, some of the finest Arabs in the island. One of these, a proud and daring animal, named Harrem-juddah, was the groom's especial favourite. He could make the creature do his bidding to the veriest trifle, whilst his master could with difficulty control him. On this morning Denis appeared to be in unusually high spirits, and played, and ran, and gamboled with the horse like a child with a dog. In the height of his excitement Denis unfortunately forgot his master's strict injunction never to mount any of his horses, and leaping on the back of Harremjuddah, gave loose to the halter and cheered on the spirited animal to the top of his speed. Twice did the creature bear him round the race-ground, fleet as the wind; the third time Denis would have pulled him up, but the horse was warm and heeded him not, for the first time in his life. The rider in vain checked his steed, he only shook his mane scornfully in the breeze; another and a stouter pull swayed the animal from his course, and turning sharply round he made at full speed for his home, close by; and before Denis well knew where he was, the horse had with one spring cleared the low stone-wall, bounded across the green lawn, and stood panting and pawing the ground at his master's door.

There sat the judge, beside a heap of legal papers, quietly sipping his morning coffee; and when he looked up, and saw the offending horsekeeper on the back of his

favourite Arab, no word of anger, no outward sign of passion, escaped him. But Denis knew his master too well to expect perfect impunity; and sliding from his dangerous elevation, he made a low salaam, and would have commenced an explanation. The calm, stone-cold judge waved his hand for silence, and motioned to him to begone to the stables, a hint which the frightened horsekeeper gladly acted upon at once. In a few minutes after, the trembling Denis received a summons to appear before his master in the back-court of the house: this was a little stone-paved yard lined with jack-trees and bananas, under the shade of which the chief-justice was wont to administer summary justice to minor offenders, a sort of morning Lynch law, the efficacy of which was as undoubted as was its legality unquestioned. He was conducted to this well-known domestic court of *justice* by two Malay peons, grim ministers of the law, as much hated and feared in Ceylon as were ever mutes in Egypt or Turkey. Trial there was none. A few words through an interpreter sufficed to tell Denis that by the law of the island disobedience of a master's orders by a servant subjected the offender to the punishment of the lash; that he must suffer the penalty of his offence and receive *fifty lashes*. The poor horsekeeper could scarcely believe his ears; for some moments he felt confounded and speechless: then he asked the interpreter to repeat the words to him, doubtful of his having understood him aright. But when he saw the peons produce the well-knotted lash and a double coil of stout cordage to bind him to the nearest breadfruit-tree, his lips quivered and lost their colour: not that he cared for the pain he was to endure, he had been accustomed from his childhood to suffer patiently in a variety of ways; and as he saw the ugly, hateful whip stretched at full length before him, he could but think that the smart of those fifty lashes would not nearly equal the suffering he had undergone a month or two since on his night-journey, afoot, to Colombo, when he saved the life of his master's child. But he did dread the disgrace, the stigma which would attach to him after

the unmanly infliction: he knew that one lash from that thong which had drawn the blood of murderers, and robbers, and perjurers, would render him hereafter an outcast from his family and his friends; and the thought of that unnerved him. Once, but only once, while the peons were binding him, he thought of appealing to his master's forgiveness for his little daughter's sake. But his pride forbade him. Slowly and awkwardly did the Malays lash him to the tree, for even they liked Denis, and their hands were half traitors to their duty. They bungled and looked round, and went on again, hoping each minute would bring some respite for their favourite.

As the last preparations were being made, and as Denis drew in his breath and fixed his teeth to meet the agony and smart of the first blows, Lady T—— ran from her dressing-room and besought her husband for mercy in tones that would have melted any but a hard-hearted man. The chief-justice, however, was not to be moved: he had ordered the punishment, and it appeared to him that mercy would have been construed into weakness: his dignity and authority must be maintained even at the risk of injustice and cruelty. Taking his lady by the hand, he calmly led her back to her chamber, and fastened the door, then motioned the peons to commence.

The blows of the lash descended with slow cruelty on the bare back of Denis, who bore the punishment without a murmur. The blood streamed freely from the deep gashes: wail upon wail rose beneath the heavy scourging; and as every tenth blow was struck a fresh peon grasped the stout handle of the vile instrument. For the second time the executioner was relieved, and the third tithe of the punishment was about to commence, when all started at seeing little Alice run up to the spot, half-dressed, just from her morning-bath, and clinging to the favourite servant, cry out that 'good Denis should not be hurt by any one.' The bloody streams gushed down all warm and red, and dyed her tiny dress with deepest crimson hues: the peons were powerless before the child's appeal: they flung down the bloody whips, and folding

their arms, looked on in silence. The father's heart was touched, and feeling perhaps that *justice* had been sufficiently vindicated, he rose, walked quickly away, and left the child still clinging to the bleeding man. When Denis was unbound, and looked on her, Alice leaped with joy, for she thought he had been killed; but he was faint and sick, and could scarce stagger across the little stone-yard, to kiss the merry, half-frightened girl as she ran bounding away to tell the news to her ayah.

Reeling like a drunken man, Denis contrived to reach his little hut at the end of the grounds. He flung himself on the matted floor, and stung with pain, and shame, and rage, he fell into a stupor, and then into a heavy sleep. When he awoke it was evening; the setting sun was shedding its last rays upon the little leaf-thatched hut that stood close by the sea-shore, where the ripple of the ocean was heard like soft music amongst the shells and pebbles of the sands. His limbs felt stiff; his back was hot and painful; his temples throbbed. He looked up and saw a form he well knew bending over him, so busily occupied washing and binding up his wounded back, that she heeded not his waking. Lightly and lovingly those fingers moved, and gently swept the clotted gore away: strip upon strip of cool, soft plantain-leaf the careful Lenna bound across each wound. He closed his eyes and wept. That poor but beautiful girl, of the outcast race of Rhodias, had long loved him deeply and untiringly, but hitherto in vain. Strongly imbued with the prejudice of caste, Denis pitied but slighted her. To have attached himself to her would have entailed loss of caste on him, and this he dared not do. Now he was reduced to her level: *he* was disgraced, cut off like the Rhodia girl from all the rest of the world. To *her* this episode in his life was hope, and victory, and gladness. When he again opened his eyes she was kneeling before him, her large bright glad eyes fixed upon his face as though she lived upon his breath: her long black hair streamed loosely over her shoulders; her arms were crossed upon her bosom, heaving with patient rejoicing.

He looked round the little leafy cabin to search for any friends or kindred, but none were there. He was alone in the world now, and Lenna the outcast was all that was left to care for or love him—she whom he had so long and contemptuously spurned from him. His heart softened and throbbed like a child's. He could not speak, but took her gentle, tiny hand in his and wept upon it.

But Denis felt that, weak and sick as he was, that hut and those grounds of his cruel master were no resting-place for him: he must begone, and that at once. To arrange his scanty wardrobe, to get together his few small trinkets, was the work of a minute or two. A Singalese of the humbler grades is seldom encumbered with any household effects: he carries his all about him. A warning for a long journey never finds him unprepared; whilst a European would be reckoning the extent of his wardrobe necessary, an Indian will be ready at the door, staff in hand.

Leaning on the gentle, careful Rhodia girl, Dennis went forth in the dim twilight, faint, but anxious to escape the scene of his disgrace. At the boundary of the judge's grounds he halted beneath a spreading tope of mangos and palms, not to rest, for he needed none *there*, but to turn round and breathe a vow of vengeance against him who had made him what he was. As Lenna saw his lips move, his eyes flash fire, and his finger pointing to the princely mansion of the chief-justice, she knew what was passing in his mind; and whilst her gentle blood boiled against the wrong and pain inflicted, there rose another feeling to struggle with her hate—it was that of gratitude to him whose cruelty had given her one who else had never been hers.

Months passed away, and the story of Denis and the lash, and his sudden disappearance, none knew whither, had ceased to be the gossip of the bazaar-keepers and the idlers of Colombo. Meanwhile the rural police in the southern districts of the island had found more than wonted occupation in the daring exploits of a new and

successful adventurer. Instead of confining his depredations to the owners of cattle and the arrack-renters, or to robbing houses in the dead of night, this Singalese Jack Sheppard took boldly to the highway and stopped and plundered whole caravans of travelling merchants and dealers returning from some neighbouring fair or market. The most remarkable feature about his exploits was, that he performed them single-handed, armed with a simple club, which, though of great weight, he wielded like a child's toy. On one occasion he had been resisted by some armed traders, but a whistle from him brought from the neighbouring jungles a bevy of grim confederates, who in a trice disarmed the opposing force, broke their weapons, and levied twice the usual amount of black-mail exacted on these occasions. From that time none ventured to resist: his usual cool demand was complied with on the moment; and it was observed that his 'toll' was generally in proportion to the magnitude of the caravan and the character of the traders. Poor dealers with their knapsacks, or their one lightly-loaded bullock-bandy, were rarely if ever molested; and it was even rumoured that a portion of the spoils of this bold and dreaded robber was bestowed on the poor of the district, whilst one share was invariably set aside for the temples. So notorious did this man become, that the government offered a reward of a thousand rixdollars for his apprehension, but in vain. The 'Kaloo Rajah,' or Black King, as he was called, defied the impotent efforts of the miserable native police force; and when at last a detachment of Malay peons and riflemen was sent to the district in search of him, he took to the unknown depths of the jungle fastnesses, and laughed at their search.

It was in the midst of the heavy weather which usually attends the south-west monsoon in Ceylon, when the Kaloo Rajah suddenly disappeared from the southern provinces, and betook himself to the vicinity of Colombo, unknown to any, even to the police. The first burst of

the monsoon had passed over the island, and left a restless, surging sea, a constant downpouring of drizzling rain, accompanied by fitful and severe gusts of wind, and an occasional thunder-storm.

The nights were at such a season as this cold, gloomy, and miserable, and man and beast were alike glad to keep within doors. The hour for retiring to rest was by common consent made as early as possible. Servants and watchers, who in the fine weather and on moonlight nights were accustomed to sleep in the open verandas or close to the doorways, now retreated to warm and distant corners in the cook-house or the scullery, leaving their masters and mistresses to take care of themselves. Matters were precisely in this position at the roomy mansion of the chief-justice upon the night of which I am now writing. Not a sound could be distinguished, had any one been awake to listen, save the heavy surging of the ocean upon the shore, the pattering of the rain on the roof, and the low moaning of the sea-breeze. All was still within that spacious dwelling; not a servant was to be found in any of the long corridors or stone-halls, where a few dimly-burning lamps shed a sad and uncertain light along the dreary space. It was near midnight when, at one of the back-doors in the wide open veranda, a knot of half-a-dozen natives might have been seen in quiet debate. They were all devoid of clothing, and smeared with oil from head to foot, their long hair being gathered into a firm knot or *kondé* on the top of the head. This was the Black King's gang, and the tallest amongst them stood Kaloo Rajah himself. Each wore a small girdle, in which was stuck a *krease* or Malay dagger, useful whether for cutting a way through a fence or a venetian window, or for repelling any sudden attack. The fastenings of the doors and windows were successively tried, but found too strong for their usual modes of gaining admittance; the roof was high, and the rafters close and thick. There was, however, another way for them which seldom failed. A few bricks were lifted from their places in the veranda, and immediately two of

the party began scooping out the sand from beneath them, the rest removed the earth thus thrown up to a greater distance; and in this manner a passage or tunnelled-way was rapidly formed completely under the wall of the house, which in that country is seldom far below the surface, and into the hall inside. So light and sandy is the soil there, that the process described seldom occupies more than a quarter of an hour with active hands and a short pick or Dutch hoe. The smaller of the party then crept through the sandy tunnel into the house, and, unbolting the door, admitted his companions. Their first precaution was to fling wide open all the principal doors of the house, so as to facilitate escape in any direction in the event of a surprise; the next step was to extinguish all the lamps save one, as they could see plainly when white men could not. The one lamp left untouched was in the sleeping-room of the little Alice, near which Kaloo Rajah or Denis—for it was he—stationed himself and directed proceedings in dumb show. The plate-chest was removed from the bedside of the judge, and soon emptied of its contents; his jewel-case shared the same fate, as did the gold watch and pair of pistols from beneath his pillow. Denis then with his own hands placed under the sleeping man's head, where those pistols had been, the lash which had disgraced him months before and made him robber and highwayman, and which he had procured somehow for this purpose. Some valuable gems were next removed, and then began the work of destruction, for Denis came not to rob so much as to be revenged; the plunder was the reward of his associates.

The party commenced slashing the damask-covered couches, ottomans, and chairs with their kreases: ripping the silk-curtains of the beds, pianos, and book-cases, and cutting into shreds the many valuable pictures on the walls. Ink-bottles were emptied on the satin-wood tables; the piano was floated with wine; the greater part of the valuable library was torn and flung into the river, whilst kreases were stuck through the best clothes

in the judge's wardrobe, previous to sending them after the books.

This done, all retired as silently as they came save one. Denis still lingered near the child's room. He looked in, and stepping carefully over the nurse who lay sleeping across the doorway, approached the bed where the young Alice slumbered. To bend over her, to kiss her forehead, to remove from her snowy throat the tiny string of corals, to replace it with one of pearls richly set in gold, was the work of a few seconds, for morning was drawing near. Still he could not tear himself away; he drew towards the door, then back to the child, and once more lingered by its side; turning round, he half started to see a figure at the door: it was Lenna, who, anxious for his safety, had not been far away all that night, and now motioned to him to begone. But first she too must see and kiss the sleeper, and then both left, fastening the door behind them.

Outside Denis paused: he had still a task to perform; all was not yet finished. He passed on to the stables, and with his small sharp knife removed every hair from the flowing manes and tails of the valuable Arabs: one only, the favourite Harremjuddah, was spared. Then giving a last parting glance at the noble animal, Denis joined Lenna outside, and was far away before the cock crew.

It were needless to relate how enraged and astonished was the great legal functionary of Ceylon to find himself thus mocked and spited. Rewards to an enormous amount were offered for the discovery of the offenders, and although many were placed in quest none succeeded. Even had Denis been apprehended, there could have been no proof against him, for the little coral necklace was placed far out of the reach of police peons, and that was the only spoil he touched. For a long time the affair was the general talk of the island; and the romance of the pearl necklace on the child, and the lash under the pillow, added not a little zest to the story, whilst at the same time pointing to Denis as the hero of the tale.

Some few years passed away. The Kaloo Rajah was still at large, still feared and courted by wayfarers, and shunned by the police. The chief-justice of the island had fulfilled his term of service, and with his family went on ship-board to sail for England. Boats were passing thickly to and fro between the ship and the shore; the deck was lumbered up with stores and passengers and the busy crew; the ensign fluttered in the cool breeze from the land, the anchor was atrip, the chief passengers were on the poop, gazing their last on shore; Alice and her mother were alone, when a tall dark figure approached, and, with a deep salaam, bent down before them. They started, for it seemed as though it were an apparition from the deep: none had noticed his presence; one by one the boats had left, and only the pilot's canoe remained alongside. The stranger, for so he seemed to them, uttered a few hurried words, unintelligible to their ears, and as he once more salaamed before them, stooped low and touched their feet with the tips of his fingers: in doing so Alice noticed on his left wrist the little coral necklace with the gold clasp she had worn a few years since, and which had been lost on the night of the robbery. She started and uttered an exclamation half in terror, just as Denis turned away and encountered the chief-justice. The recognition between them was mutual, and both felt surprised at the moment; but before the judge had time to order his seizure, before the first word had passed from his lips, Denis was over the ship's side, making rapidly for the shore. It was in vain to implore the commander to lower a boat in chase; the anchor was off the ground, and he had his freighted craft in charge. It was equally vain to order the small canoe to pursue the fugitive. And so Denis and his old master parted; the one made a vagabond and a violator of laws by the other, who went home in the enjoyment of a large pension for his faithful administration of *justice* in Ceylon!

Not many years after the occurrence just related, the hero of my story by some mischance fell into the power

of the police, was tried, found guilty of highway robbery, and sentenced to be transported to the penal settlement of Malacca for the term of his natural life. Lenna, the still faithful Rhodia, clung to him more fondly than ever: the greatness of his sorrow drew her to him in deeper love. She made interest by some means—through a clergyman I believe—and was permitted to attend him in his cell, sleeping at night on a mat outside his prison door. Having the means at her disposal, she took her passage in the same vessel to Malacca, and is, I have no doubt, at present lightening the burden of his punishment, which will terminate only with his life.

GRANGÉ, THE FRENCH PLOUGH IMPROVER.

A SHORT time ago, a considerable improvement took place in France on that important implement of husbandry—the plough. Strange to say, the improver was a poor uneducated lad, whose attention was turned to the subject. The account of this youth's mechanical efforts will be perused with no little interest.

John-Joseph Grangé, born in a village in the department of Vosges, was the son of a farmer, who, after having suffered on the field of battle, returned to till his native soil. Grangé, having lost his father in 1823, seeing his mother sick and infirm, and being much too young—he was then only eighteen—to take the management of a farm, procured a situation as ploughboy, and from that moment it became his one engrossing idea to devise some mode of rendering less painful his daily toil. Hitherto, the labourer guiding the plough only succeeded in tracing anything approaching to a regular furrow by leaning more or less heavily on the stilt or handle of the plough; and in the midst of this operation—which required a constant attention and the exertion of nearly the whole strength—he had also to direct a regulator

of the line of draught, and withal he could not get on without a second person to guide the horses or oxen. Grangé conceived the idea of relieving the farmer from the greater part of these inconveniences. As materials for success, he brought with him only an accurate and observant mind seconded by a rare power of perseverance.

His first essays made him an object of derision to all the wheelwrights to whom he shewed them. It was deemed absurd that a young lad, such as he was, should pretend to improve a utensil which had been the object of the learned researches of every agricultural society. But Grangé was not deterred by all this ridicule. Not being able to find a wheelwright disposed to carry out his idea of the plough, he turned wheelwright himself, sacrificed in the experiment all that he had saved of his earnings, and succeeded in producing a machine, which, doing quite as much work as the old plough, would economise the labour both of the horse and of the man guiding it. Encouraged by the success of this first attempt, he sought some means of making his plough perform its functions independently of the hand of man, and after several fruitless attempts, he at last attained the desired end.

The reputation of Grangé soon spread through the Vosges and the neighbouring departments. The head of the French agriculturists proclaimed the superiority of his plough over all others. At length it excited notice in Paris, and it was tried in the country round that capital. Everywhere were people eager to do justice to the bold inventor, and gold medals and prizes were showered upon him by the agricultural societies and by government itself.

The principle of the Grangé plough presents happy applications of the power of the lever, a sure and convenient mode of directing the line of draught towards the centre, and of thus diminishing the toil to the animal, and profiting by the weight of the wheel at the fore-part to relieve the labourer. Whether this contrivance renders the instrument superior to the improved Scotch

plough, is not stated. Whatever be the value of Grangé's invention, tried by this comparison, it is to be mentioned to his credit, that he had no selfish object in view. Though, in order to secure the product of his inventive genius from being appropriated by some cunning plagiarist, he took out a patent, yet, anxious that his plough should be easy of access to the peasantry at large, he generously waived his privilege, merely taking the precaution that his discovery should be indeed public property.

END OF VOL. II.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PASS OF KHOORD-CABOOL,	1
THE UNLUCKY PRESENT: A TALE,	32
THOMAS THE RHYMER,	36
A FAMILY OF CRUSOES,	44
ASCENT OF MONT BLANC,	48
FLOWERS—(VERSES),	61
SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE,	62
THE MASKED BALL,	74
DUELLING: A THING OF THE PAST,	81
THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON,	102
THE SEA! THE SEA!	111
JOHN MACTAGGART: A HIGHLAND STORY,	117
MONOMANIACS,	124
THE WALLACE OF SWEDEN,	128
YOUNG'S RESIDENCE ON THE MOSQUITO SHORE,	133
JUDICIAL TORTURE IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND,	141
ENSIGN MARTYN'S FIRST SCRAPE,	148
THE LAIRD OF WARISTOUN,	162
ENGLISH CHARITIES AND CURIOUS BEQUESTS,	165
A CANADIAN SCENE,	173
THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE—(VERSES),	177
THE SOUTH-SEA MARAUDERS,	178
MOCK SHAVING AT OXFORD,	187

means of shelter or succour. To complete the picture, a powerful and treacherous enemy hung on the skirts of the retreating regiments, and threatened their entire slaughter. The whole affair, indeed, had what is usually called 'a very ugly look!' And ugly it was, sure enough. Orders were issued to cut a passage through the eastern rampart, to allow the exit of the gun-carriages, baggage, &c. and for planks to be conveyed to the river to construct a bridge. These orders were carried into effect, and 2000 camels and *yaboos* or mules were laden with military and other stores, together with a miserably small supply of materials to shelter the troops when encamped. The 44th regiment is said to have mustered about 600 strong; add to these 970 cavalry, a troop of horse artillery of about 80 or 90 in number, and 2800 native troops, chiefly Hindoos, and the total is 4460 fighting men, with three mountain train-guns and six horse-artillery guns. The camp-followers, which are the annoyance of Indian armies, amounted to about 12,000 men, women, and children—a host of useless lumber in the flight that was to take place.

There was a sergeant in the 44th, named Frederick Maitland. He was a handsome young man, whom misfortune had compelled to enlist as a private soldier, just before the regiment left England, and he was accompanied by his young wife. During the occupation of Cabool by the regiment, a strong friendship had sprung up between Maitland and a renowned chieftain of the Kuzzilbashes,* named Chinga Zung. It arose from the sergeant having saved the life of Chinga in action, and the grateful Kuzzilbash offered eternal friendship to his preserver. The time had now come for him to evince his gratitude, and he prepared to do so most nobly. On the morning of the evacuation, he sought the sergeant, to tell him that

* The Kuzzilbashes are descended from the Persians, and usually may be distinguished by their red caps. They remained neutral during all the disastrous skirmishes which led to the subversion of our power at Cabool, until the British lost the Commissariat Fort, which at once shamefully induced the majority of them to join the Afghans.

he would, with the aid of his personal followers, do all that was possible to protect the sergeant's wife, and that he had already mounted her on a sure-footed and swift camel. Chinga Zung was a man of gigantic stature, and of very impressive appearance. He wore the usual dress of his people—wide trousers, tightly gathered round the ankles, and his red cap was surmounted with a small plume of eagles' feathers. A pair of long-barrelled pistols were stuck in his embroidered crimson belt; and a curved yataghan in a Persian sheath, enriched with golden devices and sparkling gems, was suspended by his side. The head of the chieftain, although well shaped, was comparatively very small. His features were swarthy, but finely shaped, and indicative of great resolution. He was of very superior intelligence, and spoke the English language with facility, and in a voice of singular melody and sweetness. As he now conversed with his friend the sergeant, he held a heavy rifle in his hand, loosely slung from a belt over his shoulder, with a bright keen bayonet turned down on the under side of the barrel, but which, by pressing a powerful spring, could be projected and fixed for use in a moment.

Their dialogue was interrupted by a fearful shriek—a woman's cry of agony and despair—that rose piercingly above all other sounds. A few paces off, a little group had already collected, and when Maitland and his Kuzzilbash friend strode to the spot, they at once comprehended the cause. Stretched on the cold ground was the lifeless body of a fine young soldier who had been badly wounded in one of the previous bloody skirmishes, and had become in consequence so debilitated that when he essayed, with the aid of his wife and a comrade, to stagger towards one of the baggage-wagons destined to convey the sick, the slight exertion so far hastened the dissolution which under any circumstances must soon have taken place, that he dropped down, gasped a few broken words of farewell, and died. Thus dead, his head was supported on the lap of his wife, the unhappy woman whose shriek, at the moment when he expired, had thrilled the hearts of

hundreds. But that shriek once uttered, not another, not a word, not a murmur, escaped her bloodless lips, as with dishevelled hair, and hands clasped together over her breast, she bent with her face almost touching her husband's. His eyes were open, and set in what seemed an affectionate parting look on his beloved wife; and with lineaments to the full as stony as his own, did that devoted creature immovably sit. She shed not a tear; not an eyelash quivered, not a muscle stirred, not once did her bosom heave. Had her spirit fled already to rejoin his? At first the bystanders thought so, but they were wrong.

On his knees by her side was a pretty boy some three or four years old, sobbing as if his little heart would break. He threw himself on his father's breast—he twined his fingers in his father's hair—he clasped his hands about his father's neck, as had been his wont—he kissed his father's rigid, parted lips. Alas! for the first time there was no answering caress.

'O mammie!' cried he, suddenly precipitating himself on the lap of his mother, 'father won't kiss me—won't speak!'

Even this roused not the mother. She did not stir, but gently laid the head of her husband on the earth, and raised her own face, which seemed not of this world. She unclasped her hands, and putting aside the fair flowing locks of her child, suffered her gaze for a moment to rivet on his features. Then, without a sigh, without a groan, without a struggle, without once opening her lips, she refolded her thin, clammy hands, and fell suddenly backward—quite dead. If hearts can be broken, hers was.

Even in that fearful, busy, life-and-death moment, not one who looked on the group hurried away, but in the contemplation of it, all for awhile forgot their own cares, and the probability that very soon it might be their fate also. Many a manly heart melted, and many a rough hand hastily brushed away a tear.

'Ochone! and what's to become o' the poor bairn in

a time like this!' demanded a grim-looking Scotch veteran. 'Who will, or can care for him!'

'God Almighty will himself do that!' solemnly replied a soldier who was leaning on his musket by the side of the dead bodies; 'and I will myself see to the child.'

With this observation, Frederick Maitland gently took the poor child in his arms, and said kindly to him: 'I will be your father henceforward, my dear little fellow.' A murmur of admiration buzzed around, and many spoke their gratification of the young sergeant's conduct.

'There,' said he, kissing his trembling little *protégé*, 'you see I will kiss you and love you; so don't cry any more, for I shall be your father now.'

Children rarely mistrust words which bear the impulse of truth and heartfulness, and wonderfully soothed by the endearing tone, the child resigned himself to his new protector.

'Comrades!' exclaimed the sergeant, 'make a grave, however shallow, so that the Afghans may not mangle their remains. Lay them side by side.'

No further appeal was needed. Tools were procured, and in a few minutes a dozen sturdy arms had thrown up a trench, and the yet warm bodies of the unfortunate pair were decently interred, not without a few hasty but sincere tears being shed by those who performed the office.

Chinga Zung relieved Frederick of the child, and conveyed him to the spot outside the fort where the sergeant's wife was mounted on a camel. She had no child of her own, and received the little orphan with open arms. The Kuzzilbash repeated positive orders to his people not to stir from the spot till his return, and then he left them to seek Frederick. He found the latter with his company zealously striving to get it into good order, as it was understood they were immediately to march out. There was no time for further conversation, since in a few minutes the word of command was given, the foremost files fell into step, and the whole 44th were quickly in motion. Dismal and chilling indeed was the scene spread

before them. Crisp and dazzling snow covered every object to a considerable depth: overhead, masses of white curling clouds were packed, pile above pile, like so many fantastic Alpine mountains, and, worse than all, the air was piercingly cold; so cold, indeed, that the threadbare uniforms of the soldiers felt like no clothing at all, and when the march commenced, those who happened to have been standing long in one position experienced great difficulty in moving their limbs. This sensation, however, was much relieved whilst they continued in motion, as the consequent friction and circulation of the blood of course warmed their bodies; but from the very first setting out, their hands and feet were painfully numbed, and their faces cut by the biting air.

When the advance was fairly out, every one naturally looked around for some sign of the escort promised by Akber Khan, but scarcely an Afghan was in sight. Shortly afterwards, a cool message was received from Nuwalk Akber Khan, to the effect that no escort was ready that day, so that the army must please to halt until the next morning for it. The utter faithlessness of the Afghans was now too evident to induce any reliance on a vague promise like this, and therefore the troops continued to march onward until stopped by a stream, over which a hastily-thrown bridge was not yet completed. This unfortunately caused a delay of half an hour or more; and cause enough was there to grudge every minute wasted, for the Afghans had now broken into the recently-evacuated northern cantonment in a tumultuous swarm, and were destroying all before them. It was nearly twelve o'clock before the advance-guard had quite cleared the bridge; and owing to the masses of ungovernable camp-followers, the main body had hardly begun to follow ere it fell into the utmost confusion.

The scene at this period was singularly strange and picturesque—the terrible and the ludicrous blended into one exciting *coup-d'œil*. Soldiers, camp-followers, yaboos, camels, baggage-wagons, artillery-guns, all mixed into an inextricable jumble; add to which the sharp orders of

the officers, the loud responses of the men, the clanging of steel, the thundering tramp of countless feet, the snorting of the numerous beasts of burden, the occasional accidental explosions of muskets, and the unceasing struggles and cries of many hundreds of women and children, suffering alike from bodily pressure in the wedged mass and from terror, cold, and hunger —forming altogether a scene bewildering to the last degree.

Four o'clock had arrived, and the dusky mantle of approaching night was beginning to dim the face of the earth, before the whole of the main column had struggled over the bridge. By this time, the Afghans poured in one continuous stream into the doomed cantonments, thirsting for havoc and slaughter. The rear-guard was compelled to give place to them, and hurriedly withdrew to the plain, where it assumed the best position it could beside the piled baggage. Between the rear-guard and the cantonments, sheltered by a small abrupt hill, stood the camel bearing Mary Maitland and her adopted child, and by its side a guard of eight of Chinga Zung's picked Kuzzilbashes, who faithfully obeyed their chieftain's order not to stir from the spot till his return, nor to permit the slightest molestation of their charge.

On the ramparts, the Ghazees, a numerous and very powerful class of half-insane religious zealots, were lashing themselves into fury by gulping down strong waters, carried in bottles at their girdles, and running round in frenzied circles, vociferating their wild, savage hymns or chants, with the most horrible and demoniac contortions of their features. A few poor straggling soldiers and camp-followers, who had still chosen to loiter about the outworks, were seized by these wretches, who actually tore them in pieces with their hands; and in not a few instances reeking portions of the flesh were swallowed piecemeal.

After awhile, growing tired of hacking and tearing down the various buildings, the Afghans deliberately manned the ramparts, and levelling their deadly *juzails*

(long rifles) at the rear-guard, began a systematic butchery. Soldier after soldier, even at that distance, did they kill, and this without the possibility of the rear-guard making more than a mere defensive demonstration—compelled, as they were, to wait until the passage of the main body was completed, before they could move and properly cover its retreat.

When the firing began, Mary instinctively bent her head in terror, for the bullets whistled at times closely over them; and at length, the party having attracted notice, a ball sped through the skull of the Kuzzil-bash especially appointed by Chinga Zung to guide the camel. The situation of the party was now eminently critical. Where was Chinga Zung? He had never been near, since bringing the little boy, who, overcome by cold and grief, was sleeping heavily in Mary's lap.

A few words will explain the chieftain's seeming neglect. From hour to hour his services and his advice had been called into requisition by numerous officers, and now at the very moment when his faithful follower was slain, he was fighting hand to hand against deadly odds near to that very rampart whence the fatal shot was fired. He had gone among the Afghans in the futile hope of inducing them to allow the evacuation to be effected in peace, and soon had to literally cut his way out by a desperate running-fight. Aided by his immense physical power and extraordinary skill and perseverance, he finally succeeded in escaping unhurt. Not a moment did he lose in bounding towards his people, and with bloody yataghan brandished in his hand, he seized the tether of the camel, and led it along at a rapid pace.

It was now becoming quite dark, when suddenly a bright glare, projected on the snow in front, caused them to turn round, and then they beheld sheets of flame springing up from the Residency, and every other inflammable building which the Ghazees could fire. A shout, caught up by the hideous voices of the whole fanatical body, hailed the progress of the flames, which spread with great rapidity, being fed with every combustible

the incendiaries could lay their hands on. When the cavalcade arrived at the bridge, they were unable to pass for some time, on account of the swelling throng of fugitives preceding them; and before they reached the plain beyond, the fire had nearly attained its height, presenting a scattered base of lurid glow, but uniting in one close column of wreathed flame at a vast height in the air.

What were the feelings of Frederick as he beheld this sight from the halting-place ahead, blended with the uncertainty of the fate of her who was all the world to him! For aught he knew, she might be perishing in those very flames! But safely did Chinga Zung convey his trust across the stream, and then pushed forward with all possible speed to join the advance-guard, which was encamped at Bygram—a distance of barely six miles thus forming their first day's march!

Night being now fairly set in, the elements increased in severity to a dreadful degree. As mentioned, the supply of fuel, food, and means of shelter were miserably insufficient. Indeed, there was not a mouthful of food that night for two-thirds of those assembled; fuel could not be found; and the tents in the aggregate were not capable of sheltering more than a few hundreds of people. And what things these tents were! Composed of a single thickness of canvas, such dilapidated, threadbare, ragged, weather-beaten objects never were assembled elsewhere. These miserable tents were pitched here and there, without the slightest regard to order or situation—in fact, just where the vehicles from which they were unpacked happened to have halted; and no distinction was made between the European and native regiments, the men mixing almost promiscuously together, and leaving their several companies to seek for any little shelter they could obtain, either among the baggage or under the wagons. Horses, camels, and yaboos were scattered on all sides, and in the very heart of the *mêlée;* and although their presence helped to increase the 'confusion worse confounded' by separating the soldiers

from their comrades, it was certainly an advantage to lie near and among these animals, as their bodies naturally retained much more heat than those of human beings, and consequently they imparted some degree of warmth to those in contact with them. Many men were aware of this, and in availing themselves of it by lying huddled close to the animals, several fierce fights occurred between parties contending for the best places.

It had been early found impossible to keep, even at the point of the bayonet, the crowds of camp-followers from thrusting themselves into the midst of the troops, and therefore a more partycoloured encampment cannot be conceived. Of course, the vast majority of all classes slept without any other canopy than the gloomy snow-charged masses of clouds louring over their heads. In many places, the snow was only partially cleared away from the spot where the people threw themselves helplessly down; and some, when they stretched their length on the cold bare ground, at the same moment might be said to measure out their graves; for it is supposed that about fifty slept their last sleep this night, and, frozen down to the spot, were left untouched both by friend and foe to rot where they lay.

Piercing were the cries of the children, and heart-rending were the moans and groans of both women and men. But by midnight, a comparative stillness pervaded, to a degree that, considering the elements of which the assemblage was composed, might be deemed astonishing, were it not accounted for in a great measure by a recollection that fatigue, privation, and cold, especially the latter, speedily evoke an antidote which for awhile overpowers them all—sleep, or rather stupor. The whole situation was suggestive of Campbell's lines on Hohenlinden—

> 'Few, few shall part where many meet,
> The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
> And every turf beneath their feet
> Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.'

Frederick Maitland's anxiety at the prolonged absence

of Chinga Zung, and the non-arrival of any message from him, increased to such a degree, that as soon as he had done whatever his duty required, he set off to retrace the route, but had not proceeded far ere he met the cavalcade. The spot fixed on for the whole party to pass the night was a small hollow from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, and gradually shelving on all sides to the bottom, which was perhaps half-a-dozen feet below the level surface. This place was in the most advanced part of the camp, and close to where the majority of Frederick's company lay; but no one had attempted to take possession of it, desirable as it would have proved, on account of the snow having drifted into it so that it was half filled. But the Kuzzilbashes, encouraged by the example of their leader, cleared it thoroughly in a very short time. This done, the camel was led in and made to kneel as usual, for its burthen to be relieved. Poor Mary Maitland uttered neither complaint nor murmur, but it was obvious she had suffered extremely from the cold—aggravated, too, by being constrained to sit so many hours in one cramped position. Not a moment was lost in setting to work to make as comfortable a place of repose as circumstances and materials would permit. In the first place, the packages and boxes containing provisions, &c. which the chieftain had had both the power and the foresight to supply, were unstrapped from the camel, and arranged so as to form a little wall round a small space in the centre of the hollow. Above these were lashed three light poles, and over them two blankets were spread so as to form a tent, into which Mary Maitland and the orphan were introduced, and the indefatigable Kuzzilbash brought in a small portable iron stove. How to procure fuel for it was the question; but the chieftain never seemed at a loss in any dilemma. He broke up a deal-box, containing wearing-apparel, observing that its contents would be required on the morrow. By this means a capital fire was raised; and whilst the grateful Englishwoman recovered the use of her benumbed limbs by its agency, he opened a case of

provisions, and uncorked a bottle of excellent wine, and calling in the young sergeant, they all partook of what seemed to confer a new life.

The sergeant and his friend, after speaking a few words of affectionate encouragement to the beings now so helplessly dependent on them, withdrew for the night. On rejoining the Kuzzilbashes, their chieftain gave each of them a glass of wine and some food, and commended them for the faithfulness and devotion they had manifested throughout the trying day. The poor fellows eagerly swallowed their morsels, and then coiled themselves up all in a group beside the tent, and by thus lying close together, circulated sufficient warmth through the mass to put them soundly to sleep.

During this awful night, the situation of Lady Sale, Lady Macnaghten, Mrs Sturt, and other officers' wives, was not a whit better than that of our humble heroine. One of the ladies had a baby to take care of; and another was near her confinement!

Chinga Zung thought not of slumber until he had fed his camel with one or two of the flat cakes given to that invaluable creature on journeys like this, and then he spread a rug over it as it knelt at the back of the tent, and having convinced himself that he might depend upon it being in vigour in the morning, he drew the sergeant aside, and discoursed with him on the awful position in which the troops were placed.

The harassed rear-guard did not join the advance and main body in the position we had described, until between one and two o'clock A.M., and they left behind them many dead comrades, and one promising officer—Lieutenant Hardyman, 5th light cavalry.

Day at last dawned, the troops were roused, and marshalled into as good order as the exertions of the officers could effect. The scene may be left to the imagination.

Mary Maitland arose early, strengthened, and in good spirits: Chinga Zung superintended the reloading of the camel; and after they had all taken a slight repast,

Frederick fondly embraced his wife, invoking God's protection of her through the thick-strewn perils of the day on which they were entering.

'As for me,' said he, 'I must join my regiment and do my duty, but I do not think you will be far away, or out of my sight all day, and I leave you with one who will defend you with his life: God reward him for it!' Turning round, he gave Chinga Zung's ready hand a grasp that spoke volumes, and without trusting himself to cast another look towards his wife, the gallant young soldier sprang forward to join his company, assembling at about a hundred paces distant.

The divisions of the army changed positions for the march, the 44th now becoming the rear-guard. Small bodies of Afghan horse and foot were hovering on all sides, but they did not offer to molest the departure of the troops. When the 44th got under march, Frederick noted with great inward satisfaction that Chinga Zung with his usual judgment had taken up the safest position possible, by the side of the advanced ranks of the regiment: his Kuzzilbashes and himself marching closely around the camel, ready for instant action. Frederick's own post was among the most rearward files, and casting his eyes backward, when they had proceeded a little way, he, in common with others, saw several parties of Afghans unite at a signal into one body of horse and foot, which hastened direct for the rear-guard.

'Tis the escort!' shouted a dozen soldiers in a breath, and the unfounded cry of 'the escort!' was taken up on all sides. Too soon did they find their bitter mistake. The moment their juzails would tell, the Afghans opened a cruel fire on the troops. A groan burst from the poor 44th, but it was instantly checked by the gallant commanding officer, Brigadier Anquetil, who exclaimed: 'Stand firm, my men. Shew a steady front. Fall in there, light company. Keep in line. Halt! Fix bayonets.' Scores had barely strength to do it. On leaped the Afghans, yelling, hooting, and firing. When they got within a near range, the word was given to the

troops to fire, and obeyed with quite as much steadiness as could be expected; but the effect of that fire was very partial, the men's hands being so benumbed that they could only just hold the musket at their shoulders so as to take aim. Forward sprang the ferocious Giljyes to within half-pistol shot, brandishing their weapons with fearful screams.

'Now, my 44th,' thundered the commander, 'let them see the British bayonet! Charge!'—and the last deep-rolling accents had hardly passed his lips, ere, springing beyond the outermost files, he waved his sword for the troops to follow.

Where are the warriors, civilised or barbarous, who ever did or can withstand a deliberate charge of the British bayonet? Enfeebled as were the troops on this occasion, they did no discredit to their reputation, but at the first hand-to-hand onset put all to flight before them. Yet their success was but for the minute, as bodies of the Afghans closed with them on all sides. Every one now knew that a terrible struggle lay before him. Mounting a little hillock, Frederick looked around for the towering form of Chinga Zung, and could not suppress a cry of delight on perceiving the whole party a considerable distance ahead, and hastening towards the main body. Again did he thank Heaven for having given him such a friend as the chieftain, for it was clearly the best step the latter could adopt to leave the rear-guard and push forward, as the road was tolerably clear of the murderous enemy, who were busy concentrating all their force to hem in and annihilate the unfortunate 44th. As he had no doubt of the temporary safety of his wife, with a mental thanksgiving, he turned to plunge again into the scenes of blood in which it was imperative he should take an active part.

The whole of the rear-guard was composed of the 44th, a small squadron of horse, and some mountain train-guns. A very great quantity of baggage, distributed widely about, had to be defended; and the number of ungovernable camp-followers, wild with terror, encum-

bered every movement of the soldiers, and rendered it almost impossible for them to preserve anything like order. To repel the continual attacks of the Afghans, the mountain-guns were brought into play, and did most essential service in keeping them at bay; yet they boldly persisted in harassing the troops on all sides with an unflagging fire of juzails, which brought down numbers of the best men. One band of Giljyes, in particular, made themselves conspicuous by the desperate ferocity with which they attacked an odd company or two who were drawn up by the side of a large pile of baggage on the right flank. All at once they precipitated themselves on the very bayonets of this party, and it was evident they were determined to 'do, or die.' Not a moment was to be lost. Frederick's company, headed by himself, voluntarily dashed to the rescue, just as the Giljyes had closed. Horrible was the strife that ensued. Had the Europeans been able to handle their arms properly, they would soon have proved victorious; but as it was, the foe cut them down right and left, almost before they could make a single effective thrust.

By a sudden onset, Frederick and a private soldier were hurled down a rather steep declivity, and became separated from the fight. Hardly had they recovered their feet, when there was the heavy plunge of a war-horse close behind them, and its rider, an Afghan of rank, leaning over, with a single back-handed stroke of his sabre cut down the private; and then wheeling round, would have paid Frederick a similar compliment, but he parried the well-aimed blow with his musket, and instantly levelling it, shot the Afghan through the head. With a heavy groan, the latter rolled off his saddle, and his blood gushed forth on his own dying victim; but the next moment the high-mettled steed, missing the restraint of the curb, set off at full speed, dragging the senseless body of his master by the foot, which hung entangled in the stirrups.

Frederick gave one hasty glance round, and seeing no foe immediately near, went up to his fellow-soldier, and

raised his head, saying: 'How is it, comrade? Not past stanching, I hope?'

'Yes, I'm expended,' gasped the dying man; and raising his body half up, he had power only to say a few hurried words, and then expired. This was a painful sight, but in battle there is no time to feel acutely. Relieved from his foes, the sergeant obeyed the call of duty, and hastened to take his place with his companions, who were still fighting. His assistance came in good time: a party of Afghans were put to flight, and the detachment of English followed the current of the march. Still a cloud of the ferocious Afghans hung at no great distance in the rear, again and again threatening the party with utter destruction. Fortunately Chinga came up to be of some use. Seeing the state of affairs, he hurried forward, and made General Elphinstone aware of the critical state of the rear-guard. On learning this intelligence, Elphinstone despatched from Boothauk, where he had halted, all the troops he could spare, together with the two remaining guns.

Crowds of Afghans by this time were out on the heights; but Brigadier Skelton, by a judicious extension of his line, kept them bravely at bay. The rear-guard, on being reinforced, became assailants in turn; but despite their best efforts, great quantities of baggage, and horses and camels, fell into the hands of the enemy, who also put to death numbers of defenceless camp-followers. Hostilities for the time, however, unexpectedly ceased, in consequence of a message from Akber Khan, who said that if six hostages were given up to him as a pledge that the army would not retreat beyond Tezeen until he should receive tidings of General Sale's evacuation of Jelalabad, as previously agreed on, he would, on his part, provide the troops with all necessaries. But he insisted that they should not march beyond Boothauk until next morning. There was deep policy in this proposition.

A grand error in the whole affair was not pushing on as fast as possible to Jelalabad. The delays only gave

time for the enemy to collect their forces. Unfortunately, General Elphinstone was too easy and confiding; and he was beset by officers who actually counselled a temporising policy. The common soldiers were keen for pushing on, at all hazards; and finding that they were not allowed to do so, they may be said to have lost heart, and were careless of everything. Induced to stop by Akber's deceitful persuasions, Elphinstone ordered the firing to cease; and by nightfall, the whole of the army and its followers halted in one confused mass at the entrance of the Khoord-Cabool Pass, the aggregate of their two days' marching being just ten miles!

Chinga Zung was enabled, by the superior nature of the ground, to encamp his party in a comparatively comfortable spot, under the dry and shady recess of an overhanging rock. Though cold, hungry, and almost worn out by the labour of the day, Frederick embraced his wife with genuine transport on here rejoining her unhurt. Warmed by the welcome fire which the chieftain again managed to raise, they ate with grateful hearts a scanty repast, none having tasted food since morning. In this respect their situation was superior to that of thousands who surrounded them. The little orphan boy, who called himself Willy Ross, received such attentions as could be administered in the general confusion.

We pass over any account of the night-bivouac, which was sufficiently dismal, and hasten on to the grand catastrophe.

Mary Maitland and Willy Ross were early mounted on the camel, and the Kuzzilbashes got under arms. These people had suffered much less than the vast majority of the camp, being far better supplied with necessaries; but even they shrunk from the intense, marrow-freezing cold. The very breath began to freeze ere it passed the lips, and hung in icy particles on the beards and mustaches of the soldiers.

Chinga Zung had just handed Mary a flask of cordials to use on the way, when the crack of a rifle bore heavily up on the air, and at the same moment one of the

faithful retainers by his side vented a piercing scream, and, bounding forward, fell flat on his face at the feet of the chieftain, pierced through the heart by a ball.

'Ha! early are ye at your work,' muttered Chinga, casting his eyes rapidly around. Then, in his usual decided manner, he motioned his people to lead the camel behind the safe shelter of the rock where they had passed the night. This was instantly done; and he and Frederick prepared to defend themselves against the murderous attack which was now becoming general on all parts of the ground. About one hundred paces from the front of the rock by which they stood was a rugged natural trench, and in this a small party of Afghans had ensconced themselves, and were directing their particular fire at Chinga Zung's party, as no other troops or people were within shot—all who had slept in the vicinity having by this time joined the main body, assembled on the lower ground leading into the Pass. Hardly had the camel been bestowed in safety, as related, ere a full discharge of juzails from the band in question mortally wounded two more Kuzzilbashes, and one ball grazed their chieftain's cheek.

'We must act!' said Chinga emphatically, and he swiftly unslung his long rifle and fixed the bayonet, Frederick and the Kuzzilbashes imitating his example. They could only catch occasional glimpses of their enemies' heads and shoulders—the wily Afghans keeping closely in cover.

'Stretch out apart in line,' said Chinga to his party, now reduced to seven, including Frederick and himself. At this moment an Afghan imprudently exposed his body above the ridge of the trench, in order to take better aim. Chinga Zung was prepared for a chance of this kind. To his shoulder went his rifle, and steady as the rock behind him was his frame while levelling it. A pause of a single second ensued, then a bright and fleeting flame vomited forth from the muzzle; backward fell the Afghan, juzail in hand—the messenger of retribution had found a victim. Enraged at this loss, the

Afghans, ten or twelve in number, rose in a body, and all fired; but in their excitement and haste, not one of their balls took effect.

'Hold your fire and rush on them!' shouted the intrepid chieftain, instantly perceiving the advantage this general discharge gave him. 'On!' thundered he; and setting the example, he rushed forward at their head. The Afghans had not time to reload ere this brave handful of warriors leaped among them; and full half their number fell by the close fire they then and there received. Very brief was the struggle that ensued. The bayonets of Chinga Zung and the sergeant, aided by those of the Kuzzilbashes, made short work of the survivors. All the Afghans perished.

The victorious little party then escorted their charge to where the great mass of the British were engaged in repelling the attacks made on them from all sides. A body of perhaps 500 or 600 Afghans had gathered together on the south, and from their increasing numbers and threatening front, it was evident they meditated an overwhelming assault. Under these circumstances, it was determined that the whole of the 44th capable of service should anticipate this movement, and if possible, disperse them. Accordingly, they were just forming into line when Chinga Zung's party came up. Frederick immediately joined his regiment, and off it marched, led on by Major Thain. On this occasion the 44th behaved nobly, and succeeded in putting the enemy to flight with little personal loss.

Shortly afterwards, Captain Skinner went to communicate with Akber Khan, and that personage insisted that Major Pottinger and Captains Mackenzie and Lawrence should be delivered to him as additional hostages. This insolent demand was complied with; present hostilities thereupon being suspended, and then he graciously promised that he would clear the route of the Giljyes that infested it.

The devoted British force were now entering the fearful Pass of Khoord-Cabool. Imagine two gradually nar-

rowing parallel ranges of precipitous cloud-capped hills, each nearly six miles in length, and forming between them a gloomy, confined gorge, as rugged as can be, and down which a rapid, partially-frozen torrent leaped, boiling and doubling from side to side in such a manner that it had to be forded a score of times at least, and that every foot of ground and ledge of rock was happed with a layer of snow, in many parts three feet deep—and you will form some idea of the Khoord-Cabool Pass.

And through this frightful work of nature lay the road which it was absolutely imperative for the troops to follow. Every frowning height, and every commanding ledge on both sides the Pass, was manned with Giljyes—by Afghan tribes as raging and ravenous as the tiger of the jungle—lying in wait with guns which would kill with certainty at five hundred paces, pointed to the bottom of the defile, which would shortly be crowded with the defenceless army. The policy of Akber Khan in demanding that the troops should halt all night at Boothauk, was to gain time for the Giljyes to gather from far and near to the prey. It is true that Akber sent some of his suite to endeavour to persuade the Giljyes to stay their fire after it had opened; but whether he really desired his orders in this respect to be obeyed, or whether the Giljyes knew his profound hatred of the English too well to dread provoking his anger by disregarding them, it is impossible to decide. The fact on record is, that not one trigger less was pulled through the intervention of Akber Khan and his officers.

Just before they entered this terrible gulf, an order was given to thoroughly separate the camp-followers from the troops. This was impracticable on the whole, but was done to a partial extent. Of the troops themselves, few indeed were now able-bodied men. See! that remarkably fine and powerful-looking soldier has such frost-bitten feet that he can scarcely hobble on at all: the hands of the comrade at his side, owing to the same cause, are useless: a third is almost bent double with the agony of an undressed wound: a fourth is weak as a

child for lack of nourishment and shelter: and so on throughout the lines. In a word, not more than one tithe were capable of bearing arms and doing effective duty. The native troops were suffering to an even greater extent, for they were Hindoos, born under, and all their lives accustomed to a broiling sun; yet from first to last they behaved most nobly, faithful to the nation whose pay they had received.

The dread moment arrived when the march was to recommence. The rear-guard was composed of the 44th and the 57th native infantry, but many European soldiers were mixed up with them. Frederick, and Chinga Zung, with his five surviving Kuzzilbashes, were close to the camel bearing Mary and the orphan, somewhat ahead of the front column of the rear-guard, so as to be more clear of the press of soldiers, and thus have a better command of their own movements, should an alteration in their position become essential. Frederick conversed anxiously with his wife; but as to Chinga Zung, he spoke not a word, but stood leaning on his rifle, with such an expression of sadness and settled care as his noble features had never evinced before. From time to time he raised his head and looked towards the Pass, with a glance that understood and embraced all that was there presented, and then his eyes fell on a group by his side —an intense shade of anguish being perceptible as they fastened on Mary Maitland. It was not difficult to conjecture the thoughts rushing through his soul. Too well did he perceive the almost certain fate that awaited them all.

With a confused, quivering hum, stamp of feet, and feeble rattling of arms, onward marched, or rather stumbled, the advanced body, consisting principally of native soldiers, camp-followers, &c. This ended Chinga Zung's reverie. He pointed to the movement, threw his rifle heavily into the hollow of his arm, and with solemn and mournful intonation exclaimed: 'God save us all!'

'Amen!' fervently ejaculated Frederick, and he embraced his wife for what each felt might be the last time.

The advance had hardly entered the defile, when, crack! whiz! from right and left, the juzails or guns of the Giljyes opened upon them. Loudly screamed the camp-followers in front, and loudly arose a prolonged howl of despair from the thousands who in that premature discharge read their doom.

With the advance were several of the officers' ladies—Lady Sale, the wife of the gallant governor of Jelalabad being one of the number. They were all well mounted; and perceiving their only chance of escape was to ride at the utmost speed, with admirable nerve and presence of mind they did so, and amid a perfect shower of balls from end to end of the Pass, they galloped through almost entirely unscathed—Lady Sale herself being the only one who was hurt, and her wound was merely a slight one on the wrist.

The mass moved on. Men, women, and children were indiscriminately pierced by balls, and fell; the next moment being trampled over by those immediately behind them, who pushed forward to meet the same fate in their turn a little further on. From the first opening of the fire the slaughter was dreadful; but it was when the main body, with the baggage, and greatest crowds of camp-followers, reached the narrowest part of the Pass, that it attained its height. Here the dead and dying almost choked the passage, the stream being completely dammed with them, and its blood-stained waters consequently overflowing the banks. One lady, an officer's wife, was so unfortunate as not to get forward on horseback with the others. She was on foot with a baby in her arms. Thus burdened, she scrambled over dead bodies and fallen rocks, and across the half-frozen brook, her dress deranged and torn, and hanging over with icicles; the bullets of the Afghans whistling over her, and every moment threatening the destruction of herself and her child. Strange to say, she contrived, amidst these complicated horrors, to gain the further extremity of the Pass, and she at length overtook her companions. Such are, or at least may be, the scenes

into which an officer's wife may be plunged in Indian warfare!

To proceed with the general account. The rear-guard were now fairly in the defile, so as to increase the numbers under the fire.

'If you love life, rouse yourselves, 44th!' shouted a major, himself shortly numbered with the slain. 'Will you be butchered like sheep penned up for slaughter, without once trying to save yourselves!' hoarsely demanded he, but in a voice distinctly heard above the din.

'What can we do!' murmured the poor 44th. 'We're hemmed in, and can hardly pull our triggers!'

'Never say so!' passionately responded the gallant officer. 'Rouse yourselves! Prove you are Britons!'

'What can we do!' was again the despairing reply.

'Do! Fire at the miscreants who are cooping us up to butcher us all. Look!' and he pointed with his sword to a knot of Giljyes who had taken post on a flat ledge of rock opposite, at an elevation of perhaps fifty yards, and double that distance from the spot where the major was standing, and who were directing an unremitting and most fatal fire upon those in the vicinity. 'Dislodge the villains yonder!'

'Our pieces won't do it!'

'But they can and shall! Don't tell me your bullets will not pick them off!'

'Oh, oh!' was the simultaneous interruption from two soldiers by his side, both falling mortally wounded by balls from the party he was urging his men to fire at.

'There!' cried the exasperated major — 'cowards, idiots! will ye let them murder us this way! Fire!'

His appeal was not ineffectual. About a score of the 44th, including some of the best marksmen, raised their pieces as well as their numbed arms and hands would permit, and fired. Bitterly humiliating and soul-daunting was the result. Not one ball took effect. A peal of derision at the futility of the volley was sent forth by the untouched Giljyes; and they now exposed themselves without dread, and deliberately reloaded their juzails to

fire down where they were sure of finding victims. Stung to madness, the major furiously exclaimed: 'Shame, 44th!'

As he spoke, he snatched an undischarged musket from the hand of a soldier near him, and raising it to his own shoulder, drew the trigger. However accurate his aim might have been mattered not: the powder was damp, and hung fire. In despair, the major dashed the useless instrument on the ground, exclaiming: 'O that I have lived to endure ignominy like this! A British regiment cut up without striking a blow in return! My name coupled with that!'

'No, major, neither you nor the 44th shall be so belied,' firmly exclaimed Frederick, who was by this time close at hand, and moving from the camel to the side of the major, he levelled a musket with a deliberate aim, and fired. The piece was heavily charged, but the ball did not swerve; and ere the smoke had ceased issuing from the muzzle, a Giljye was seen to spring in the air, and topple down the steep side of the rock. His companions set up a wild shriek of rage at finding they were not beyond the range of European muskets, and fired back, but from their haste, they merely wounded one man.

'Well done, my brave fellow! would I had a hundred like thee!' cried the major with grim pleasure; and he shook the sergeant's hand with a firm grasp.

'Here comes my superior,' responded Frederick with generous ardour as Chinga Zung strode up.

'Ha!' said the major, 'I know him. Oh, for Heaven's sake, Kuzzilbash, do your best. They say you never miss your aim at any distance.'

'Major, I love my life,' was the laconic reply; and the next moment his rifle was levelled at the Giljyes—the long barrel, owing to the stature of the chieftain, being elevated above the heads of the soldiers around. A sheet of flame glanced from one barrel, and before the smoke had cleared away, the report of the other followed, and three Giljyes were seen to tumble on a heap.

'Forty-fourth, take your part!' exclaimed the major, but his voice was unheard in the commingled cries of hundreds of voices from the rearward, shouting: 'On! move on! We shall all be killed! Push on!'

Chinga Zung and Frederick sprang back to the side of the camel, and were just in time to save it from being overthrown and crushed beneath the crowds that, goaded to desperation, pushed on, reckless of disabling others so long as they could get ahead themselves. Repeatedly would the whole of the party have been thrown under foot but for the immense physical strength of Chinga Zung, who at length, however, was obliged to repel the fugitives with the but-end of his rifle, to check the dreadful pressure. At last they were all brought to a stand-still by the wedged masses in front. Useless was it to call out: 'Move on!' when that was impossible. And here the heights were most thickly manned by the Giljyes, who poured a withering fire without a moment's respite. These raging savages seemed only to have one object—to slaughter all in the Pass.

After a pause, the accumulated crowds slowly resumed their progress, nearly every footstep they now took being pressed on the bodies of the slain. On they moved, and Chinga Zung's party were still all unwounded, though scores were perishing on every side. The pervading sentiment of the doomed multitude was now, every man for himself, each striving, by fair means or by foul, to get ahead of his fellows, so as to be soonest out of the Pass.

Suddenly, the invaluable animal bearing Mary Maitland gave a loud snort—a strong shiver of agony shook its frame as it staggered a few paces, and then it sank on its haunches, never more to rise. A ball had gone through the back part of its head. There was not a moment to lose. Frederick assisted his wife from her seat, and Chinga Zung snatched up Willy Ross, and gave him in charge of the Kuzzilbashes. He also slung a package of provisions across his shoulder, and onward were the party borne by those behind—who swelled along, line over line, like the waves of the advancing tide.

The fire of the Giljyes held on with undiminished fierceness. Where three or four men happened to fall together, a little pile of dead and dying was soon raised, and this occurred at near intervals from one end of the Pass to the other. On reaching a spot where the stream before mentioned ran completely across the ravine, and where it happened to be much wider than ordinary, the chieftain was in the act of springing from the sheet of ice that incrusted the bank, when it broke under him, and he was precipitated full length into the bed of water, which here formed a deep pool, and was half congealed by the frost. The chieftain made an energetic attempt to raise himself, and would probably have succeeded, had not a throng of headlong fugitives fallen pell-mell upon him. A shriek from Mary apprised Frederick of the critical situation of his devoted friend, and he instantly sprang back, and with frantic strength tore aside the superincumbent people. In doing this he sank to his breast in water, snow and ice, but obtained a grasp of the chieftain's hand, and succeeded in extricating him. It was with difficulty either of them could move, on regaining their feet; and in a few minutes their clothes were frozen stiff as boards, and their limbs were fairly incrusted with a fragile coating of ice. Yet they must hasten on or perish.

Gladly did the survivors of the fiery ordeal of the Khoord-Cabool Pass hail the lowering rocks that gave earnest that they would soon emerge into the open country beyond. Lower and lower became the rugged walls that hitherto had enclosed them in a stifling atmosphere of sulphureous smoke; and clearer and clearer the blessed light of heaven spread around. Slight as was their chance of ultimate escape, even if far beyond this dismal place, yet the thought that they should shortly get clear of it, freshly invigorated every bosom. Still scores continued to receive their death-wounds, and many dropped so completely exhausted, that had their own dear native homes, with beckoning kindred at the door, risen to the view a few paces on,

they could not have stirred a foot further to have reached them.

At least two-thirds of the whole number of survivors had got clear through the Pass, ere Chinga Zung and his friends came to what might be considered its termination. The bulk of those yet struggling in it were considerably behind, and just as the chieftain's party were congratulating themselves on the goal being nearly won, a close volley was fired upon them from some Giljyes crouched behind a projecting rock. Four of the five Kuzzilbashes fell at the discharge, and the ferocious foe, thinking the rest would be an easy prey, rushed, to the number of seven, upon them with terrific war-whoops.

Like lions at bay, Chinga Zung and Frederick flung themselves in front of their helpless charges. With yells the Giljyes rushed onward, but the foremost was stabbed by a thrust from Chinga's bayonet; and Frederick, getting two others in line, fired, and brought both to the ground. This severe and unlooked-for check so discomfited the remainder, that, infuriate as they were, they fairly turned and fled. In their retreat, they had to pass the Kuzzilbashes they had shot, and one of the latter, being the man who had received the little orphan in charge, had him in his arms at the moment he himself fell pierced through the brain. Singularly enough, though quite dead, and flat on his back, his hands pertinaciously retained their hold of the poor child, who vainly struggled to get away. So, as the Giljyes leaped past, one of them tore the boy by main force from the dead man's stiffened hold, and turning round, shook Willy Ross aloft with malignant satisfaction; then, still retaining the helpless, screaming little fellow, continued his retreat along with his companions.

'Fiend, I'll baulk you of your prey!' shouted Frederick, setting off in pursuit, reckless of the risk of sacrificing his life by being drawn among deadly odds, which would probably have been the case, had not the Giljye carrying Willie Ross caught his foot against a stone and pitched violently to the ground. But the limbs of his

pursuers were so stiffened with cold, that they could not come up to seize him before he was again on his feet, and dropping the child, he rushed at them, and grasping his juzail by the barrel, swung it half round, and would have felled the young sergeant, had not Chinga Zung with one stroke of his keen yataghan cut off both his hands at the wrists.

The mutilated Giljye threw himself down, and rolled over in agony, whilst the chieftain seized the rescued orphan, and with his friend retraced their course. In a quarter of an hour they were in comparative safety, and by nightfall the whole surviving Cabool force were congregated at Khoord-Cabool—the place which gives the name to the fearful Pass.

The aspect of this night's encampment was a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the two preceding ones. Not half-a-dozen tents had been saved, a heavy fall of snow descended throughout the night, and the majority of the survivors were more or less severely wounded. Half the tents were reserved for the officers' wives and children, and by the influence of Chinga Zung, Mary Maitland and her orphan *protégé* were allowed to join the number.

Frederick Maitland was by nature and habit capable of enduring great hardships, but the excessive bodily fatigue and unrelenting hostility of the elements, which he had experienced to so terrible an extent, had made a far greater inroad on his physical powers than he was willing to admit; and although he would have died sooner than have added one pang to his wife's bosom by revealing his sufferings and weakness, he yet turned away from the tent in which she was sheltered, with tottering limbs, a sick heart, and a dizzy brain. The very excitement and danger of the day had hitherto supported and stimulated him in no slight degree, and now that was over, he felt ready to sink down and render his last moan like many around. Chinga Zung, however, was by no means so exhausted, and when he saw his friend so overcome, he affectionately insisted on his swallowing some of their

scanty store of spirits, which stimulated Frederick sufficiently to enable him to accompany the chieftain in search either of shelter or of fire. The snow fell thickly, and it was more bitterly cold than ever, for the land was a much higher range than any they had hitherto traversed. Long did they vainly search for a fire. Shivering, groaning groups were here and there huddled together over what was nothing more than a handful of smouldering fragments of wet wood, that sent forth eddying volumes of smoke. Even this, the starving wretches seemed eager to share; and where there happened to be a faint glow, a dozen envious hands were pushing one another aside to secure the least ray of warmth.

Chinga and Frederick at length came upon a small isolated group of five or six native soldiers, who had got by far the best fire of any other set; and when the intruders produced some broken gun-stocks, and a large splinter from an ammunition-box, which they had stumbled over and gathered in their wanderings, the poor fellows gladly admitted them to a share of its warmth, which was doubled by these welcome supplies. When their fire burnt low and their fuel was exhausted, they raked the embers together, and the whole party lay in a close-packed mass, thus diffusing and keeping the vital warmth in their bodies sufficiently to induce sleep.

Throughout the night, the snow fell in great quantities, but this, on the whole, was rather a blessing than otherwise, for a thick coating of snow serves to keep out the cold.

Contrary to orders, part of the force began their march next morning soon after daybreak; but ere they had got far, the general called them back to expound to them a message from Akber Khan, just received, to the effect, that if they would halt, he, the said faithful Akber, would try and get them the supplies he had previously promised. Under these circumstances, poor Elphinstone did what almost every private soldier's common sense told him was a most egregious proof of infatuation—he halted the whole body, instead of pushing forward as fast and as far

as he possibly could. Indeed, so convinced were the native troops of the hourly-increasing danger to which this halting and dallying exposed them, that not a few set off—deserted, strictly speaking—to strike ahead for themselves.

At noon, the whole number of remaining troops were paraded, and then was the startling fact known, that the 44th did not muster more than ninety rank-and-file, and the native regiments barely half as many each! Desertions still continuing, a strict order was issued, and made known, that any one detected in the act of desertion would be shot on the spot. This was actually done, as a warning, a short time afterwards—the sufferer being what is called a *chuprassie*, or native porter.

A little while before this, Akber Khan also proposed for the officers who were married, and accompanied by their wives and children, and also the widows of officers killed, to be one and all given up to him, and he would pledge himself to protect them. This proposition being acceded to, one of the superior officers very kindly intimated to Frederick Maitland, that if he chose, his wife and the child with her might also be included in the arrangement; but that Frederick himself, not being a commissioned officer, of course could not accompany her.

With a torn and distracted mind, the young sergeant asked Chinga Zung what he advised him to do. The chieftain replied that there was very much uncertainty attending either course, but, if anything, he thought it might be the best to accept the offer; for as to the future fate of the party if they continued an independent march, he feared the worst. He counselled, however, that the matter should be explained to and decided by Mary herself. This was forthwith done. Carried away by anxiety, Frederick warmly entreated his wife to go with the officers' ladies, but was met with a decided refusal.

'No,' said the devoted wife, 'I will never part from you! We will live or die together!'

'God bless you, my own true wife!' cried the young 'ier.

Chinga Zung was evidently deeply moved, and if the transient expression which flitted athwart his dark lineaments might be rightly interpreted, also pleased at Mary's decision.

It must here be said, that Akber Khan was a cunning and calculating villain. Throughout the whole affair, he played a double game. Ostensibly, he tried to save the British, in order that, in event of their being successful in retaining Afghanistan, which they might do by fresh reinforcements, he might be installed as king. Secretly, he ordered their destruction, and with his own hand he assassinated officers whom he thought it advisable to put out of the way. Lady Sale and the other prisoners confided to him, got away, only after months of confinement, by means of a rival Khan. Had they trusted to the safe-keeping of Akber, they would undoubtedly have been destroyed. Thus were several ladies and some officers ultimately saved. General Elphinstone, who confided himself to Akber, died in confinement.

To conclude this terrible narrative. On the fourth morning after the retreat from Cabool, all who were able, set off in the vain hope of reaching Jelalabad, which was courageously kept by General Sale—'fighting Bob,' as he was called by the troops. No minute relation of the day's progress will here be given, for it would be but a repetition of deeds of sickening slaughter and wo. At nightfall, all the survivors reached a ravine that proved a Khoord-Cabool Pass in miniature; and on the 13th—the seventh day of the retreat—the main body were in sight of Gundamuck. This 'main body' did not number more than thirty or forty, including officers, and nearly all of them were shortly afterwards slain by an overwhelming attack of Afghans.

Various straggling parties had previously set off, without guides, and mostly without leaders, and were, with few exceptions, cut off by Afghan horsemen, who scoured the whole country around. To one of the straggling parties, Chinga Zung and his friends attached themselves, and, by singular good-fortune, they all eventually escaped the

doom which befell nearly the whole of the once vast multitude. This escape was greatly owing to the consummate skill and influence of the noble-hearted Kuzzilbash chieftain. It is stated as a remarkable fact, that of all who left Cabool, only one man reached Jelalabad.

So ends my narrative of an affair, the most dreadful perhaps in the annals of war. Innumerable comments have been made on the policy or impolicy of the measures adopted by the commanding officers of the Cabool force. They have been roundly accused of causing, by vacillating conduct, the loss of native regiments, and the destruction of several thousands of British subjects. No doubt, some fatal errors of judgment were committed —some consisting of over-confidence in the promises of treacherous barbarians. It is best, however, to speak charitably of the dead, and, where there was no absolute misconduct, to spare the feelings of the living. Our object is gained, in presenting a picture of the realities of War!

THE UNLUCKY PRESENT:

A TALE.

A LANARKSHIRE minister, who died within the present century, was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the words of a well-known Scottish adage, 'can never see green cheese but their een reels.' He was *extremely covetous*, and that not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration of this assertion. Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners, a poor lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish, he became fascinated by the charms of a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and

that of her children. He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot—it was a perfect conceit of a thing—it was a gem—no pot on earth could match it in symmetry—it was an object altogether perfectly lovely.

'Dear sake! minister,' said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendations of her pot, 'if ye like the pot sae weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the manse. It's a kind o' orra [*superfluous*] pot wi' us; for we've a bigger ane, that we use for ordinar, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just tak a present o't. I'll send it o'er the morn wi' Jamie, when he gangs to the schule.'

'Oh!' said the minister, 'I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself.'

After much altercation between the minister and the widow on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off, then, he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article, alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately, the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat, so that he became heartily tired of his burden before he got halfway home. Under these distressing circumstances, it struck him that, if instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened: the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot in inverted fashion upon his head, where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don

Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was at first much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a bypath to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch which intercepted him in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in*, or at least *into*, the dark as this. The concussion given to his person in descending, caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with the rim upon his neck, stuck fast there, enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a new-born child was enclosed by the filmy bag with which nature, as an indication of future good-fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favourite offspring. What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt, on the part of its proprietor, to make it slip back again; the contracted part, or neck, of the *patera*, being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypotenuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contretemps* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help; or if a cry could be uttered, it might reach in deafening reverberation the ear of the utterer, but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction. To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Everything considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to

be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be *death in the pot.*

The instinctive love of life, however, is omni-prevalent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit or exert under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister. Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eyesight, he acted only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess, in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith and all the hangers-on of the *smiddy*, when at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know, rather by signs than by words, the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song:

> 'Out cam the gudeman, and high he shouted,
> Out cam the gudewife, and low she louted,
> And a' the town neighbours were gathered about it,
> And there was he, I trow.'

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards, like the horns of the Great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was, accordingly, at

his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of release; and having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forehammer. 'Will I come sair on, minister?' exclaimed the considerate man of iron, in at the brink of the pot.

'As sair as ye like,' was the minister's answer: 'better a chap i' the chafts than die for want of breath.'

Thus permitted, the man let fall a blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cookmaid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but, assuredly, the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C——.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

'THOMAS OF ERCILDOUN,' otherwise called 'Thomas the Rhymer,' lived during the thirteenth century at a village now called Earlstoun, in the district of Lauderdale, in Berwickshire. The house which he is said to have occupied still exists in a ruinous state, on a *haugh*, or piece of alluvial ground, between the village and the neighbouring river Leader. From the appearance of the building—a small Border tower, or house of defence—and from his still receiving, at Earlstoun, the popular designation of Laird Learmont, he would appear to have been, in the sense of those days, a gentleman, though probably only a small proprietor. A long metrical poem in the romance style, called *Sir Tristrem*, has been published by Sir Walter Scott, as a work of his composition, though it is denied to be such by Mr Park, in his edition of Warton. Whatever Thomas was in his own time, it is certain that he has ever since enjoyed the highest reputation as a

prophet. That he died before 1299, is evident from a charter in which his son grants his paternal tenement in Earlstoun to the hospital of Soutra. Yet Barbour, in the poem of *The Bruce*, speaks of a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer as referring to an event that took place in 1306. From that time almost to the present, his fame has never been allowed to fall asleep. Predictions attributed to him have come into vogue at almost every remarkable period of our history since the days of Bruce. His authority was employed in this manner to countenance the views of Edward III. against Scottish independency, to favour the ambitious aims of the Duke of Albany in the minority of James V., and to sustain the spirits of the nation under the harassing invasions of Henry VIII. A small volume of rhymes ascribed to him was published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, in 1615; and even at the present day hardly any remarkable event ever occurs, especially of the nature of a royal death, without some rhyme of 'True Thomas' being either revived or created anew in reference to it, though, it must be allowed, only among the most ignorant of the people. His name and soothsaying character are known not only in the south of Scotland, where he formerly lived, but in the Highlands and remote Hebrides.

The common tradition respecting Thomas the Rhymer is, that he was carried off in early life to Fairyland, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. There is an old ballad which describes him as meeting the queen of faëry on Huntly Bank, a spot now included in the estate of Abbotsford, and as accompanying her fantastic majesty to that country, the journey to which is described with some sublimity:—

'O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring o' the sea.
It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude aboon the knee;
For a' the blude that 's shed on earth,
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.'

natural calculation of the changes produced by time, he uttered the plaintive prediction:

'The hare shall kittle on my hearth-stane,
And there never will be a Laird Learmont again.'

This emphatic image of desolation is said by the people of Earlstoun to have been realised within the memory of man, and at a period long subsequent to the termination of the race of Learmont.

Of rhymes foreboding evil, one of the most remarkable is a malediction against the old persecuting family of Home of Cowdenknowes—a place in the immediate neighbourhood of Thomas's castle:

'Vengeance, vengeance!
When and where?
Upon the House of Cowdenknowes,
Now and evermair!'

This anathema, awful as the cry of blood, has been accomplished in the extinction of the family, and the transference of the property to another race. The Rhymer is also stated to have foretold the battle of Bannockburn in the following enigmatical stanza:—

'The burn o' breid
Shall run fou reid.'

The bread of Scotland being invariably of bannocks, the first of these lines seems designed to shadow forth the rivulet called Bannockburn. Another of his ill-boding verses was—

'The horse shall gang on Carrolside Brae,
Till the girth gaw his sides in twae.'

Carrolside is a small estate near Earlstoun, and the seer seems to imply that the cutting of the horse by his girth shall be the result of a general famine. A rhyme to the effect that,

'Between Seton and the sea,
Mony a man shall die that day,'

is incorporated in the long, irregular, and mystical poems which were published as the prophecies of Thomas in

1615, and it has happened, by a strange chance, to be verified by the battle of Preston, in September 1745. To compensate, however, for this lucky shot, it is certain that many rhymes professedly by our hero were promulgated in *consequence* of particular events. The long uninterrupted line of male heirs who have possessed the estate of Bemerside, near Dryburgh, has evidently caused the following stanza to be placed to the credit of the Rhymer :—

> 'Tide, tide, whate'er betide
> There 'll be a Haig in Bemerside;'

which, it seems, was in some danger of failing about a century ago, in consequence of the lady of Bemerside bringing her husband twelve daughters before any son, who, however, luckily came at last, to the saving of Thomas's character. Of the same sort is—

> 'There shall a stone wi' Leader come,
> That 'll make a rich father, but a poor son;'

an allusion to the supposed limited advantage of the process of liming. The Highlanders have also found, since the recent changes of tenantry in their country, that Thomas predicted

> 'That the teeth of the sheep shall lay the plough on the shelf.'

One of Thomas's supposed prophecies is of a safer kind—

> 'When Dee and Don shall run in one,
> And Tweed shall run in Tay,
> The bonnie water o' Urie
> Shall bear the Bass away.'

The Bass is a conical mound rising from the bank of the Urie, in Aberdeenshire; and we may confidently conclude that it will remain intact by the river, so long as the Tweed and Tay shall continue separate.

The mention of an Aberdeenshire rhyme reminds us of a very interesting tradition of that country respecting the subject of our memoir. It is said that the walls of Fyvie Castle had stood for seven years and a day, *wall-wide*, waiting for the arrival of True Tammas, as he is called in Aberdeenshire. At length he suddenly appeared

before the fair building, accompanied by a violent storm of wind and rain, which stripped the surrounding trees of their leaves, and shut the castle gates with a loud clash. But while this tempest was raging on all sides, it was observed, that, close by the spot where Thomas stood, there was not wind enough to shake a pile of grass, or move a hair of his beard. He denounced his wrath in the following lines:—

'Fyvie, Fyvie, thou'se never thrive,
As lang 's there 's in thee stanes three:
There 's ane intill the highest tower,
There 's ane intill the ladye's bower,
There 's ane aneath the water yett,
And thir three stanes ye'se never get.'

The usual prose comment states that two of these stones have been found, but that the third, beneath the gate leading to the Ythan, or water-gate, has hitherto baffled all search.

By far the most notable of all the prophecies of Thomas, is one which he is said to have uttered in anticipation of the accidental death of Alexander III., and which is related in more than one of our early historians. Alexander, it is well known, perished by a fall from his horse at Kinghorn, and, by the failure of his heirs, opened the way for a long and most disastrous war. On the day before the accident, Thomas, in conversation with the Earl of March, remarked that, fine as the weather seemed at present, there should be such a blast next day as Scotland had never before known. At noon, accordingly, on the ensuing day, while the earl was mocking him for the failure of his prediction, intelligence arrived of the death of the king, which the seer then explained to be the blast he had meant.

We shall now conclude with two or three additional anecdotes, which the late Mr Galt, the well-known author of the *Annals of the Parish*, had the kindness to furnish us with. It will be observed that they are related in the manner of one of those homely and old-fashioned personages whom this gentleman has rendered so famous by his pen.

'One day as King Alexander III. was hunting in the woods which anciently covered the country near Kinghorn, and of which, in the names of different places, some memorial is still preserved, Thomas the Rhymer met him. The king's highness was riding on a skeigh horse, ill to bridle and perilous to guide, and Thomas said to him: "I redde you, sir, beware of that horse, for he'll be your death." "That he ne'er shall," cried the king, and louping off the saddle-tree, he commanded the gavalling horse to be slain on the spot, and laughed, when the deed was done, at the seer's prophecy.

'It came to pass, however, that exactly at the end of a twelvemonth and a day, the king was again hunting near the same spot, and the horse he was upon, seeing the white bones of the one that had been so unrighteously put to death, standing up ragged in his way, like the grinning and gumless teeth of death, boggled at them, and fled beyond the power of curb or rein, snorting and terrified, to the cliff, over which he sprang with the king, whose neck was broken by the fall, as is recorded in the vernacular chronicles of the time.

'Few, indeed, are the prognostications of Thomas the Rhymer that have not been fulfilled, and happy it is for Scotland that the number of his outstanding prophecies are now drawing to an end. The last fulfilled happened in our own time. In the days of antiquity, Thomas said that

> "When the Forth and Clyde shall meet,
> Scotland shall begin to greet."

Now, no man in those days could have said that this was not rank nonsense; for how could two rivers, one running east and another running west, and high hills between their heads, ever forgather? But we have seen it come to pass. The Forth and Clyde Canal has married them, and no sooner was that done than came on the war against the French revolution, by which poor auld Scotland, "my respected mither," has had mair than sufficient cause to utter her plaints.'

A FAMILY OF CRUSOES.

It may not be generally known to the people of Scotland, that within the verge of this northern kingdom there exists, or very lately existed, a family of human beings in an almost desert island, removed out of sight of land, and holding communication with the rest of their species but twice in the twelve months. The name of this desolate isle is Rona, or more correctly North Rona, and is situated in the Northern Ocean, at the distance of sixteen leagues west from the Butt of Lewis, one of the largest of the Hebridean Isles. This island, which measures about a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, where widest, has been rarely visited either by ships or travellers, and has been the subject of a variety of fanciful descriptions. It might have remained much longer in this almost 'undiscovered' condition, had it not been visited a few years ago by Dr John Macculloch, who made it the object of one of his mineralogical excursions, and who has presented us with a description of the island and its inhabitants. The doctor, it seems, found great difficulty in landing, in consequence of the most accessible point being the face of a precipitous cliff, fifty or sixty feet in height. The disembarkation of himself and boat's crew did not pass unobserved by the chief inhabitant, who, like his prototype Robinson Crusoe, in spying the landing of the savages, took care to keep aloof from the strangers; and who, on their surmounting the cliff, fairly took to his heels. Being, however, brought to by means of a well-directed blast of Gaelic, sent after him by one of the boatmen, and his friendship purchased by a roll of tobacco, the doctor found himself at liberty to inspect the territory in all its parts, and to extract an account of the mode of living of the single family by which it was tenanted. 'The southern cliffs,' says he, 'range from thirty to sixty feet in height, running

out into flat ledges at the western extremity; but on the north side they reach to 500 feet, and present a formidable aspect, whitened by the tremendous breach of the sea as it rolls on from the northward. Here, among other openings, there is an immense cave, with a wide aperture, into which the waves break with the noise of thunder. Over a large space, the whole ground, at an elevation of 200 feet, is washed away to the bare foundation; large masses of rock being frequently thrown up, and carried high along the level land, as if they were mere pebbles on a sea-beach. Rona can be no peaceful solitude, when the half of it is thus under water, and the solid dash then made against it must cover the whole, in gales of wind, with a continual shower of spray. From the lower western angle, the land rises with a gentle and even swell towards the north and east; but having no inequality of ground to afford the least shelter, it is necessarily swept by every blast. The surface is, nevertheless, green, and everywhere covered with a beautiful compact turf, except where broken up for cultivation, for the space of a few acres in the middle and elevated part. The highest point is near the north-eastern end; and hence, in clear weather, the lofty hills of Sutherland are visible in the horizon. It is the total seclusion of Rona from all the concerns of the world, which confers on it that intense character of solitude with which it seemed to impress us all. No ship approaches in sight, and seldom is land seen from it. A feeling of hope never leaves the vessel while she can float, and while there is a possibility of return to society; but Rona is forgotten, unknown, for ever fixed immovable in the dreary and waste ocean. There was at one period, according to doubtful tradition, a chapel in the island dedicated to St Ronan, the patron saint of seals, which was fenced by a stone-wall, but of this there are now no remains. Whatever was the number of families once resident—and it is said there were always five—there is now but one. The tenant is a cotter, as he cultivates the farm on his employer's account. There seem to have been six or

gratified.' Such is an abridgment of the interesting account given by Macculloch of this distant and solitary isle, and the human beings who inhabit it. My readers have here presented to their view the picture of a family which many may consider as at the lowest and most hapless condition of any in Great Britain or its adjacent islands; yet the moralist will be delighted to discover, that with all the disadvantages of solitude and desertion, there is even a large amount of actual happiness, comfort, and virtue, in this remote and limited territory.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Mont Blanc, as is generally known, is the highest peak of the Alps, and the loftiest ground in Europe, being 15,666 feet above the level of the sea. It is situated in the duchy of Savoy, now a part of the kingdom of Sardinia, in a range of mountains between Geneva and Turin, and rises immediately above the narrow valley of Chamonix, from which place alone is the ascent to its summit ever made. Though Chimborazo is between 6000 and 7000 feet higher than Mont Blanc, it only rises 11,600 feet above the neighbouring valley of Quito: in this respect, Mont Blanc may be considered as a more remarkable mountain, as it rises 12,300 feet above the valley of Chamonix, the whole of which vast height can be scanned at once from the opposite eminences. For 7000 feet below the top, Mont Blanc is perpetually covered with ice and snow. The distance from the bottom to the top, by the shortest route which can be pursued, is considered by the guides as eighteen leagues, or fifty-four miles.

Speaking with precision, Mont Blanc is only the most eminent of a range of peaks springing from a vast extent of eminent ground on the south side of the valley of Chamonix. When the traveller enters the valley on the

opposite side at an eminence called the Col de Balme, this range, coming at once into view, oppresses his imagination with a vastness unexpected even in that land of Alpine grandeur. While the vale below smiles with the most luxuriant vegetation, the sides of the hills are clothed, for a considerable way up, with dark and dense forests, and higher still, with the accumulated hoariness of centuries.

To attain the summit of a mountain so lofty as Mont Blanc, was long an object of ambition, both to the native peasantry and to men of science, before any one was so fortunate as to effect it. It was first tried in 1762, again in 1775, and on four other occasions down to 1786, without success. At length, in the year last mentioned — 8th August—this difficult enterprise was accomplished by Dr Paccard, a native of Chamounix, in company with a guide named Balma. The mountain was ascended in the succeeding year by M. de Saussure, who gave to the learned world a very minute account of all the phenomena which he observed in the course of the expedition. Another attempt in the same year, one in 1791, a third in 1802, were the only successful attempts down to 1812, when a Hamburg gentleman named Rodatz gained the summit. From that time till 1827, seven successful attempts were made, besides one of the contrary description in 1820, which was cut short by the descent of an avalanche, and the loss of three of the guides. In August 1827, the ascent was performed by Mr John Auldjo, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who published an account of it, illustrated by maps and drawings. In 1830, Captain Wilbraham made a successful ascent; and in 1834 another was performed by Dr Martin Barry, who likewise gave an account of his adventures and observations to the world. This last ascent was performed on the 17th of September, a week later in the year than any preceding ascent, and considered on that account as more than usually dangerous. A few weeks still later, a French gentleman, having been informed that no countryman of his had ever made the ascent, while it

had been made by eleven Englishmen, besides several natives of other countries, determined instantly to wipe away this imaginary reproach upon the fair fame of his country, and the consequence was — success, at the expense of his feet, which were destroyed by the cold.

Those who wish to ascend Mont Blanc, have to provide themselves at Chamounix with a party of guides, six or eight in number, the necessary clothing and accoutrements, and provisions for three days. The guides at Chamounix are a remarkably intelligent, sagacious, and enterprising class of men. One named Coutet, who ascended with Dr Barry for the ninth time, has been spoken of by various travellers as a most spirited and in every respect estimable person. Immediately after a narrow escape, which he made in 1820, from an avalanche which had destroyed three of his companions, he exclaimed to the gentleman who had engaged him: 'Now, sir, for the summit!' The proposal, as may be imagined, was declined; but there could be no doubt, from the earnestness of his manner, that he would have proceeded at whatever risk. He had on this occasion expressed some fears as to the propriety of making the attempt at so unfavourable a period of the day, and thus excited a suspicion that he wished to secure his hire without performing the full service. Having perceived this suspicion in his employer, he wished to prove that, even after his fears had been in some degree fatally realised, he was still willing to fulfil his contract. Most of the Chamounix guides are ambitious of the distinction to be attained by climbing Mont Blanc; but, from a sense of the extreme danger of the enterprise, their female relatives exercise all possible influence to prevent them from undertaking the task. We have been informed by one of the gentlemen who most recently performed the enterprise, that the expenses, in all, amounted to between L.40 and L.50.

When Mr Auldjo ascended in August 1827, he spent the whole morning in crossing the lower and vegetating

portion of the mountain. On approaching the glacier at the commencement of the upper and snowy stage, he thought that it would be impossible to enter upon it, 'or at all events to proceed any great distance along it, from the masses of ice which are piled on one another, and the deep and wide fissures which every moment intersect the path pointed out as that which is about to be proceeded in. Here,' says Mr Auldjo, 'the skill and knowledge of the guide is shewn: the quickness and ease with which he discovers a practicable part is quite extraordinary; he leads the way over places where one would believe it impossible for human foot to tread. We passed along the remains of innumerable avalanches, which had long been accumulating, and formed a most uneven and tiresome footway. An extended plain of snow now presented itself, here and there covered with masses of broken ice; sometimes a beautiful tower of that substance raised its blue form, and seemed to mock the lofty-pointed rocks above it; sometimes an immense block, its perpendicular form broken into pinnacles, now bearing a mass of snow, now supporting long and clear icicles, looked like some castle, on whose dilapidated walls the ivy, hanging in clustering beauty, or lying in rich and dark luxuriance, was, by the wand of some fairy, changed into the bright matter which now composed it.'

In these lower parts of the mountain, the chief danger is from avalanches, which, however, are most apt to fall in the afternoon, when the sun has operated in loosening the huge masses of superincumbent ice. On advancing a little farther, Mr Auldjo found equal danger in threading his way along and across the numerous fissures and crevices which are constantly to be found in the vast icy mantle of Mont Blanc, in consequence of the slipping of portions of it to lower places along the declivity. Tied together in threes by a piece of rope, so as to diminish the chance of being precipitated into these openings, and after having sworn to be faithful to each other in all dangers, Mr Auldjo and his guides entered upon this perilous part of their march. 'We were

surrounded,' says he, 'by ice piled up in mountains, crevices presenting themselves at every step, and masses half-sunk in some deep gulf; the remainder, raised above us, seemed to put insurmountable barriers to our proceeding: yet some part was found where steps could be cut out by the hatchet; and we passed over these bridges, often grasping the ice with one hand, while the other, bearing the pole, balanced the body, hanging over some abyss, into which the eye penetrated, and searched in vain for the extremity. Sometimes we were obliged to climb up from one crag of ice to another, sometimes to scramble along a ledge on our hands and knees, often descending into a deep chasm on the one side, and scaling the slippery precipice on the other. No men could be in higher spirits than my guides, laughing, singing, and joking; but when we came to such passes, the grave, serious look which took the place of the smiling countenance, was a sure indication of great danger: the moment we were safely by it, the smile returned, and every one vied in giving amusement to the other. . . . . A large mass of ice now opposed our progress: we passed it by climbing up its glassy sides. It formed a bridge over a fissure of great width, which would have otherwise put an end to our expedition. After winding some time among chasms and enormous towers, we arrived at the edge of another crevice, over which we could see but one bridge, that not of ice, but of snow only, and so thin, that it was deemed impossible to trust to it. A plan was resorted to, which enabled us to pass over in safety: our batons were placed on it, and in doing so, the centre gave way, and fell into the gulf; however, enough remained on each side to form supports for the ends of these poles, and nine of them made a narrow bridge, requiring great precaution and steadiness to traverse. Other crevices were passed over, on bridges of snow, too weak to allow of walking on, or too extended to admit this application of the poles. A strong guide managed to creep over, and a rope being tied round the waist of a second, who lay on his back, he was in that position

pulled across by the first. In this manner the whole party were drawn singly over the crevice.'

Rather more than half-way up the mountain, two sharp pinnacles of rock, called the Grand and Petit Mulets, rise above the snow and ice. The Grand Mulet usually affords shelter to the adventurers during the first night of their journey, if not also during the second—for the ascent and descent together more frequently require three than two days. When Auldjo and his party approached the Grand Mulet, they found it nearly inaccessible, in consequence of a tremendous fissure immediately below it. In front, was a solid wall of ice, of prodigious height, to which there was only one perilous approach, by means of a promontory projecting from the side on which the party stood. Coutet cut steps in the wall with his hatchet, and thus enabled the party to climb over it. When Dr Barry came to the same place, Coutet had to cut and climb his way for a considerable distance along the front of an equally terrific wall, and then to climb up to the top, to which, by means of ropes, he pulled up the rest. After ascending the wall, Mr Auldjo's route lay for some distance along the top, which was very narrow, and inclined in each direction towards unfathomable gulfs. 'Taking my steps,' says he, 'with the greatest caution, I could not prevent myself from slipping; as the space became wider, I became less cautious, and while looking over the edge into the upper crevice, my feet slid from under me: I came down on my face, and glided rapidly towards the lower one: I cried out, but the guides who held the ropes attached to me did not stop me, though they stood firm. I had got to the extent of the rope, my feet hanging over the lower crevice, one hand grasping firmly the pole, the other my hat. The guides called to me to be cool, and not afraid: a pretty time to be cool, hanging over an abyss, and in momentary expectation of falling into it! They made no attempt to pull me up for some moments, but then, desiring me to raise myself, they drew in the rope until I was close to them and in safety. The reason for

this proceeding is obvious. Had they attempted, on the bad and uncertain footing in which they stood, to check me at the first gliding, they might have lost their own balance, and our destruction would have followed; but by fixing themselves firmly in the cut step, and securing themselves with their batons, they were enabled to support me with certainty when the rope had gone its length. This also gave me time to recover, that I might assist them in placing myself out of danger.'

The place appropriated for the repose of the travellers during the night, is a ledge near the top of the Grand Mulet, where it is just possible, by laying the batons against the rock, to form a kind of tent sufficient to cover the party during their sleep. Dr Barry here found the air at forty of Fahrenheit, so that there was no suffering from cold. This gentleman, awaking at midnight, drew himself forth from the tent, and beheld a scene of unexampled magnificence and impressiveness. 'It was,' says he, 'a brilliant night. The full moon had risen over the summit of the mountain, and shone resplendent on the glazed surface of its snowy covering. The guides were sleeping. Thus, in the midnight hour, at an elevation of 10,000 feet, I stood—alone: my resting-place a pinnacle of rock, that towered darkly over the frozen wilderness above which it, isolated, rose. Below me lay piled in the wildest confusion, the colossal masses of ice we had been climbing, and whose dangers we had narrowly escaped: around and above, was a sea of fair but treacherous snow, whose hidden perils we had yet to encounter. The Jura mountains, and many an unknown peak of Switzerland, seen dimly in the distance, gave me an earnest of the prospect from still more elevated regions. The vale of Chamonix was sleeping at the foot of the mountain; and, broken by the occasional thunder of an avalanche, the profoundest silence reigned. It seemed the vastest, sternest, sublimest of nature's imagery reposing—now starting as in a fitful dream—then sinking again into the stillest calm. It held me, until at the end of an hour and a half, a recollection of the com-

ing day's fatigues rendered it prudent again to take repose.'

Between the Grand Mulet and the base of the summit expressly termed Mont Blanc, the way zig-zags along a vast ascending hollow, broken by three plains of ice, the last and largest of which is called the Grand Plateau. This part of the journey is also obstructed by fissures and the debris of avalanches—vast masses, as formerly, being sometimes found serving as bridges across the openings. At one place, Mr Auldjo and his party crossed a vast chasm by a large and lofty block of ice, which had stuck in it, and the side of which had to be cut by the hatchet, to allow of places for the feet and hands; so that the party passed along as boys are sometimes observed to do on the outside of the parapet of a bridge, with nothing, in the event of their falling, to save them from destruction. At another place, they came to a chasm crossed by a hollow or pendulous bridge of snow; and on this insecure place were induced to breakfast, on account of the shelter it afforded from the piercing wind which swept over the ice. 'In one moment,' says the traveller, 'without a chance of escape, the fall of the bridge might have precipitated them into the gulf beneath. Yet no such idea ever entered the imagination of my thoughtless but brave guides, who sat at their meal singing and laughing, either unconscious or regardless of the danger of their present situation.'

A little above the Grand Plateau, the traveller usually begins to feel intense thirst and great dryness of the skin, while the reflection of the sun's rays from the glittering snow can only be endured by the use of green spectacles or a green veil. The ascent along the upper ridges to the top is extremely difficult, partly on account of the greater steepness, and partly owing to phenomena arising from natural circumstances. 'We had now reached an elevation where I had to verify the testimony of preceding travellers, by experiencing the exhaustion consequent on any slight exertion, in an atmosphere whose density is so exceedingly reduced. Only a few steps could now be

taken at a time, and these became both fewer and slower. Two or three deep inspirations appeared sufficient at each pause to enable me to proceed; but on making the attempt, I found the exhaustion returned as before. Slight faintness came on, so that I had at last to sit down for a few minutes; when, a little wine having been taken, one more effort was made, and at a quarter past two o'clock we stood on the highest summit.' Such were the sensations of Dr Barry. Mr Auldjo seems to have been in a still more distressed condition. 'I was exhausted; the weakness of my legs had become excessive; I was nearly choking from the dryness of my throat and the difficulty of breathing, and my head was almost bursting with pain. My eyes were smarting with inflammation; the reflection from the snow nearly blinding me, at the same time burning and blistering my face.' This gentleman desired to proceed no farther; but his guides generously resolved to drag him up, rather than permit him to be disappointed.

'After a few minutes of rest on the summit, all the exhaustion, faintness, and indifference had ceased: the mountain-top was gained—the dangers of the descent were not for a moment considered—and it was with a thrill of exultation, never felt before, that I addressed myself to the contemplation of the prospect around and beneath. The range of sight, though limited by mountain-chains in various directions, comprehends nearly the whole of Sardinia [Savoy and Piedmont], the western half of Switzerland, one-third of Lombardy, and an eighth of France. This immense space is of an oval shape; its longitudinal form extending from Mont Morran, in France, on the north-west, to the neighbourhood of Genoa on the south-east; having Berne and Milan on the one hand, Lyon and Grenoble on the other. In a north-west direction lie the plains of France, in the south-east, those of Lombardy and Piedmont: a mountainous tract containing all the Pennine and part of the Rhetian Alps, with the whole chain of Jura, forming the space between. But there are directions in which the

prospect is still more extended—for example, the mountains of Tuscany may be distinctly seen. . . . All this was beheld under a sky literally without a cloud.' De Saussure and Dr Barry kindled fires on the summit of Mont Blanc. The extreme rarity of the air, which rendered breathing so difficult, also made it no easy matter to kindle and keep alive the fire, oxygen being in both cases defective. Without the unceasing application of bellows, De Saussure found the charcoal expire every minute. The boiling-point of water in this elevated situation was found by De Saussure to be 187 degrees Fahrenheit, being, as we need scarcely remark, 25 degrees below the point at which it boils on ordinary levels. The rarity of the air also diminishes the effects of sounds. A pistol fired makes no greater noise than a cracker usually does. This is partly owing to the effect of the rarity diminishing the tone and force of the vibration, and partly from the absence of all echo and repercussion from solid objects on that elevated summit.

In consequence of the greater distance from the centre of attraction, bodies feel sensibly lighter on the top of Mont Blanc. To quote the words of Auldjo: 'The most peculiar sensation which all have felt who have gained this great height, arises from the awful stillness which reigns, almost unbroken even by the voice of those speaking to one another, for its feeble sound can hardly be heard. Nothing I ever beheld could exceed the singular and splendid appearance which the sun and sky presented. The blue colour of the one had increased to such a depth as to be almost black, while the sun's disc had become excessively small, and of a perfect and brilliant white. I also experienced the sensation of lightness of body, of which Captain Sherwill has given a description in the following words: "It appeared as if I could have passed the blade of a knife under the sole of my shoes, or between them and the ice on which I stood."' It is proper to mention, that Dr Barry accounts for the blackness of the sky by the simultaneous reception by the eye of rays from the snow; having lain down upon his back,

and excluded all view of the snow, the natural hue was in a great measure restored.

This last gentleman left the summit at half-past three o'clock, and spent the night on the Grand Mulet. Mr Auldjo began the descent at noon, with the view of getting back to Chamounix that night. When this gentleman and his party had regained a particular part of the Plateau, they discovered that, by a slight variation in their ascending route, they had escaped a slip of snow, which had been precipitated down the usual track at the moment when they must have been upon it, so that the whole might consider their lives as saved by a mere accident. 'I cannot,' says he, 'describe my feelings when I saw the poor guides turn pale and tremble at the sight of the danger from which they had escaped. Clasping their hands together, they returned the most heartfelt thanks for this deliverance. A deep impressive silence prevailed for some moments: the contemplation of this danger and escape was too much for even these uncultivated beings, under whose rough character are found feelings which would do honour to the most refined of their fellow-creatures. . . . . One married man vowed most solemnly that he never would be tempted to make the ascent again, whatever might be the inducement offered.'

In crossing the plateaux, Mr Auldjo and his party suffered greatly from burning heat, and also from the toilsomeness of the march, the snow being at this period of the day melted to such a degree as to take them up to the knees at every step. The precipitous intervals between the various plateaux were descended by sliding —a method not without its perils, as an individual in attempting it is liable to overshoot his point, and glide into chasms from which he might never again ascend. As they proceeded, the materials of a thunder-storm gathered in the sky, and a thick sleet began to fall. Some time after passing the Grand Mulet, perplexed by the storm, they lost their way, and soon found themselves wandering amidst numberless crevices, where progress

was not less difficult than dangerous. 'The storm recommenced with greater violence than before; the hailstones, large and sharp, driven with force by the wind, inflicted great pain on the face; we were exposed to it, standing on a narrow ledge overhanging an abyss. Here we awaited for a short time the return of two guides, sent to explore the crevices and banks around us, in an endeavour to discover the route of our ascent, but with very little hope of success; indeed, it was greatly feared that we should have to remain where we were for that night. The storm, increasing every instant, compelled us to seek some place in the glacier in which we could obtain shelter: following the foot-marks of the guides who had gone forward, we succeeded in finding a recess, formed by the projection of a part of the glacier over a narrow ledge in the side of a crevice. We could form no idea of the depth of the chasm, but its width appeared to be about twenty feet, and its opposite side rose considerably above us. Along this ledge we moved with great care, and had just space to stand in a bending posture, and in a row. Wet through, and suffering excruciating torture from the cold, our position was both painful and dangerous. The tempest raged with the most awful fury; the gusts of wind sweeping through the chasm with tremendous violence, the pelting showers of hail, accompanied by most vivid lightning, and peals of thunder, alternating with a perfect calm, were enough to appal the bravest of the party.

'We waited for some time in this situation, when, in one of those moments of calm, we heard the loud halloo of one of the exploring guides, who was returning to us, and called to us to advance, for they had found the angle which we had so much difficulty in climbing up the day before. We soon joined him and his companion, who conducted us to it. Nearly deprived of the use of my limbs, from the excessive cold and wet state of my apparel, I could scarcely walk; my fingers were nearly frozen, and my hands so stiffened and senseless, that I could not hold my baton or keep myself from falling.'

It was in this state that Mr Auldjo was brought to a wall of ice, which he had to descend for a certain way, in order to get upon a point on the opposite side of the chasm. 'Being incapable of making any exertion, I was lowered down to the guides, who were already on the ledge, beneath the wall. At the very moment I was rocking in the air, a flash of lightning penetrated into the abyss, and shewed all the horrors of my situation; while the crash of the thunder seemed to tear the glacier down upon me. I was drawn on to the neck of ice, and set down until the other guides had descended. The hearts of two or three failed, and they declared that we must all perish; the others, though conscious of our awfully dangerous position, endeavoured to raise the courage and keep up the spirits of the depressed. All suffered dreadfully from the cold, but, with a solicitude for which I shall ever feel deeply grateful, they still attended to me in the kindest manner. They desired me to stand up, and, forming a circle, in the centre of which I stood, closed round me. In a few minutes, the warmth of their bodies extended itself to mine, and I felt much relieved: they then took off their coats, covering me with them, and each in turn put my hands into his bosom, while another lay on my feet. In ten minutes I was in a state to proceed.

At no late hour in the evening, Mr Auldjo returned to Chamounix, from which he had been only thirty-seven hours absent. He was met and congratulated by a great number of strangers and natives, who had felt an interest in his undertaking, and to all of whom he declared, that the magnificence of what he had seen much more than compensated for the pain of what he had felt.

In 1851, some English were successful in ascending to the top of Mont Blanc, but with risks as great as those above related, and apparently for no other purpose than the satisfying of that spirit of adventure and curiosity which is so remarkable in our countrymen.

FLOWERS.

WILDINGS of nature, or cultured with care,
Ye are beautiful, beautiful everywhere!
Gemming the woodland, the glen, and the glade,
Drinking the sunbeams or courting the shade;
Gilding the moorland and mountain afar,
Shining in glory in garden parterre.
Ye bloom in the palace, ye bloom in the hall,
Ye bloom on the top of the mouldering wall;
Ye bloom in the cottage, the cottager's pride—
The window looks cold with no flowers by its side;
Ye twine up the trellis, ye bloom in our bowers,
Ye carpet creation, ye beautiful flowers!

Did angels descend from their home in the skies,
To pencil those petals with exquisite dyes?
To store in your cells the rich odours of heaven,
Was employment so meet unto seraphim given?
Ye answer me: No; 'twas an Almighty hand
That clothed you in beauty, and bade ye expand.
Rich gems of creation, that ravish the sight,
And pour on the senses supernal delight;
Wildings of nature, or cultured with care,
Ye are beautiful, beautiful everywhere!

When morn's early beams gild the glorious east,
Your incense ascends unto Nature's High-Priest;
When sunset foreshadows the day's dewy close,
Ye fold up your petals for welcome repose.
Your odours impregnate with health every breeze,
Ye furnish a feast for the banqueting bees;
Ye promise in eloquent language, though mute,
Boughs bending with offerings of delicate fruit;

Ye tell, when your glory and fragrance is o'er,
That Autumn shall come with his rich gushing store.

Sweet'ners of life, ye are infancy's play;
To boyhood's bright dream, O what charms ye display!
In years more mature we but love you the more,
As tracing veiled beauties undreamt of before.
To childhood, to manhood, to age ye are dear;
Ye are strewn at the bridal and strewn on the bier;
Fair flowers even there soothe the lone mourner's woes,
And hallow the turf where loved ashes repose.
Wildings of nature, or cultured with care,
Ye are beautiful, beautiful everywhere!

JOHN PALMER.

ANNAN, *July* 11, 1851.

SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE.

IT will be recollected that one of Sir Walter Scott's sayings was, that 'Whatever might be said about luck, 'tis skill that leads to fortune!' There can be no doubt of this as a general principle. Few self-indulgent and apathetic men do well in any line of life. The skilful, the active, and the steadily persevering, usually carry off the prizes which turn up in the wheel of fortune. At the same time, something is due to circumstances; as well as to the Power which wisely controls human destiny. Practically, however, the thing to be borne in mind is, that the young are bound to exercise all proper means to secure improvement in their condition. That with a fair share of ambition, prudence, and meritorious skill, it may be possible to attain a station of eminence—that is, 'fortune,' though perhaps not without corresponding responsibilities and cares—we present the following compendious list of distinguished men who rose from humble and obscure circumstances.

Readers of Plutarch and other old historians will recollect that Æsop, Publius Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus—all distinguished men in ancient times—were slaves at their outset in life. Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, was at first a common porter; Cleanthes, another philosopher, was a pugilist, and also supported himself at first by drawing water and carrying burdens. The late Professor Heyne of Gottingen, one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years had to struggle with the most depressing poverty. The efforts of this excellent man of genius appear to have been greater and more protracted than those of any other on record, but he was finally rewarded with the highest honours. Bandoccin, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, was the son of a shoemaker, and worked for many years at the same business. Gelli, a celebrated Italian writer, began life as a tailor; and although he rose to eminence in literature, never forgot his original profession, which he took pleasure in mentioning in his lectures. The elder Opie, whose talent for painting was well appreciated, was originally a working carpenter in Cornwall, and was discovered by Dr Wolcott—otherwise Peter Pindar—working as a sawyer at the bottom of a saw-pit. Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and distinguished himself by opposing the schemes of Charles I., was the son of a cloth-worker at Guildford. Akenside, the author of 'Pleasures of Imagination,' was the son of a butcher in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. D'Alembert, the French mathematician, was left at the steps of a church by his parents, and brought up by a poor woman as a foundling, yet arrived at great celebrity, and never forgot or abandoned his nurse. Ammenius Saccophorus, founder of the Mystic philosophy at Alexandria, was born in poverty, and originally earned his subsistence by carrying sacks of wheat—whence the latter part of his name. Amyot, a French author of some celebrity for his version of Plutarch, lived in the sixteenth century, and was at first so poor as to be unable to afford

oil or candles to assist his studies, which he had to carry on by fire-light; and all the sustenance his parents could afford him was a loaf of bread weekly. George Anderson, the translator of a treatise of Archimedes, and author of a 'General View of the East India Company's Affairs,' who died in 1796, was originally a day-labourer. Masaniello, who headed a successful revolt against the tyranny of the Austrian government at Naples, was a poor seller of fish. Sir Richard Arkwright, the ingenious inventor of the machinery for spinning cotton, was originally a country barber, or dealer in hair. Arne, an eminent English composer of music, who died in 1778, was the only son of an upholsterer, and was himself brought up as an attorney's clerk. Astle, the archæologist, and author of a work on the origin and progress of writing, was the son of the keeper of Needwood Forest. Augereau, marshal of France, and Duke de Castiglione, under Bonaparte, was originally a private soldier in the French and Neapolitan ranks. John Bacon, an eminent sculptor of last century, was originally a painter of porcelain for potters.

Baillet, a laborious and learned French writer, was born of poor parents at Neuville in Picardy, but he extricated and raised himself by his genius. Ballard, the author of 'Memoirs of British Ladies,' was originally a stay and habit maker; but being patronised for his acquirements, he was educated at Oxford, and made beadle of that university. Barker, the inventor of pictorial representation by panorama, having failed in business, became a miniature-painter, and settled at Edinburgh; and it was while resident here, and taking a view from the Calton Hill, that the idea of forming a panorama entered his mind. His invention realised him a fortune. Beattie, the author of the 'Minstrel,' and professor of moral philosophy in Aberdeen university, was originally a parish schoolmaster at Fordun. Belzoni, one of the most eminent travellers in Egypt, at one period, when in pecuniary difficulties, supported himself by exhibiting feats of strength in different towns in Great Britain. The famous Admiral Benbow served at first as a common

sailor in a merchant-vessel. Miss Benger, the authoress of the 'Life of Mary Queen of Scots,' and many other productions of merit, was so very poor in early life, that, for the sake of reading, she used to peruse the pages of books in a bookseller's window in a little town in Wiltshire, where she resided, and returned day after day, in the hope of finding another page turned over. She afterwards obtained friends who assisted her. Sebastian Castalio, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, was born of poor peasants, who lived among the mountains of Dauphiné. The Abbé Hautefeuille, who distinguished himself in the seventeenth century by his inventions in clock and watch making, was the son of a baker.

The eminent Prideaux, who rose to be bishop of Winchester, was born of such poor parents that they could with difficulty keep him at school, and he acquired the rudiments of his education by acting as an assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College, Oxford. Sir Edmund Saunders, chief-justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Charles II., was originally an errand-boy to the young lawyers at the Temple-chambers in London. Linnæus was apprenticed to a shoemaker, with whom he wrought for some time, till rescued by a generous patron, who saw his genius for learning. Lomonosoff, one of the most celebrated Russian poets of last century, began life as a poor fisher-boy. The famous Ben Jonson worked for some years as a bricklayer, but while he had a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket. Peter Ramus, a celebrated writer of the sixteenth century, was at first a shepherd-boy, and obtained his education by serving as a lackey to the college of Navarre. Longomantanus, the Danish astronomer, was the son of a labourer. Parens, professor of theology at Heidelberg, and an eminent divine, was at first an apprentice to a shoemaker. Hans Sacho, an eminent German poet and scholar, was the son of a tailor, and he himself wrought as a shoemaker for many years. John Folcz, an old German poet, was a barber. Lucas Cornelisz, a Dutch painter of the sixteenth century, had occasionally to support his family

as a cook in gentlemen's kitchens. The illustrious Kepler spent his life in poverty, but in apparent contentment. Winckelman was so poor while a student, that he sung ballads through the streets at night for his support. Wolfgang Musculus commenced his career in a similar manner, having for some time sung ballads through the country, and begged from door to door, in order to obtain a pittance wherewith to put himself to school. Pope Adrian VI., one of the most eminent scholars of his time, began life in great poverty; and as he could not afford candles, often read by the light of street-lamps, or in the church-porches where lights are kept burning: his eminent acquirements and unimpeachable character led him successively through different preferments in the church till he was elected pope. Claude Lorraine is said to have been originally apprenticed to a pastrycook. Marmontel was born of poor parents, and was indebted for the elements of education to the charity of a priest. Lagrange, the French translator of Lucretius, was brought up in extreme poverty. Spagnoolettu began his career in great indigence. Miles Davies, a writer on antiquities in the early part of last century, hawked his productions from door to door. James Tytler, a person of great genius in Edinburgh in last century, lived in the greatest indigence, composing some of his works in types without the intervention of manuscripts. Parkes, the author of some celebrated works on chemistry, was originally an apprentice to a grocer, and underwent many difficulties before he was ultimately successful as a practical chemist. Sir Humphry Davy was the son of a carver on wood, and he himself began as an apprentice to an apothecary.

Dr Isaac Maddox, bishop of Worcester, and known for his writings in defence of the church, was the son of a pastrycook. The late Dr Isaac Milner, dean of Carlisle, and Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, was at first a weaver. Dr White, professor of Arabic at Oxford, was also a weaver in his youth. Thedem, the chief surgeon of Frederick the Great, had in his youth been apprenticed to a tailor. The celebrated John

Hunter, the anatomist, was originally apprentice to a cabinetmaker. William Kent and Francis Towne, landscape-painters of eminence, began as apprentices to coach-painters. The famous Hogarth raised himself from the condition of a working-engraver on silver. Edmund Stone, the eminent mathematician, was originally a boy who wrought in the garden of the Duke of Argyle at Inverary, and who taught himself to read. Buchanan, the Scottish historian, was born of poor parents, and being sent by an uncle to Paris for his education, he was there so neglected that, in order to get back to his own country, he enlisted as a private soldier in a corps leaving France for Scotland: Buchanan had to undergo many difficulties before his learning was appreciated. Cervantes, the author of 'Don Quixote,' commenced life as a soldier, lost his left hand in battle, and was a captive in Algiers for five years, during which period he wrote part of his celebrated work. Giordani, an Italian engineer and mathematician of the seventeenth century, was originally a common soldier on board of one of the pope's galleys. William Hutton, the eminent historian of Birmingham, and the author of some miscellaneous pieces, was the son of a poor woolcomber, and suffered the severest pangs of poverty in his early years. Joly, the French dramatist, was the son of the keeper of a coffee-house. Erasmus endured great poverty while a student. Blacklock, a Scottish poet, was blind from his infancy, and in early life was in a distressing state of poverty; yet he rose to a respectable station in society, and acquired considerable learning in scientific and theological branches of education.

Boydell, one of the most eminent printsellers in Europe, and at one time lord mayor of London, was originally a working engraver. Breguet, a celebrated maker of chronometers at Paris, and who has never been surpassed in this line of trade, was originally a poor Swiss boy, who went through some extraordinary difficulties at his outset, but surmounted the whole by perseverance and talent. Britton, a singular proficient in

chemistry and music, and a collector of books and curiosities, cried small coal for sale about the streets. Michael Bruce, a Scottish poet of great merit, was a village schoolmaster at Kinneswood, in Kinross-shire, and contended long with poverty and sickness. Bunyan, the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' was the son of a tinker, and followed that profession himself for some time. Having been imprisoned for preaching, he supported himself and his family by togging laces, and in his leisure-hours in his dungeon he composed the work which has immortalised his name. The Scottish poet Burns, as is well known, was born a peasant, and his early life was spent as a ploughman; yet what fame did he not acquire! Cæcilius Statius, a celebrated dramatic writer in ancient Rome, was originally a slave, but was emancipated in consequence of his talents. Caslon, an eminent type-founder in London, was originally an engraver of ornaments on gun-barrels, but being noticed by some printers for the elegance of his lettering, he was induced to become a cutter of types, in which he acquired a handsome fortune. Cavalier, the famous leader and protector of the Camisards or Protestants of Languedoc, when an attempt was made to exterminate them by Louis XIV., was the son of a peasant, and was bred a journeyman baker: he afterwards distinguished himself in the English service, in which he died, 1740.

Ephraim Chambers, the compiler of a well-known dictionary of arts and sciences, was the apprentice of a mathematical instrument-maker, and it was while in this occupation he projected his dictionary; some of the articles of which he wrote behind the counter. Captain Cook, the eminent circumnavigator, was born of humble parents in Yorkshire, and began his career as a cabin-boy in the merchant-service. Cullen, who rose to such eminence as a physician, was originally apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary in Glasgow, and supported himself in early life by making several voyages, as surgeon, to the West Indies. Curran, the eminent Irish barrister, was born of humble parents, and had to struggle with want of practice

and consequent penury, before he became known, and rose to such splendid forensic fame. Sir William Davenant, an eminent dramatic writer, and partisan of Charles I., was the son of an innkeeper at Oxford. Daniel Defoe, the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and other works, was the son of a London butcher, and had to struggle with many misfortunes. Demosthenes, one of the greatest orators of antiquity, was the son of a sword-blade manufacturer at Athens, and was left an orphan at seven years of age; and it was with incredible perseverance and labour that he brought himself into notice. James Dickson, the author of some eminent works on botany, and one of the founders of the Linnæan Society in London, was originally a working-gardener, and rose by his own exertions.

Dodsley, the publisher of the 'Annual Register,' and the author of the 'Economy of Human Life,' and other pieces, was originally a stocking-weaver, and afterwards a footman. Having while in this situation published a poem entitled the 'Muse in Livery,' he came into notice, was patronised by Pope, and enabled to commence as a bookseller in London, where he rose to fortune by his industry and merit. Falconer, the author of 'The Shipwreck,' was the son of a barber at Edinburgh—by others he is said to have been a native of Fife—and entered the merchant-service when young: he underwent many difficulties, and was at last drowned in a voyage to India. James Ferguson, the astronomer and experimental philosopher, was the son of a poor labourer in Banffshire, served at first as a shepherd, and rose to eminence entirely by his force of genius and application. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was the son of a weaver, and he himself served an apprenticeship to a grazier, and was employed in keeping sheep; the silence and solitude of which occupation produced a zealous religious feeling, which led to the propagation of his new scheme of human society. Benjamin Franklin, who rose to eminence as a philosopher and statesman, was originally, as is well known, a journeyman printer; and it was

only by unremitting industry and the exercise of his genius that he rose to the enviable situation in which he closed his career.

Andrew Fuller, a celebrated Baptist minister, and author of some works of merit, in the last century, wrought as a peasant till he was twenty years of age. Madame de Genlis, whose maiden name was Ducrest de St Aubin, felt the stings of adversity and poverty in her youth, and depended on her musical abilities for support, till married to the Count de Genlis. Gifford, the late distinguished editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' was left an orphan at thirteen; was put to sea as a cabin-boy; was afterwards bound to be a shoemaker, and was rescued from his humble fate at twenty years of age by the kindness of Mr Cooksley, a surgeon: Gifford was so utterly poor while a shoemaker, that he could not buy paper, and used to work algebraical questions with a blunted awl on fragments of leather. His ingenuity procured him friends, and by these he was assisted to advance himself in life: for let it be observed, *the well-behaved are never utterly friendless.* Gray the poet, like Gifford, was brought up in great poverty, and supported in his education entirely through the extraordinary exertions of his mother. John Harrison, who received the reward of £20,000 from parliament for his famous time-keeper to determine the longitude at sea, was the son of a carpenter, and instructed himself in mechanics.

Hawkesworth, the author of the 'Adventurer,' was the son of a watchmaker, and was at first brought up to that profession. He afterwards became a clerk to a stationer, and then rose to distinction as a literary character. Sir John Hawkwood, a distinguished military commander of the fourteenth century, was originally an apprentice to a tailor, but entering as a private soldier, he rose to eminence. Haydn, one of the most celebrated music-composers, was the son of a poor cartwright. Herder, a German philosopher and writer, and who has been called the Fenelon of his country, was born of poor parents, and nurtured in adversity. Sir William Herschel, one of

the greatest astronomers of modern times, was originally a player in the band of a Hanoverian regiment. General Hoche, who commanded an expedition against Ireland in 1796, began life as a stable-boy. The Joan of Arc, who by her heroism delivered France from the English, was born of poor parents, and supported herself in early life by keeping sheep, and taking care of horses at a country inn. Samuel Johnson was the son of a bookseller at Lichfield, and attempted to support himself by keeping a school: before he became known, and was patronised by the crown, he had to endure severe pecuniary difficulties. Henry Jones, a poet and dramatist of last century, was born of poor parents at Drogheda, and was bred a bricklayer.

La Harpe, a French dramatist, poet, critic, and miscellaneous writer, was the son of a Swiss officer, who died in poverty, and left him an orphan in such destitute circumstances that he was supported by the Sisters of Charity, and it was by their recommendations that he was gratuitously educated. Lannes, Duke of Montebello, and a marshal under Napoleon, who esteemed him highly for his bravery, was born of poor parents, and was at his outset in life a common dyer. David Levi, a Jew of considerable literary talent, and author of a variety of works, was first a shoemaker and next a hatter, but contrived to acquire a respectable portion of learning. Leyden, the author of some beautiful Scottish poems, and a person of refined sentiment, was the son of a shepherd in Roxburghshire. Maitland, the historian of London and Edinburgh, began the world as a travelling-dealer in hair. Benjamin Martin, who flourished as a writer on science at the beginning of the last century, was originally a farmer's labourer, but by dint of perseverance he acquired sufficient learning to become a schoolmaster, and afterwards a lecturer on experimental philosophy. Matsys, an eminent Dutch painter, was originally a blacksmith, and his love for the daughter of an artist is said to have been his inducement to study painting. Molière, the eminent dramatist, was the son of a valet-de-chambre of the

French king. Murat, one of the most intrepid of the French marshals, was the son of an innkeeper at Bastide. Ney, the 'bravest of the brave,' was the son of an artisan.

Samuel Richardson, the author of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and other works of fiction, was the son of a joiner, and had a very scanty education: he was bound an apprentice to a printer, and by his genius and perseverance rose in his profession, and became an eminent literary character. Rousseau, one of the most eminent French writers, was the son of a watchmaker; and being apprenticed to an engraver, he was so ill-treated by his master, that he ran away before he was sixteen: his education was totally neglected, and for years he wandered as a vagabond, seeking a precarious subsistence, yet by his natural abilities he brought himself into notice and fame. Ruyter, the famous Dutch admiral, began the world at eleven years of age as a poor sailor-boy. The illustrious Shakspeare was the son of a dealer in wool, and such was the poverty of the young dramatist, that he employed himself first as a prompter's call-boy; other accounts represent him as holding gentlemen's horses at the door of the playhouse. Shield, the famous English violinist and musician, was the son of a singing-master, who, in his ninth year, left him fatherless: his early years were spent as an apprentice to a boat-builder, but his genius led him from this occupation to that of music, in which he was eminently successful. Jeremy Taylor, an eminent theologian and prelate of the seventeenth century, was the son of a barber. Toussaint L'Ouverture, who was appointed governor and president of the free black republic of St Domingo, was born a slave, in which condition he remained till the revolution in the island brought forward his abilities and courage. Wallenstein, a celebrated German general, began life as a page to the margrave of Burgau, a situation almost equivalent to that of a footboy to an English country gentleman. Webbe, who has been so celebrated of his musical compositions, especially his glees, was originally a poor

destitute boy, who gained a meagre subsistence by copying music, but by dint of incessant study he became an excellent composer.

West, the American painter, had many difficulties to contend with at his outset, but, like many eminent artists, he overcame them all by his perseverance. With him skill truly led to fortune. Jarvis Spencer, a miniature-painter of last century, was originally a valet, or menial servant. Hanam the painter was at first the apprentice of a cabinetmaker. Richard Wright and Lawrey Gilpin were originally ship-painters. Barry, an Irish painter, was originally a working-mason. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper at Bristol, and such was the poverty of his parents and his own natural genius, that, when a mere boy, he supported the family by painting. Giotto, the reviver of painting in Italy, was the son of a peasant, and he himself kept sheep while a boy. Ghret, the famous drawer of botanical objects, was the son of a working-gardener. Canova was the son of a stonecutter, was left an orphan, and raised himself entirely by his genius. Taylor, the water-poet, was a waterman. Antonia Bianchi, an Italian poet, was a gondolier. Allan Ramsay was the son of a workman at Leadhills, and began life as a barber. Stow, the author of the 'Survey of London,' and Speed, the author of the 'History of Great Britain,' were originally tailors. And Anthony Purver, a self-instructed man of learning, and a preacher; Joseph Pendrell; Bekman, the German; Holcroft, the novelist; Bloomfield the poet; Lackington, who rose to such eminence as a bookseller in London; and Drew the metaphysician, were all originally members of the 'gentle craft' of shoemaking.

After perusing this long catalogue, who would despair? With trust in God, and with diligence in his calling, let the young aspirant shun mean indulgences, and aim at success. Then, if he reach not fortune, he will at least have the blessed consciousness of having deserved it.

THE MASKED BALL.

In the centre of the city of Berlin stands a building, which, probably from its massive proportions, has been styled the Colosseum. It is at present entirely devoted to purposes of gaiety and amusement for the less wealthy classes of that city — balls, concerts, and theatrical exhibitions being there given at a very moderate charge. During the more gay periods of the carnival, in particular, masked balls are given in this extensive building. Upon such occasions, the immense dancing-saloon is crowded to excess; and the galleries, which entirely surround it, are likewise filled with the spectators of the moving panorama below. Although females of the higher orders never venture into the motley throng, a portion of the gallery is railed off and fitted up for the reception of the ladies of the royal household, whence they may at leisure survey the pleasing and lively scene around.

On one of the evenings set apart for these masquerades, I accompanied two officers of the regiment of guards to this scene of merriment, we being all carefully equipped for the occasion. To my companions the concealment of their persons was essentially necessary, since their recognition as officers of the army would have compelled them to forego the pleasures of the dance. Upon entering, we found the music had already commenced, and the sets for the *contre-danse* which was to open the ball already formed. In order more perfectly to enjoy the scene, we pressed our way through the supper-room, up stairs, and succeeded in gaining a position in the gallery which commanded a full view of the exhilarating spectacle. The young girls were generally dressed in some fancy garb, which, though far from being rich or magnificent, yet displayed much taste in the adornments and selection. There was not that brilliancy and variety in the costumes which might dazzle and gratify the eye,

but the mind might well feel charmed at the contemplation of that very simplicity, which at once bespoke the grade and the modesty of the unpretending wearers. The throng which pressed upon the dancers was kept back by a dapper little master of the ceremonies, who, having at length marshalled his forces to his liking, stepped into the middle of the vacant space, and, clapping his hands, gave the signal to the musicians, who, instantly ceasing the overture which had been reverberating through the hall, turned to the buoyant air of *Lot ist todt*, and at once set loose the feet of the impatient multitude. Now the scene was at its height, for the stirring music helped on to a vivacity which it was impossible to resist.

Conceive this spirit-stirring dance to be ended, and the floor of the saloon again crowded and confused. The deafening hum of voices now ascended to our ears in place of the exciting music, whilst all seemed on the move, as if to inspect more narrowly the different figures of a picture so vast and animating. But we had scarcely time to survey the features the scene had now assumed, before the work was again commenced of clearing the centre for dancers; and the director of the ball, who seemed in every respect disposed to exert his power for the benefit of those who might be called more peculiarly his own subjects, had again sounded the directions, and given the watchword 'Polonaise,' which shot like an electric spark through the frames of all, and produced an instant bustle for partners and places. We determined to remain in our seats, since it was almost useless to attempt a participation in the more active feats on the 'light fantastic toe,' as the crowd was so exceedingly dense. The Polonaise, as given on the confines of Poland, is a much more stirring and varying dance than what is tripped in England under that name. In one of the manœuvres which belong to it, each lady in her turn is led to the centre, where she is danced around by the gentlemen; whilst she, holding a handkerchief in her hand, at length tosses it in the air, and she becomes the

partner of him whose superior activity gains the possession of it. This had been often repeated with much harmless mirth, when we observed a female more sumptuously dressed than her companions enclosed in the circle; and as a tall young man dressed in black caught her handkerchief, and claimed her hand, he suddenly started back, and uttered one of those piercing cries which betoken some agonising horror, and instantly excite the most lively emotions. He retreated from the girl as if he had discovered in her something pestiferous, and, overcome apparently by some terrible feeling, he sank senseless into the arms of those who were standing near him.

An incident of this nature is sure to produce confusion in a ball-room; and, from the singular circumstances which attended the one in question, the dancing and music almost instantly ceased, and all other objects were laid aside, save the gratifying the curiosity which had been so suddenly and awfully excited. A general rush took place towards the young man, whose mask had been removed, and exhibited features which had already assumed a death-like hue, whilst a cold perspiration stood upon his brow. As it was impossible to keep off the crowd, who, in their eagerness to observe what was passing, threatened to suffocate the unfortunate object who had caused so general an interest, he was removed into the supper-room, and laid upon one of the settees which stood about. Here a gentleman, pulling off his mask, discovered himself as Prince Charles; and exercising the authority which his rank entitled him to, he requested the room to be immediately cleared, and a physician to be sent for. My companions and myself had in the meantime descended into the room where the patient lay extended; and as I had fortunately a lancet in my pocket, I suggested to the prince the necessity of instantly bleeding him. A young surgeon who was present, hearing the suggestion, offered his aid in the operation, and having received the sanction of the prince, the preparations were in a moment completed. It was

with some difficulty that a little blood was drawn, but it had the effect of bringing the young man back again to sense. Even yet, his mind seemed a prey to some horrible phantasy, for, starting up, his whole frame shook with a violent convulsion, and with marks of the most vivid terror, he ejaculated several times: 'I saw her! I saw her!' He appeared to have come alone to the ball, for no one stepped forward to claim acquaintance or kinsmanship with him; and it was judged best to remove him to a couch the moment he was able to endure motion. Fortunately, a card in his pocket revealed his address, and with proper precautions, he was thus sent home.

Upon our return to the saloon, we found the mask, which appeared to have been the immediate cause of this extraordinary event, very unconcernedly pursuing her sport, and seemingly unconscious of the speculations that were formed respecting her. She was eagerly interrogated by several persons present as to the young man, to whom her presence had apparently given such a shock, but she persisted in denying any knowledge of him, or of any circumstance which could elucidate the affair. Under such circumstances, the intensity of the feeling that had been raised seemed gradually to subside, and the crowd returned more ardently to the pursuits of the evening, from the little episode which had stayed them for an instant. Some few there were who, feeling that something more than ordinary was involved in the mystery, indulged their speculative fancies in numberless vain conjectures; and as the fertility of their imaginations was increased by sparkling champagne, no limit was set to the dark conjurations into which their inherent passion for romance led them. It would be idle to deny that the affair had roused my curiosity in a very considerable degree, and the gloomy versions with which I heard others regale themselves, induced in me a restless anxiety to clear up the mystery. It was, however, some time before I was able to procure a relation concerning this young man on which I could place an implicit

reliance, and his history was told to me in very nearly the following terms :—

His father was a small proprietor in the neighbourhood of Berlin, and cultivated his own farm. This was his only son, and he had been sent at the proper age to the university of Berlin, where he had been distinguished as much for his superior abilities as for the warmth of his feelings. He was destined to the medical profession, and the progress he had made in the various studies of that important calling, held out the brightest prospects of his future success and eminence. Whilst in his attendance on the medical classes, he had formed an intimacy in a family to which accident had gained him an introduction. A powerful attraction induced him to spend his evenings in the bosom of this family, which was that of a respectable merchant and banker. He had become deeply attached to the daughter of the merchant, and he had every reason to believe that his passion was returned. She was a beautiful young girl, and the graces of her person did not surpass the beauties of her mind. Amiable and accomplished, she was formed to charm; and in the ardent eyes of the young student, she seemed more than earthly.

It was long perhaps before any absolute declaration had revealed to each other the feelings of their hearts; and, by a thousand little incidents, their affection was increased and strengthened, until it became to each the absorbing passion of the soul. The history of their love had in it nothing which removed it from the usual course in which attachment is developed. It will suffice to know, that they lived in the ineffable consciousness of a mutual affection, and that their minds, tinged with the deep romantic feeling so prevalent amongst the youth of Germany, considered the vows that had passed between them as a linking of their destinies, sacred and indissoluble. It was not, however, an easy task to overcome the scruples of the financial father as to the prospects of his future son-in-law; and though the reputation of the young student was spotless, the calculating banker re-

quired more than the inclinations of his daughter, and the amiable properties of her admirer, to induce him to consent to their union. Money was a necessary possession in the eyes of a worldly-minded man, who shook his head when they talked of love and mutual happiness. How the old man became at length softened into an approbation of the match, did not clearly appear; but certain it is, that, after the student had passed his examination and obtained his degree, a day was appointed for the betrothing, with his full consent. It may be imagined with what feelings the young physician looked forward to an event which was in his eyes the most important in his life.

The great fair of Leipsic occurred a short time before the auspicious day which was to unite these two happy beings, and the physician hastened to buy his mistress a bridal-dress from out the vast magazines of manufactures which are there collected. He selected one which was equally rich and engaging, being a white satin festooned with worked flowers of the most brilliant colours. His present was received with a smile of approbation, which repaid him tenfold for the labour he had undertaken, and the promise to wear it on her betrothment rendered his joy supreme. The ceremony was performed with every circumstance that could heighten the prospects of the parties concerned. Their parents were there consenting, and friends surrounded them whose smiles added their cheering influence. The bride wore the dress which her lover had procured for her, and in his eyes she had never appeared so attractive. The vows were at length pronounced, and the contracts signed. The marriage-day was fixed for the following week. After the ceremony, a sumptuous feast was prepared, in the midst of which a feeling of indisposition compelled the young bride suddenly to seek her chamber. She threw herself on the bed, and—such are the insecurities of a fleeting existence—rose from it no more. A virulent fever attacked her delicate frame, and carried her unresistingly and remorselessly to the tomb. The feelings of an impassioned youth, thus robbed of her who was so shortly to have become

his wife, may be more easily imagined than described. To say that he wept, and raved, and tore his hair, would perhaps little express the deep intensity of his anguish. Only one request he made: it was, that she should be buried in the dress which she wore at their betrothal. He followed her to the grave, and, overpowered by his feelings, threw himself upon the coffin as it was about to be covered up, and, with a frenzied vehemence, insisted upon having one more look before the grave was closed for ever. The coffin-lid was taken off, and he gazed upon the clammy features of the decaying corpse until his head grew dizzy, and he was drawn senseless from the grave.

It was not only to the bereaved lover that the view of the dead body of his mistress had been of moment: the grave-digger had perceived with emotion the magnificent habiliments which adorned the corpse, and his cupidity was excited. In the dead of night, he despoiled the body, and presented to his own daughter the flowered satin frock which had formed the bridal-dress of the deceased young lady. It was long after these events that she wore this identical dress at the masked ball at the Colosseum. The girl herself was ignorant of the mode by which her father had gained possession of it, though the richness of his gift had in some measure excited her surprise. She therefore adorned herself in the spoils of the grave, in perfect unconsciousness of the unhallowed violation that had been committed. It is needless to add, that it was this dress which caused the young man's sudden horror, which I have described. It was a garment so peculiar as scarcely to allow a doubt as to its identity; and when it suddenly flashed before his eyes, he thought he saw his departed mistress arisen from the grave, to upbraid him for the levity which permitted his presence at a ball. It was stated that a remarkable resemblance existed in the figures of the two females; and as the grave-digger's daughter was masked, the horrible conception of the young enthusiast will not be considered as altogether unnatural or incredible.

From the notoriety which the circumstance gained, an inquiry was instituted into the affair, and, by an inspection of the rifled tomb, the guilt of the grave-digger was made apparent, and he is now expiating his crime as a convicted felon. From the information I acquired respecting the physician, it appeared that he overcame the shock which he had received, though he had passed through many fits of delirium, and had suffered from a fever which had often threatened the extinction both of his reason and of his life.*

DUELLING:

A THING OF THE PAST.

Now that duelling may be said to be extinct, or nearly so, in every country aspiring to civilised usages, it becomes curious and interesting, as a matter of history, to look back on times when the practice was all but universal, and to observe the reasons for its decline.

Private encounters in mortal combat for the settlement of disputes, was not known in ancient Greece or Rome. Several examples are certainly found, both in sacred and profane history, of champions being delegated from opposing armies to fight with each other, preliminarily to the general *mêlée*. But these cases had no analogy with the more modern duels. They were always between public enemies, and not between private friends or fellow-citizens. The inhabitants of Rome or Athens did not slay each other upon points of honour. Cæsar relates that two of his officers having a dispute, mutually defied each other—not to single combat, but to shew which of them should perform the most glorious action in the succeeding battle;

* Every circumstance related in the above article is strictly true, no addition whatever being made to the facts as they really occurred, and the tale, however romantic it may appear, being quite well known in Berlin.

and that one of them, after beating back the enemy, was on the point of falling a victim, when he was rescued by his adversary. A similar instance of heroic emulation is mentioned of two of the officers in Alexander the Great's army. This is certainly a much more estimable way of arranging a personal difference, than by retiring into a corner, and committing an inglorious murder. It would be vain to pretend that the Romans and Greeks were not as brave as the modern Europeans, and that on such an account the duel was not in use amongst them; nor can it be predicated of the Turks and Tatars, who, though proverbially reckless of human life, have never adopted the custom.

Duelling sprang into existence among the ancient Gauls and Germans during the barbarity of the middle ages. Law being for a time obscured, the sword became the engine of arbitration. The military education of the feudal chiefs and their retainers, tended to perpetuate and confirm the practice of settling private quarrels by fighting; and at length duelling was actually sanctioned to a certain degree by legal and ecclesiastical institutes. It would seem that the law, being unable to put down private fighting altogether, adopted the next best, and placed the practice under regulation. Hence judicial combats were held in every state for the settlement of civil questions. Even the rights of the church, its domains and revenues, were subjected to this singular ordeal, and sometimes the zeal of an ecclesiastic carried him into the lists as a champion. By a statute of William the Conqueror, the inferior clergy were forbidden to fight without the consent of their diocesan. But in the generality of cases, the cause of the church and of females was committed to the care of some sturdy warrior, who was ready to risk his life for the benefit of others.

Judicial combats or duels are to be distinguished from the tournaments which were so much in vogue in the days of chivalry. The latter were somewhat after the manner of the gladiatorial games in ancient Rome, except that, instead of fighting by the hands of slaves, the

knights fought by their own. We have an exposition of the purposes and ceremonies of tournaments in the code of laws for their regulation, drawn up by Réné of Anjou, king of Sicily and Jerusalem, who, being despoiled of his dominions, found ample leisure for this important purpose. In these singular *pandects* he lays it down as a fundamental rule, that jousts and tournaments are to be held only in honour of the ladies. *They* alone were to inspect the arms and distribute the prizes; and if any knight or esquire should speak evil of any lady, the other combatants were to maul the libeller with their swords, until the assembled fair ones judged the drubbing sufficient. Tournaments were therefore strictly of the nature of spectacles or games, and could be held only by a prince or great baron. Knights and esquires flocked from all parts of Christendom, whenever one was announced, to tilt with and slay each other for the honour and gratification of their respective loves, until the death of Henry II., king of France, killed at a tournament held at Paris in 1559, brought the usage into great odium, and ended finally to suppress it.

Single combats or duels were upon a very different principle. They were for the redress of wrongs or restitution of rights, being mainly founded on the belief, that God would support the party who had justice on his side. They took place under the immediate sanction of the king, or the superior lord, and of his court of justice. When one was determined upon, the two adverse parties, or their authorised champions, appeared on the assigned day within a ring of eighty feet long and forty broad, guarded by sergeants-at-arms. They were on horseback, and furnished with all the offensive and defensive armour of the time. They were strictly enjoined to carry a crucifix or the image of a saint upon their banners. The heralds arranged the spectators around the ring, all of whom were on foot, no one being permitted to come on horseback under the penalty of losing his steed; and if it noble, of having one ear cut off.

The presiding officer, accompanied by a priest, caused

each of the combatants to be sworn upon a crucifix that the right was on his side, and that he bore upon him no enchantments or magic arms. The illustrious St George was invoked for the truth of the oath, though even his redoubted name was not always satisfactory; and the persons of the duellists were often scrupulously searched for charms and bewitched weapons—a firm belief in the existence and efficacy of which was a grand ingredient in the character of the true chevalier. When the preliminary ceremonies were gone through, they were ordered to charge, and the mortal struggle commenced. The conquered party was accounted infamous, and if he were not killed in the fight, was generally hanged or ignominiously mutilated. His arms were seized for the benefit of the president, the prevailing maxim being, 'the dead must be wrong, the conquered ought to suffer.'

When burghers or other inferior persons adventured on a duel, their weapons were limited to clubs, wherewith they beat each other's heads until victory declared for one of the parties. If the skull of the *craven* or defeated person were not so battered and smashed as to have caused death, he was, without any delay, hanged by the neck, whilst the conqueror was carried home in triumph, and enjoyed the spoils of the defunct.

These judicial duels were equally for grave and petty causes. A dispute about a trifling sum of money, an accusation of murder, robbery, or perjury, a contested title to honours and estates, equally afforded legitimate ground for these sanguinary conflicts. By an ordinance in the time of Louis le Jeune of France, A.D. 1168, the duel was restricted to cases embracing at least the sum of five *sous*, or pence of that period. The existence of such a regulation is sufficient proof how universal such combats must have been. But about the middle of the sixteenth century, they became less frequent, in consequence of various restrictions being enacted respecting them. They were no longer permitted except in cases of grave import, where proof of a sufficient nature was unattainable.

But, in addition to these legalised and solemn appeals to arms, a mischievous and restless race of mortals ran up and down the world in search of duels, without any cause whatever save an insatiable thirst for blood. Such was the famous Bayard, the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, who was ready at all times to fly over half of Europe to lay prostrate an adversary with whose name even he was unacquainted. Such, also, was one Jean de Bourbon, who published a *carte*, setting forth, that 'he would go into England, and fight to the death to relieve himself from listlessness.' Another, holding the high office of seneschal in Hainault, challenged the whole world to fight at Conchy, in Flanders; but being sadly disappointed that no adversary appeared, he publicly vowed to go forth, armed *cap-à-pie*, and wreak his pugnacity on the natives of Spain. What became of him is not accurately known, but it is probable that Cervantes had him in his eye when he portrayed the most valiant Don Quixote.

The rage for duelling, in fact, was so great, and so much mixed up with the passions of the middle ages, that we actually find one proposed between a father and a son. Adolphus, son of Arnold Duke of Guelderland, wished to dethrone his father, asserting that he had enjoyed the sweets of sovereignty long enough. The parent, on the contrary, challenged his son to mortal combat, in presence of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, as liege lord. The unnatural youth immediately accepted the challenge; but the Duke of Burgundy judged it better to incorporate the disputed territory into his own dukedom, and thus avoid so horrible an exhibition. This singular transaction took place in 1470. In 1495, Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, fought a duel with Claude de Batre, a simple French knight, in presence of all the electors and princes of the Germanic Diet; and though he was fortunate enough to cleave his adversary's skull, he risked, in so absurd a contest, the very existence of the House of Austria.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, duels under the sanction and with the ceremonies of the law, may be

said to have ceased. The introduction of an improved system of jurisprudence, founded in most of the countries of Europe upon the laws of the Roman Empire, gradually rendered so barbarous a mode of settling disputes unpopular and hateful. But the suppression of this extravagant custom, in its legal form, only rendered the usage itself more universal and inveterate. All historians agree that duels between private individuals increased to a frightful extent after they ceased to be objects of judicial arrangement. The practice of having seconds to accompany and support the principals, sprang up with the cessation of the legal ceremonies. The seconds fought with each other in the same deadly manner as the original parties, though of course not even a pretence of disagreement existed between them. In the centre of the city of Paris, on the site of the present Palais Royal, then the palace of the Tournelles, duels of this description were of daily occurrence. Two seconds usually fought on each side in addition to the principal parties, and the survivors of the different combats continued to fight until one remained the victor of the field. The mania rose to such a pitch, that a man who had not fought a duel, was considered ineligible for the army, and, even in private life, was little respected until he had dipped his hands in the blood of some adversary. Such was the general feeling over all the countries of Europe, though France was the most considerable scene of its development.

More lately, in Paris, the great arena for duels was the Bois de Boulogne, a woody park with fine open glades, to the west of the town. Here many an unfortunate wretch has fallen a victim to erroneous principles of honour. The following relation of one of these brutal encounters, in which an Englishman of rank was engaged, is given in a work published some years ago, under the title of *The Unfortunate Man*.

Villeneuve, a notable villain, was one day surprised by young Talbot whilst attempting to corrupt the morals of his sister; and in a moment of indignation he inflicted

on him a blow. A duel must be the consequence. As Villeneuve was an accomplished marksman, Talbot declared to the umpires on the occasion that he would fight only on one condition: there should be two pistols —one loaded, the other not; they were to be put into a handkerchief, and drawn out by chance by the parties, who were afterwards to take their stand at the distance of only one pace from each other. 'Villeneuve did not make any objection to the proposition, although several of his own countrymen, who had come on the pleasant excursion to witness the fight, strongly and vainly endeavoured to persuade their friend to leave his life to a better chance. The preparation did not take long. The pistols, both being of course exactly alike, were loaded by the seconds, and enveloped in a large silk handkerchief. The first choice fell to the lot of Villeneuve, who, placing his hand on the weapons, endeavoured to choose the heaviest; but he who is to stand such a dreadful hazard as the one proposed, must be more than a man in courage, if in such a moment he is cool enough to discriminate between weights to which a single small bullet gives the preponderance. He fixed upon the one he thought the heaviest, and the other was given to Talbot. They took their respective grounds, and so close, that the muzzle of each man's pistol touched his adversary. Men face some dreadful sights, but few have seen the parallel to this; neither is it to be thought by my readers as the mere effusion of an imaginary brain. The duel in question actually took place, and if the names were changed, every particular would be true. Dreadful must it have been for the friends of each: the certain knowledge that one must fall—the excitement, the agitation, the hope, the expectation, almost placed the bystanders in as great an apprehension as the principals. When both were placed on the ground, the seconds of each advanced and took a last farewell. Talbot shook his friend's hand with an earnest trepidation: he merely whispered a few words, and with a faint smile and fainter accent, said "Good-by." Villeneuve appeared as unconcerned as if he were a casual

spectator: he spoke quick and rapidly; nodded to one or two of the company, more as a recognition than as a parting; and had taken leave of his second before Talbot had ended his low whisper. The words given were merely "Are you ready?" then, "Fire!" Both pistols went off on the second, and both men fell. Villeneuve only turned upon his side, and almost instantaneously died. Talbot was lifted immediately: the closeness of the pistol at the discharge had knocked him down, and his face was a little injured by the powder; but his worst feeling was that of disgust, when he saw his fallen enemy dead at his feet. The whirl of the brain left him reasonless for some moments, and he fixed his excited eyes upon the corpse: he was hurried from the spot in a dreadful state, and many months elapsed before he was perfectly restored to health, or even reason. There lay Villeneuve, the sworn foe to all Englishmen, having met the fate of almost all professed duellists. He died with a smile of contempt upon his countenance. One of his companions threw his cloak over the corpse; many looked on in silence. There was not a word spoken; the stillness of death had extended itself to the spectators, who one by one retired with cautious footsteps, as if fearing to awaken the slumbers of him who had gone to his long account, and who had left behind him a memory so tarnished that friendship would gladly forget it.'

Throughout the whole of the eighteenth century, and more particularly towards its conclusion, duelling was a common method of settling differences in England. There prevailed a rude quarrelsomeness of disposition, reckless of giving an insult, which was expiated among the humbler classes by boxing, and among the higher by the small sword or pistol. Ireland, however, greatly excelled the sister-countries in the practice of duelling; because in that country individual feeling was under fewer restraints, and law was more feebly executed. In point of fact, the parties whose duty it was to administer the law, were the most noted duellists; and as the greater number of persons who sat on juries had been

concerned in encounters of this kind, it was not possible to procure a verdict of murder against any duellist for slaughtering a fellow-creature. On this subject we extract some particulars from an amusing little work, *Ireland Sixty Years Ago*, published by Mr M'Glashan of Dublin:—

'No gentleman had taken his proper station in life till he had "smelt powder," as it was called; no barrister could go circuit till he had obtained a reputation in this way; no election, and scarcely an assizes, passed without a number of duels; and many men of the bar, practising half a century ago, owed their eminence, not to powers of eloquence or to legal ability, but to a daring spirit and the number of duels they had fought. Some years since, a young friend, going to the bar, consulted the late Dr Hodgkinson, vice-provost of Trinity College, then a very old man, as to the best course of study to pursue, and whether he should begin with Fearne or Chitty. The doctor, who had long been secluded from the world, and whose observation was beginning to fail, immediately reverted to the time when he had been himself a young barrister; and his advice was: "My young friend, practise four hours a day at Rigby's Pistol-Gallery, and it will advance you to the woolsack faster than all the Fearnes and Chittys in the library."

'Scott, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench and Earl of Clonmel, fought Lord Tyrawly on some affair about his wife; and afterwards with the Earl of Llandaff, about his sister; and with several others, on miscellaneous subjects, and with various weapons, swords, and pistols. Patterson, Justice of the Common Pleas, fought three country gentlemen, and wounded them all; one of the duels was with small swords.

'The Right Honourable Henry Grattan, leader of the House of Commons, was ever ready to sustain with his pistols the force of his arguments. His cool ferocity on such occasions was a fearful display. He began by fighting Lord Earlsfort, and ended by shooting the Honourable Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He called

him, in the debate on the Union, "a dancing-master," and while the debate was going on, went from the House to fight him, and shot him through the arm.

'So general was the practice, and so all-pervading was the duel-mania, that the peaceful shades of our university could not escape it. Not only students adopted the practice, but the principal and fellows set the example. The Honourable J. Hely Hutchinson, the provost, introduced, among other innovations on the quiet retreats of study, dancing and the fashionable arts. Among them was the noble science of defence, for which he wished to endow a professorship. He set the example of duelling to his pupils, by challenging and fighting Doyle, a master in Chancery; while his son, the Honourable Francis Hutchinson, collector of the customs in Dublin, not to degenerate from his father, fought a duel with Lord Mountnorris.

'As if this was not a sufficient incentive to the students, the Honourable Patrick Duigenan, a fellow and tutor in Trinity College, challenged a barrister, and fought him; and not satisfied with setting one fighting example to his young class of pupils, he called out a second opponent to the field.

'The public mind was in such a state of irritation from the period of 1780 to the time of the Union, that it was supposed three hundred remarkable duels were fought in Ireland during that interval. So universal and irrepressible was the propensity, that *duelling clubs* were actually established, the conditions of which were, that before a man was balloted for, he must sign a solemn declaration that he had exchanged a shot or thrust with some antagonist.

'The following occurrence, which took place in February 1781, is characteristic of the mode in which points of honour were then settled:—A gentleman in the uniform of the Roscommon Volunteers came into the room at a fashionable hazard-table. He was abused by one of the company present, with whom he happened to be engaged in litigation, and to whom, for that reason, he did not

choose to reply. The bystanders, imputing his silence to cowardice, added their sneers to the reproaches of his first assailant. One of the party, a subaltern in the army, was particularly severe in his taunts, and at length, in a paroxysm of indignation at what he conceived to be a disgrace to the military costume—being worn by a man who appeared not to have a spark of courage—he came up to the stranger, and rudely taking off his hat, tore the cockade out of it, and threw it on the ground. The strange gentleman drew his sword, and called upon any person who dared to come forward till he would chastise him. The young officer declared that he was under a promise never to fight in that house. The parties therefore retired, but a hostile message was of course immediately sent. The zealous subaltern, however, having discovered that his antagonist, far from being a coward, was a man of established courage and a skilful duellist, offered to make any apology. None would be accepted which was not as public as the insult, and the terms to which he was obliged to submit were the following:—He provided a cockade similar to that he had taken from the gentleman's hat, brought it to the coffee-room at the most public hour of the day, there in presence of the company acknowledged his offence and asked forgiveness, and taking his adversary's hat, placed the cockade in it, declaring he thought him most worthy to wear it.

'Weapons of offence were generally kept at the inns, for the accommodation of those who might come on an emergency unprovided. In such cases "pistols were ordered for two, and breakfast for one;" as it might, and did sometimes, happen that the other did not return to partake of it, being left dead on the field. No place was free from these encounters: feuds were cherished and offences often kept in memory till the parties met, when swords were drawn, and the combat commenced in the public street; a ring was formed round the parties, and they fought within it like two pugilists at Moulsey Hurst.'

As an instance of the coarseness of manners which

provoked duels at this period, the authority above quoted goes on to describe a rough military personage called Bryan Maguire. This man 'availed himself of his military character, and appeared occasionally in the streets in a gaudy glittering uniform, armed with a sword, saying it was the uniform of his corps. When thus accoutred, he strolled through the streets, looking round on all that passed with a haughty contempt. His ancestors were among the *reguli* of Ireland, and one of them was a distinguished Irish leader in 1641: he therefore assumed the port and bearing which he thought became the son of an Irish king. The streets were formerly more encumbered with dirt than they are now, and the only mode of passing from one side to the other was by a narrow crossing made through mud heaped up at each side. It was Bryan's glory to take sole possession of one of those, and to be seen with his arms folded across his ample chest, stalking along in solitary magnificence. Any unfortunate wayfarer who met him on the path was sure to be hurled into the heap of mud at one side of it. The sight was generally attractive, and a crowd usually collected at one end of the path to gaze on him, or prudently wait till he had passed. His domestic habits were in keeping with his manner abroad. When he required the attendance of a servant, he had a peculiar manner of ringing the bell. His pistols always lay on the table beside him, and instead of applying his hand to the bell-pull in the usual way, he took up a pistol and fired it at the handle of the bell, and continued firing till he hit it, and so caused the bell below to sound. He was such an accurate shot with a pistol, that his wife was in the habit of holding a lighted candle for him, as a specimen of his skill, to snuff with a pistol bullet at so many paces' distance. Another of his royal habits was the mode of passing his time. He was seen for whole days leaning out of his window, and amusing himself with annoying the passengers. When one went by whom he thought a fit subject, he threw down on him some rubbish or dirt, to attract his notice, and when the man looked

up, he spat in his face. If he made any expostulation, Bryan crossed his arms, and presenting a pistol in each hand, invited him up to his room, declaring he would give him satisfaction there, and his choice of the pistols. After a time, Bryan disappeared from Dublin.'

We are informed by Sir Jonah Barrington, in *Personal Sketches of his own Times*, that duelling was quite a passion among the Irish gentry sixty to eighty years ago. The fighting, he says, was done in a civil, good-humoured way, and when over, no grudge on either side was entertained. At that period, children seem to have been brought up with a love of firearms, and were amused with stories of people shooting each other. 'One of the most humane men existing,' says Sir Jonah, 'an intimate friend of mine, and at present a prominent public character, was heard endeavouring to keep a little son of his quiet who was crying for something: "Come, now, do be a good boy. Come, now," said my friend, "don't cry, and I'll give you a case of nice little pistols to-morrow. Come, now, don't cry, and we'll *shoot them all* in the morning!" "Yes, yes, we'll shoot them all in the morning," responded the child, drying his little eyes, and delighted at the notion. I have heard the late Sir Charles Ormsby, who affected to be a wit, though at best but a humorist and *gourmand*, liken the story of my friend and his son to a butcher at Nenagh, who in like manner wanted to keep *his* son from crying, and effectually stopped his tears by saying: "Come, now, be a good boy. Don't cry, and you shall *kill a lamb* to-morrow! Now, won't you be good?" "O yes, yes," said the child, sobbing; "father, is the *lamb ready?*"'

According to the authority of Sir Jonah, Tipperary and Galway were the ablest schools of the duelling science; but Mayo, Roscommon, and Sligo owned a number of proficients. All great families had a case of hereditary pistols and a sword, which were handed down from father to son as duelling weapons. In the encounters which took place, occasionally one party was

killed, but this was not often the case: generally a hit, however trifling, settled the affair. Sometimes the seconds fought as well as the principals, and for this, as well as many points in the etiquette of duelling, there were regular rules. The Irish duelling code was instituted by a society called the 'Knights of Tara,' who foresaw that unless the science were subject to regulation, quarrels of an undignified kind would be redressed in this manner, and so duelling would be brought into disrepute. Sir Jonah gives a copy of this remarkable code, which he tells us was called 'the thirty-six commandments' of Galway, and received general adoption throughout Ireland. It bears the date 1777, when, it may be presumed, the practice of duelling was at its height.

Among numerous anecdotes of these duelling times, the facetious Sir Jonah narrates one which must be reckoned beyond all ordinary precedent. It refers to the late Lord Mount Garret, afterwards Earl of Kilkenny. This nobleman, as was not unusual with men of his order in Ireland, had a great number of lawsuits at once on his hands, and finding he had little success in the courts, the decisions being generally against him, he fell upon the expedient of challenging every one of the counsel and attorneys employed by his opponents. 'The first procedure on this determination was a direct challenge from his lordship to the attorney, Mr Ball: it was accepted, and a duel immediately followed, in which his lordship got the worst of it. He was wounded by the attorney at each shot, the first having taken place in his lordship's right arm, which probably saved the solicitor, as his lordship was a most accurate marksman. The noble challenger received the second bullet in his side, but the wound was not dangerous. My lord and the attorney having been thus disposed of, the Honourable Somerset Butler, his lordship's son, now took the field, and proceeded, according to due form, by a challenge to Mr Peter Burrowes, the first of the adversaries' counsel, now judge commissioner of insolvents. The invitation not

being refused, the combat took place, one cold frosty morning, near Kilkenny. Somerset knew his business well; but Peter had had no practice whatever in that line of litigation. Few persons feel too warm on such occasions, and Peter formed no exception to the general rule. An old woman who sold spiced gingerbread-nuts in the street he passed through accosted him, extolling her highly-spiced nuts. Peter bought a pennyworth on the advice of his second, Dick Waddy, an attorney, and duly receiving the change of a sixpenny-piece, put the coppers into his *waistcoat pocket*, and marched off to the scene of action. Preliminaries being soon arranged—the pistols given, ten steps measured, the flints hammered, and the feather-springs set—Somerset, a fine dashing young fellow, full of spirit and animation, gave Peter but little time to take his fighting position—in fact, he had scarcely raised his pistol to a proper level, before Somerset's ball came *crack dash* against Peter's body! The halfpence rattled in his pocket; Peter dropped flat; Somerset fled; Dick Waddy roared "murder," and called out to Surgeon Pack. Peter's clothes were ripped up; and Pack examined the wound: a black hole seemed to designate the spot where the lead had penetrated Peter's abdomen. The doctor shook his head, and pronounced but one short word—"*mortal!*" it was, however, more expressive than a long speech.' This disconcerted all the parties implicated; but in a short time it appeared that the blue mark was caused by the impress of a halfpenny which the bullet had smartly hit. In short, the pocketful of halfpence had saved the young man's life. So ended the first duel on the list. His lordship afterwards challenged and fought with two others; and his son, a third. Fresh challenges were made, and the thing becoming too serious to be overlooked, his lordship was obliged to stop in his mad career, satisfied with 'three duels, and as many wounds.'

One of the most noted duellists during the great duelling age of last century—1770 to 1800—was George Robert Fitzgerald, commonly known as the Fighting

Fitzgerald. The father of this desperado was George Fitzgerald, a gentleman of property in the county of Mayo, who had married Lady Mary Hervey, daughter of one and sister of two Earls of Bristol. George Robert was the eldest son of this pair; both of whom were of an eccentric character, which was inherited by their offspring. After being educated at Eton, George Robert entered the army, in which he rose to the rank of captain, but not without quarrelling with his brother officers and fighting sundry duels, into which he was precipitated by his ungovernable temper and arrogant bearing. Introduced to good society in Dublin, he became acquainted with Miss Connolly, a young lady of fortune, whom he had the address to carry off and marry in spite of the opposition of her relatives. Shortly afterwards, he went with his young wife to Paris, and here 'the name and character of this fine, fighting, frolicsome Irishman,' says his biographer, 'got him into the society of the Count d'Artois, who was attracted by the bold bearing of the young man, but still more by seeing that he could easily fleece such a person at play; and he succeeded.' Of course the Irishman, by this respectable means, acquired a standing at the French court, which he endeavoured to improve by shewing off his exploits in hunting.

While fluttering in the fashionable society of Paris, 'George Robert engaged in a course of jockeying transactions not very creditable, that ended in a duel with a brother blackleg, which they were obliged to fight beyond the border of the French territory. Fitzgerald was severely wounded in the heel—a wound which made him halt in walking for the rest of his life, and kept him for a long time confined in Brussels. From thence he went to London, where he pursued the propensities he had unhappily acquired in Paris, became a gambler and jockey, and contrived to heap double insult on a man of the name of Bate, upon whom he palmed his footman as a gentleman, and sent them out to fight. He then entered into a paper-war on some jockey point, wrote an appeal to the public, and went over to Lisle and fought another duel.'

Returning to London, he made himself the terror of society; for it seemed to be his aim to pick quarrels everywhere, with a view to indulgence in his fighting propensities. Numerous anecdotes are related of this period of his career; but we confine ourselves to one, detailing the manner in which he forced his way into Brookes's, the most famous club of its day.

To procure admission, Fitzgerald applied to Admiral Keith Stewart to propose him as a candidate; and the worthy admiral well knowing that he must fight or comply with his request, chose the latter alternative. Accordingly, on the night in which the balloting was to take place, the duellist accompanied the admiral to St James's Street, and waited in the room below whilst the suffrages were taken, in order to know the issue. The ballot was soon over; for without hesitation each member threw a *black ball:* and when the scrutiny took place, the company were not a little amazed to find not even one white one among the number. However, the point of rejection being carried unanimously, the grand affair now was, as to which of the members had the hardihood to announce the same to the expectant candidate. No one would undertake the office, for the announcement was sure to produce a challenge; and a duel with Fighting Fitzgerald had in almost every case been fatal to his opponent. After much debate, it was resolved to ballot again, and this time to put one black ball in the box; such being believed to be the plan least likely to provoke an outrage. Intelligence of this result was communicated by a waiter to Fitzgerald, who affecting to suppose that there must be some mistake, ordered him to go up stairs and bring correct information. Off went the much-puzzled waiter, not knowing very well what to do. After some fresh altercation, Mr Brookes interfered, and attempted to make Fitzgerald aware that he was rejected; but the bully treated his explanations with scorn, and, to the consternation of all parties, marched straight up stairs to the club-room. On entering, he asked each member individually if it was he who had black-balled him, and all, one after

the other, fearing the consequences, denied that they had done so!

According to the account of the transaction given in the work, the *Clubs of London*, the members saw there was nothing for it but to send the intruder to Coventry; and he was therefore left to occupy himself drinking at one of the side-tables. On the departure of the wretch, which was a great relief to all the members, it was resolved to have him taken into custody by a body of constables, should he again present himself. Of some such measure, Fitzgerald seemed to be aware; for he never shewed himself at Brookes's again, though he boasted everywhere that he had been unanimously chosen a member of the club!

The narrator of the circumstance has thought it necessary to vindicate the character of the members of the club, lest it should be supposed that they were deficient in personal courage. He observes that 'in addition to the well-founded and rational dislike which many men have to duelling, family considerations and a natural love of life were sufficient to deter any man of sense from encountering the Fighting Fitzgerald either with sword or pistol; for, being really a good swordsman and marksman, and being accounted almost *invulnerable* in his own person, the result of a combat with him ceased to be an affair of chance, but amounted to a *dead* certainty. Is it surprising, then, that no gentleman should have had the hardihood to espouse the cause of *all*, by throwing away his own life on the desperate chance of overcoming a professed bully!'

We would not dispute the correctness of this view of the affair; but take leave to say, that the members were in no small degree blameable for not at once calling in the aid of constables to prevent the anticipated outrage. Such undoubtedly would have been the solution of the difficulty in the present day; and that the club did not in this manner shelter itself under the protection of the law, gives one a strange idea of the state of public feeling, as well as of social arrangements, seventy years ago.

Subsequent to this ridiculous event, 'Fitzgerald returned to Ireland, and resided either at his house, Merrion Street, Dublin, or at Rockfield, near Turlough. In Dublin, his conduct was marked by deeds wild and unwarrantable, which would be now intolerable, but which then did not much outrage the spirit of the times. Besides fighting a duel with John Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, he is said to have fired a pistol on one occasion at Denis Brown, the brother of Lord Altamont, in the open day, in Sackville Street; on another occasion he insulted, and, it is said, struck John Fitzgibbon, afterwards so well known as the stern, overbearing Lord-Chancellor Clare; and it has been said that he well remembered the blow, when he acted as crown prosecutor, on Fitzgerald's trial.'

Of the trial here alluded to, we shall presently speak. It is proper, however, to mention before going farther, that an event occurred which irretrievably damaged Fitzgerald's reputation as a duellist. In one of his encounters, it was discovered that he wore an under-waistcoat of chain-metal, which was ball and sword proof. On this discovery, he was chased from the field with scorn, and cannot be said to have afterwards held up his head among persons of proper feeling. He continued to live a blustering life, and to mix himself up with political intrigues and petty local disturbances. Associated with despicable companions, he at length, in a dispute respecting some family property, quarrelled with a relation named M'Donnell, upon whom he determined to wreak his vengeance. At this point in Fitzgerald's career, the most charitable thing that can be said of him is, that he was in a state of mental derangement, and was, properly speaking, a fit object for an asylum: his conduct towards M'Donnell leads to no other conclusion. He endeavoured to have this person assassinated, but the shot of Murphy, a miscreant whom he employed, only wounded Mr M'Donnell in the leg. Murphy was arrested on suspicion of this foul act, kept a short time in prison, and discharged without trial. Fitzgerald, taking up the cause of Murphy, entered a complaint against M'Don-

nell for false imprisonment, and procured a warrant for his arrest. Accompanied by a band of retainers, and a person named Brecknock as his law-adviser, Fitzgerald proceeded to capture the object of his malice, and carry him in the first place to his own residence at Turlough. The design was, if possible, to provoke a rescue, and to shoot M'Donnell in the scuffle—such, according to Brecknock, being allowable in law! This diabolical plot went exactly as was intended. A hubbub took place, and poor M'Donnell was remorselessly shot through the head. This was the crowning act of Fitzgerald's mad career. Wretchedly as the law was administered in Ireland, it could not overlook the horrible outrage that had been committed. Fitzgerald, an accomplice named Fulton, and his adviser Brecknock, were pursued by a crowd of partisans, captured, and consigned to prison for trial. Fitzgerald was found concealed among a bundle of bedclothes, and dragged with indignity from his home, which was forthwith pillaged so effectually by the mob, that not a single article of any value was left in it from garret to cellar.

The trial of the murderer and his accomplices shortly afterwards took place, and all were found guilty and condemned. Strange to say, Fitzgerald was on the occasion calm, reasonable, and resigned. The only favour he asked of the judge was 'to give him a long day' to settle his affairs; but 'the sun was not allowed to set on the criminals after the passing of sentence. It would appear as if the high-sheriff, the prosecutors, and indeed all the gentry of Mayo, were afraid that if there were any delay, a reprieve might have been procured by means of Fitzgerald's high connections.' The execution was disgracefully managed. The rope by which Fitzgerald was hung up broke, and he fell to the ground. Rising to his feet, he requested a better rope to be brought, and that there might be no more botching. The second time, the rope slipped from the cross-beam, and the feet of the wretched man again reached the ground. A bystander, shocked with the spectacle, interposed, and drawing up

the rope, fixed it so effectually that an end was soon put to Fitzgerald's sufferings. The two others appear to have been executed at the same time without any accident. The description given of what followed is too characteristic to bear omission. 'The body being taken down, it was, by the sheriff's permission, conveyed, unmutilated, to Turlough House; and it is a striking fact, that he who had been reared in the lap of luxury, and the associate of the highest in the land, was waked with lights placed in bottles—so utter had been the wreck, so entire the plunder of a house which had contained such an abundance of various valuables, that not a single candlestick was left for the performance of the last rite he should require on earth.' Such was the inglorious end of Fighting Fitzgerald!

Enough, we think, has now been said respecting the prevalence of duelling up till a comparatively late period. The strange thing is, that a practice so repugnant to religion, reason, law, and decency, should so long have received the sanction of public opinion. Although divines preached, and moralists railed against it, still the custom of fighting by challenge continued. It in fact remained in force so long as the law gave it a shelter. At length, by a marked improvement in public feeling, a few years ago, the practice began to be scouted and ridiculed; and on the occurrence of a very shocking duel within the military circle, the highest authorities found it necessary to interpose. A knowledge that in future, the person who killed another in a duel would be tried as a murderer, had its proper influence. Society at large sanctioned this view of affairs, and it became somewhat perilous to be concerned in homicidal encounters. An argument in favour of duelling cannot be omitted. It was alleged, that but for this guard on personal honour, no man would be safe from insult; and that in the army especially, life would not be endurable without this protection. The experience of only a few years has demonstrated the fallacy of these suppositions. A respect for mutual rights and feelings has indeed advanced with the

decay of duelling; and as society no longer considers a man to be a coward who shrinks from the acceptance of a challenge, but rather approves of his reluctance, so do individuals, under a higher sense of delicacy, refrain from saying or doing what is calculated to wound the feelings of each other. Thus has duelling disappeared from amongst us, and now only exists where rude natures have not received the polish of an advanced civilisation.

THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.

MARIA LETIZIA RAMOLINI, the mother of Napoleon Bonaparte, was descended from a noble Italian family, and was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, on the 24th of August 1750. Being possessed of great personal attractions, she was married at an early age to Carlo Bonaparte or Buonaparte, an advocate, the descendant of an Italian family as noble as her own, which had settled in Corsica in the sixteenth century. In January 1768, she gave birth to her eldest son Guiseppe (Joseph), who became king of Naples, and subsequently of Spain and the Indies.

At the time of the marriage of Carlo Bonaparte to Maria Letizia Ramolini, the island of Corsica was the scene of war and tumult. The people, under their celebrated leader Pascal Paoli, had struggled for several years to assert their independence of the Genoese republic; and, having baffled that enemy, they had now to contend with the king of France, to whom Genoa had made over her claims, as if a nation had been a piece of merchandise liable to be bartered from one hand to another. Carlo Bonaparte was the friend and zealous co-patriot of Paoli, and had distinguished himself in the war against the Genoese. In 1768, when an army of 5000 French landed for the purpose of reducing the island, the most of the considerable families in Ajaccio,

including that of Bonaparte, found it necessary to fly to the mountainous country in the interior, where for some time they maintained a bold resistance, though ultimately obliged to submit. Madame Bonaparte accompanied her husband during the whole progress of this irregular warfare; and the existence of her second and most remarkable child appears to have commenced amidst the hardships and wild adventures of a mountain campaign. When the island was finally settled under French rule, in June 1769, she returned with her husband to their house in Ajaccio, which is described as one of handsome appearance, 'forming one side of a court which leads out of the Rue Charles.' On the 15th August, being the festival of the Assumption, she attended high-mass, but, finding herself unable to sit out the ceremony, hastened home, and, no preparations being made for her reception, she gave birth to her son upon an old piece of tapestry representing a scene from the *Iliad*. It has been reported that Paoli was the godfather of the child thus brought into the world; but that hero had ere now quitted the island and taken refuge in England. His godfathers were Laurent Giubeya and Celtruda Bonaparte, and he received the name of Napolione, which had been introduced into the paternal house some generations before. It was considered a fortunate circumstance by his friends, in after-life, that he was born subsequently to June 1769, when the island was annexed to France, as though by nation and language an Italian, he thus became a born citizen of the country which he was afterwards to rule.

The subsequent children of Madame Bonaparte were Mariana (Marie Anne Elisa),* who became Grand-Duchess of Tuscany; Luciano (Lucien), Prince of Canino; Paoletta (Marie Paulette), afterwards Madame Leclerc, and finally Princess Borghese and Duchess of Guastalla; Luigi (Louis), who became king of Holland, but renounced a crown rather than become the oppressor

* The names of the Bonaparte family are here given in their original Italian forms, while the French modifications afterwards adopted by them follow within parentheses.

of his subjects; Annunziada (Annonciade Caroline), afterwards Madame Murat and Queen of the two Sicilies; Girolano (Jerome), afterwards king of Westphalia. The family became in time reconciled to the French government, and obtained the friendship of the governor of the island, the Count de Marbœuf, by whose interest Carlo Bonaparte was included in a deputation of the Corsican nobles,* sent to Louis XVI. in 1776. His conduct on this occasion obtained for him the office of assessor of the tribunal of Ajaccio, the income of which aided him to maintain his increasing family, which the smallness of his patrimony, and some habits of expense, would otherwise have rendered difficult. During a subsequent journey to France as one of a deputation of Corsican nobles, he was attacked by schirrus in the stomach, and breathed his last at Montpelier, February 1785, in the house of the father of Madame Junot, leaving his family, the youngest of whom was only two months old, entirely unprovided for.

The duty of rearing a number of young children upon the resources of a poor widow, fell to the subject of this memoir, and was performed by her in a creditable manner. The Count de Marbœuf had provided for Napoleon by placing him at the Military School of Brienne, from which he had already been removed to Paris, to complete his education in the general school there. Her daughter Mariana was also brought up by the government at St Cyr. The life of Madame Bonaparte was one of poverty until the elevation of her son; but before that period she was destined to encounter adventures not less singular than those which she had experienced during the struggle for Corsican independence. In 1792, Paoli was sent by the French government to take the military command of Corsica; but being unfavourable to the progress of Jacobin principles, he soon became exposed to the resentment of his constituents, and projected the sur-

* The nobles of Corsica were individuals who had never been in trade; but the family of Carlo Bonaparte was of the higher order of nobility.

render of the island to a British fleet. Napoleon, now a captain of artillery in the French service, chanced to be in his native island upon leave of absence, and, being strongly opposed upon principle to the design of Paoli, made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to thwart it. Being baffled in an attempt to take Ajaccio out of the hands of Paoli, he and his family were proscribed, and compelled to fly. He took refuge in the mountains, in the disguise of a sailor, and was seized by the country people, but ultimately escaped to Calvi. To escape the fury of the people, Madame Bonaparte made a hurried and midnight flight to the country, carrying her youngest children in her arms, when fatigue had unfitted them for walking. In her wanderings, she crossed torrents and mountains, penetrated intricate forests, and had to trust herself to frail boats, before she reached Calvi, where she and her children found protection from the same Giubeya who had been godfather to Napoleon. From Calvi she obtained a passage to Marseilles, where she remained in great poverty for several years, chiefly indebted for the means of subsistence to a few individuals who had known her in better days. After Napoleon had become commander-in-chief in Italy, she returned to Corsica, which had then been restored to French dominion.

Soon after the famous 18th Brumaire (November 9, 1799), when her son dissolved the directorial government in France, and became First Consul, Madame Bonaparte removed to Paris, in order to share in the prosperity which had befallen her family. For some time, however, she seems to have chiefly depended upon the protection of her eldest son Joseph. She accompanied that individual on an embassy to the Roman republic, and, after his return, resided in his house in the Rue du Rocher at Paris. Though profoundly sensible of the greatness of her second son, she cherished no exclusive partiality for him. When Lucien and Jerome had offended him, the one by his intractable ambition, and the other by his youthful follies, the mother took their part, and endeavoured to protect them, by which conduct she caused Napoleon for some

but the fault was not hers. The emperor, though he loved her, did not surround her with the consideration which was due to the mother of Napoleon. She felt this; but, too proud to hint it to her son, she preferred remaining in solitude, to putting herself in contact either with the empress, or with any of the persons who surrounded the emperor. How frequently have I been shocked by the conduct of many of these persons! The ministers sometimes paid their respects to her on New-Year's Day; sometimes at distant intervals, but never with the forms of ceremony and etiquette which were suited to her station, except the Duke de Gaëta. But she possessed no influence; and the frequenters of a court possess a marvellous acuteness in deciphering the actual position of individuals within that magic circle.' It appears that any coldness which could be said to exist between Napoleon and his mother arose from her partiality for Lucien, whose abilities and intractable spirit afforded the emperor constant uneasiness.

When we cast our thoughts over the history of this extraordinary woman, we are impressed in much the same manner as by one of those plays which, in different acts, represent the fortunes of an individual at different periods of his life. In 1793, we see her a houseless and proscribed exile, wandering with her children in her arms through a wild country, and indebted to friends for the means of subsistence. Six years after, we find her conspicuous as the mother of the head of a mighty state. In fifteen years from the period of her greatest depression, the civilised world has become an appanage to her children; one of her sons is emperor of France and king of Italy, another is king of Spain and the Indies, a third king of Holland, and a fourth king of Westphalia; one of her daughters is queen of the Two Sicilies, another grand-duchess of Tuscany, a third the wife of a Roman noble. Her brother is at the same time a cardinal. *In five years more*, all has passed away, like a painted scene in some fictitious spectacle; herself and her children are proscribed in the country where they reared all

their greatness, and become once more fugitives—almost outcasts.

On the dispersion of the Bonapartes in 1814, Madame Mère retired with her brother Fesch to Rome, where her fortune enabled her to live in a style not unworthy of the more brilliant past, and to afford succour to such of her family as were in distressed circumstances. She occupied a handsome palace on the Corso, where she saw few besides her brother and her daughter, the Princess Borghese, the exceptions being chiefly distinguished strangers who desired the honour of being introduced to her. One of her most intimate friends, not of her own family, was the Duke of Hamilton, for whom she entertained a considerable partiality. The miseries which befell her most distinguished son in his latter years, and his death, gave her the most poignant affliction; and she is said to have expressed the deepest concern respecting the restoration of his remains to France. Soon after the revolution of 1830, she became so dangerously ill, that extreme unction was administered to her. 'She was in that state,' says the Duchess of Abrantes, 'which immediately precedes dissolution. Her family stood around her bed. Her brother, her children, and her daughters-in-law, looked upon her, and wept as they perceived her praying; for they were but too well acquainted with the particular feeling, which, in her dying bosom, absorbed every other. The Prince of Montford [Jerome], having been detained by the arrival of a courier from France, had not yet joined this solemn family meeting. Scarcely had he read in the Paris papers an account of the decree which would have done honour to the French nation had it been executed, when he ran to his mother's palace, entered her bedchamber, and gently approaching the bed: "Mother," said he, in a whisper, "do you hear me?" She made a sign in the affirmative.

'"Well, the Chamber has just issued a decree for the replacing of the emperor's statue on the top of the column."

'Madame Mère made no reply, but something extraordi-

nary seemed passing within her. She clasped her hands —her eyes continued closed—she was evidently praying —and big tears rolled down her cheeks! They were tears of joy! An hour after she received this intelligence, she asked for some broth, and in two days quitted her bed. The effect produced upon her by this circumstance,' concludes the duchess, writing in 1833, 'may give some idea of her feelings at finding no end to the anathema cast upon the cold and senseless clay of her son. Ought not the tears of this venerable mother, now eighty-three years of age, to soften the hearts of those who have no longer any cause to tremble before the hero's bones, and might display their generosity at so very little cost!'

In her latter days, Madame Bonaparte became extremely infirm, chiefly in consequence of a fall at the villa of her daughter Paulette, and the most of her time, both by night and day, was spent upon a couch. She also lost the use of her eyes. To quote the not unworthy account of her last moments, which was given in a newspaper obituary: 'A lady constantly watched by her side, and M. Robaglia, her secretary, once an officer in the Old Guard, used to read the journals to the august invalid, speak to her of France, and make her live again in the times gone by. Her appearance gave a painful impression to the few visitors who were admitted to her palace: her frame had become so attenuated that life seemed extinct; and yet, at the name of France, of the emperor, of her children, the octogenarian lady revived; there seemed to be thrones still around her, there was still a powerful voice on her lips, and the lightning of Napoleon's look in her eyes. Ever since the fall of the emperor, the mother, whose children had mounted so many thrones, had received no other news from her family than those of mourning. The last blow that struck her was the death of the Princess de Montford, to whom she was particularly attached. Few women have had so many favours of fortune heaped upon them, and few have had to drink more deeply the dregs of the cup of misfortune. On the 27th of January, she fell into a cold stupor that alarmed

her devoted friends. Cardinal Fesch, her brother, was summoned; a slight amelioration took place after two or three days; the sacraments were, however, administered; her malady returned with redoubled violence on the 1st of February [1836], and on the 2d she expired, retaining her faculties to the last, and sinking to rest calmly and peaceably. She, the woman who had produced Napoleon, died in solitude and in exile, but at the foot of the Capitol.'

THE SEA! THE SEA!

THE habits of the West Indian land-crab are well known. It is content for the greater part of the year to dwell amongst the mountains of the interior, but at a particular season finds an instinctive and irresistible impulse to visit the sea. Off, therefore, go large hordes in dense column along the country, surmounting all obstacles in their way, and never stopping till they have got into their native element. A similar instinct seems to be implanted by nature in the wives of the human race—that is to say, such of them as ordinarily dwell in the interior—who, though content in autumn, winter, and spring, with their usual habitats, no sooner feel the summer air fanning their cheeks, than straight they become animated with a most determined propension towards the coast, from which it were as vain to attempt to withhold them, as it were to endeavour to turn back the march of the land-crabs, or to essay any other impossibility. If wives were in every respect like land-crabs, could pack as easily, and travel as lightly, and dispense as well with money, we should witness a splendid phenomenon indeed. The whole body would be seen about the beginning of June moving down the country in troops, with their children, taking as little note of milestones, staying as little for rivers or mountains, climbing over houses and villages rather than be put out of their way, and at last plunging into the sea, and there

disporting and enjoying themselves like so many Nereids. But the plague is, that human beings, however disposed to travel, cannot go off without a number of curious preliminary ceremonies, neither move along—at least through considerable distances—without some external aid. Here the analogy of our ladies of the interior to the animals in question ceases.

The most important of all the preliminary ceremonies, is the obtaining of the requisite funds. The expense not only of travelling to the coast, but of the necessary accommodations there, must be cared for. This naturally raises a considerable difficulty, and tends to make the migration appear less like the result of a great and wide-spread impulse of instinct, than it would otherwise do. Proper means must be taken with husbands in order to realise the said funds, and sometimes this is a business not to be very easily or very quickly effected. Husbands, strange to say, are never prepared by the expense of one year for the expense of another. Though their wives have gone to marine quarters every year for six or ten in succession, they are never in the least less surprised at the next proposal to do the same thing. Thus the difficulty of getting them to produce the money, is every year as great as ever it was. It is the only thing upon which custom or habit has no effect. Ladies look upon this as a very unfortunate point in the gentleman character, and with good cause; but, as it seems constitutional, or at least quite inveterate, they must just make the best of it. A prudent wife knows that much may be done by judicious preparation. If she begin about the month of March to talk of sea-bathing quarters, the husband will be much less astonished when she makes the serious demand in June or July. His mind must be trained and indurated to the occasion. She must also be very sensible that it will not do to begin all of a sudden to speak of infirmities in her own health or in the health of the children, as reasons for going into marine quarters. That would raise objective suspicions at once. But if from time to time during the two months before the proper season, she should

occasionally complain on her own account, or deplore on account of the children, the affair will in the long-run appear unimpeachably natural and right; so that, whether she fail in her object or not, she will at least have been doing all that woman could do to make it succeed. If the winter has brought influenza or any other severe malady into the house, she will of course take care to make the proper use of it. The afflicted may have got well again, but she should always be of opinion that the *consequences* of it have never altogether been surmounted. A lingering cough in any of the youngsters will be of great use—or a bleared eye, or a general peepiness—or anything whatever that looks a little out-of-sortishly. It is, upon the whole, a fortunate provision of nature, that no family can ever be altogether so quite well, that some reason for sea-bathing or sea-air may not be found, always supposing that there be ingenuity in looking for it, and a little perseverance in making use of it. It is also a fortunate thing for wives bent on going to the coast, that no man is absolutely proof against being convinced that he is not quite well himself, however well he may be in reality. It is so agreeable to self-love to be told that one is a little ill, and to listen to the anxiety of a fond wife for one's recovery, that a Hercules in the pride of youthful health and vigour, who never knew so much as a headache in his days, could scarcely disallow the imputation. About March, therefore, it will be proper to begin to remark in the gentleman himself, a paleness, or a want of appetite, or some other error in the system, the result, evidently, of a close town-life and too great application to business. As the season approaches, it must be insinuated that a little relaxation, with change of scene and the sea-air, is absolutely indispensable to him—that, indeed, the proposed removal of the family to the coast is more desirable on his account than on either Jane's or Bobby's. Then the distance is so convenient, and the place so accessible by means of those steamers and omnibuses. He can always at least spend the Saturday afternoon and Sunday with the family, if not (this as it may happen) every

evening; and still he will be devoting full attention to business. It will be so pleasant to have walks in the cool evenings along the beach, and occasionally little boating excursions on the water. And the children will be so happy to amuse themselves on the sands with little wooden spades and wheel-barrows, and so delighted to see papa after a whole week's absence. And the whole affair will be of such advantage to him in refreshing both body and mind. He must have the health of a rhinoceros and the heart of a stone, who can resist such coddlings. But nobody can resist them. They are successful with the gentle and the rude alike. Many a bold patriot who spends his out-of-doors life in denouncing public errors, and seems as if all charming would be lost upon him, whose mind, in fact, appears capable of no feeling for anything but what is directly and rigidly useful, would be found, if traced to his home, yielding to such blandishments as these, and led along like a lamb in a string whithersoever his fair one may desire.

The passion or instinct which makes married women rush to the coast, is apt to be manifested in its most intense forms in cities and large towns, especially towns of business. There are quiet inland places where, though ailments are not wanting, the ladies do not seem to have been inspired with the disposition to take the same advantage of them. Yet in these quiet places there are sometimes found remarkable exceptions from the prevailing character. In a small inland town, some years ago, there lived a brewer's wife, a Mrs Brash, but commonly called Nell Brash, who was quite distinguished among her fellows for the practice she made of every summer proceeding to a certain seaport, and there enjoying the pleasures of a marine residence for several weeks, invariably without her husband. This honest man was a thin, timid person, who thought of nothing but his ale and his barrels, and was glad, for the sake of domestic peace, to allow his wife to do as she pleased. Mrs Nell, on the other hand, was a big, broad, middle-aged woman, in a prodigious printed gown and a vast imitation shawl, whose whole air bespoke

a vigorous character, and a resolution, as she went through the world, to live by the way. She was not by any means the only lady in the town who went to the coast, for several others indulged in that recreation occasionally, but she was decidedly the most regular in doing so, and the individual of all others who seemed to make it most a matter of principle. In Nell's case, there was no need for taking preliminary measures with the goodman. It was her own awful will to go to sea-lodgings, and that was enough. Off, accordingly, she went every June, taking with her such a quantity of baggage, that it almost seemed like a removal. When, as sometimes happened, the children of neighbours were intrusted to her charge, as a cheap means of giving them the benefit of sea-bathing, her march from home looked something like a convoy of merchantmen, or a caravan setting out across the desert. Nell's departure for the sea was quite an event in the summer annals of the town; a thing to be looked forward to and talked of for months; to be gazed at, at the time, as some great phenomenon; and to be the subject of discourse for all the rest of the year. Her set-out was in many respects plain enough, in conformity with the moderate circumstances of her husband; but even in a covered cart, her majestic bright-printed gown and grand old face had an impressive effect; while it was evident, from her numberless packages, and the cage of a favourite parrot which always travelled with her, that she was no ordinary person. On one occasion, Nell was, or thought herself, really ill, so that ordinary conveyances would not do. She was therefore constrained to travel by postchaises, of which no fewer than three were found necessary in twenty-five miles, on account of the crossness of the roads. On this occasion, she had not been two days in the place of her heart, when all the illness and depression of three months was dissipated, and Nell shone out as bright as ever. It was thought, however, by the people of the place, to whom she was as well known as to the people of her own town, that she might not have got well quite so soon, if it had

not been to shew off at a review of dragoons upon the sands. Nell's system of life, at her marine retreat, displayed nothing of that provisional character which so much marks country lodgings in general. No broken sets of tea-things, no living in double-bedded bedrooms, no self-service. Her lodging was as fully appointed in every respect as her own house; and she carried on with her neighbours the same interchange of civilities as at home. She paid and received visits, went to and gave parties, and even, it is said, on one occasion got up a kind of *rout*, to which the officers of a foot-regiment quartered in the town were invited. Nell's ordinary habits were entirely of the holiday kind which might be expected. Early in the forenoon, she went to the beach to bathe, and to souse the little girls who had been intrusted to her—a duty which she executed without any compunctious visitings respecting the feelings of the said little girls, some of whom would occasionally be seen flying half undressed along the sands, as hoping to escape the ruthless immersion, but pursued by her tall figure in a dark bathing-gown, like black Care pursuing its victims, and of course invariably caught, and skelped, and ducked without mercy. This business over, with all its squallings, plashings, and slobberings, she would have herself and all her *protégées* dressed in proper style, and would then walk out with them on the most public way she could find, where she bore no inapt resemblance to some great fat honest-like clocking-hen, followed by her birds. But 'twere long to tell all the flauntings and gallivauntings of this magnificent burgess wife. Hot affairs of tea and toast concluded days of gipsying and junketing; and it was rarely that she did not make up at least one match during her month's stay. Nell, alas! is now no more, and never can a certain sea-side village in Lothian know a more august or more welcome visitant.

After all, the women are in the right—when are they in the wrong?—about this same periodical migration to the sea-side. The ordinary current of busy life in large towns is too monotonous to be healthy or right; and it is

well that the ladies contrive, by this instinct of theirs, to break it up a little, and fret it with something of variety. If it depended upon the force of reason alone that city-pent men should take the air and exercise necessary for health, it would be taken by very few, and the worst consequences might be looked for. But, thanks to this instinctive proclivity of the fair sex towards the coast-towns, it is not left to reason. Willing or unwilling, fairly or unfairly, the ordinary system of the counting-house and the domestic board is annually deranged, and the men are compelled to take many long excursions which they never would otherwise take, and which cannot fail to prove highly beneficial to them. This is a point which might be further illustrated, and we would endeavour to do so, if we thought there was the least necessity for it. But the male part of creation need no such persuasives. It is a matter which may be safely left in the hands of their spouses. R. C.

JOHN MACTAGGART:

A HIGHLAND STORY.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, a decent Highlander of this name rented two farms upon the promontory of Kintyre, in Argyleshire—one of them an arable farm on the coast, and the other, a pasture farm on the high grounds about four miles distant. As might be expected from a man in such circumstances, John was a highly-respectable character. He had a wife and some sons and daughters, all of whom had arrived at maturity, and few men bore a better appearance at either kirk or market.

One snowy day in the winter of 1748, a young female, dressed in a style above the vulgar, but apparently travel-worn and weary, passed John's house upon the coast, and, contrary to the custom of wayfarers, did not come in

The circumstance excited some surprise in the inmates, who remarked that it was strange to see an individual of that kind travelling on such a day, and passing, without refreshment, the last house she would see for several miles. In the afternoon, as the storm seemed likely to be worse before it would be better, John thought it necessary to go up to his hill-farm to give some directions about saving the sheep. He set off two hours before night, mounted on his favourite gray mare; but though that animal had long been accustomed to all kinds of Highland weather, it was dusk before she had advanced half way up the moor, and the snow was then taking her up to the belly, and threatened to retard her further progress altogether. John began to feel himself in some danger; but yet his horse had so often served him in cases of peril, that he did not by any means despair.

While honest John was reflecting upon his own case, another of a much more hapless description was presented to his view. Almost at his horse's feet, cowering beneath a little bush, and half buried in the snow, lay the female who had been observed to pass his door in the course of the day. John instantly dismounted, and, raising the head of the unfortunate woman from the ground, learned, from a few whispered words of almost expiring anguish, that she was in a condition the most distressing that the imagination of the reader can conceive. 'Leave me, however,' she said in Gaelic, 'to the fate which I have provoked—for to me death is better than life.' John answered in a few soothing words, but found himself unable for a few moments to convey any hope that he could save the life of which she seemed so indifferent. To go either back or forward for assistance seemed in vain; for before he could expect to regain the spot, the wretched lady must have perished from cold, and probably would be buried deep in the snow. To remain with her seemed alike unavailing, for he could not expect to keep either her or himself in life for any considerable length of time in the midst of such a storm. If the reader will pause for a moment, and consider all

the circumstances of the case, he will feel that the perplexity must have been extreme; and perhaps he will hardly believe beforehand that any means of escaping from it was within the reach of the honest farmer.

A real exigency, however, will sometimes suggest expedients which no deliberate ingenuity could have devised. John instantly resolved upon a sacrifice which, in calm blood, hardly any sum of money could have tempted him to perform. With his *skene dhu* — an unclasped knife then worn by every Highlander—he cut the throat of his highly-valued mare, took out the entrails, and in the hollow of the warm carcass deposited the unhappy woman, now almost about to become a mother. Then stripping off his upper coat, which, as he remarked, was of no use to a traveller without a horse, he spread it over the lady; and having whispered to her an assurance that he would return with assistance, or himself perish in the attempt, he set off towards his hill-farm with all the speed that the nature of the way would admit of. As he had calculated, the snow was not so deep upon the high as on the low grounds, and he therefore reached his destination in about an hour

The whole strength of the household was immediately put in requisition for the benefit of the poor wanderer. The single female servant was left to prepare a warm bed for her reception, along with every other comfort which the establishment could furnish. Three shepherds, each provided with a blanket, and John himself, carrying that Highland catholicon, a bottle of whisky, boldly faced the storm, and after a toilsome march, reached the place where she lay. To the great joy of Mactaggart his expedient for preserving animation had been attended with success. Supported by the natural warmth of her rude receptacle, and protected both from the wind and the snow, the lady was still alive, though no doubt in a very precarious state. To the further joy of Mactaggart —as she murmured forth her thanks for his kind exertions, it was in such a tone as assured him that, in finding herself the object of such a providential deliverance, a

hope had been generated which promised to restore her to the *appreciation* of existence. With hands not the most gentle that could have been wished, but feelings the tenderest that could have been manifested, John, assisted by his shepherds, removed her from her place of shelter, and wrapped her carefully up in the blankets; after which a refreshment from the bottle was offered as kindly as it was thankfully accepted. She was then carried forward by two of the men, relieved by the third, while John himself piloted the way to the cottage. After a tedious march, in which the spirit of humanity and the spirit of barley conspired to sustain John and his men against every difficulty, the procession reached the house in perfect safety, where the lady was immediately placed in bed, and administered to after the manner proper to individuals in her situation.

Not long after her arrival she was delivered of a female child, and notwithstanding the absence of many comforts and appliances which, in the usual circumstances, are thought indispensable, both mother and daughter did well. In due time they were removed to the farm-house upon the coast, where her protector's family resided; and as the persons concerned were Highlanders, it is needless to say that she was treated by them with the greatest kindness, and welcomed to stay as long as she pleased. Though naturally anxious to be made acquainted with her history, neither Mactaggart nor his wife could venture to make any direct inquiries about it. They soon learned what, indeed, the lady herself was more anxious to communicate than they to learn, that she was a *wife;* but her superior manners and the mystery she assumed deterred them from asking further. For some months, though far from the despair in which she had been found by Mactaggart, she appeared in very low spirits; but the cloud gradually drew off, and after a twelvemonth's residence under the roof of her protector, she became as cheerful as she had formerly been dull. Before this time John had become excessively attached to his guest, and also to her child, whom he was the more inclined to cherish, in as far as

several of his own children at this time emigrated to America, along with a great number of his neighbours. His heart, indeed, was completely devoted to these two interesting strangers, while the lady, on her part, repaid his kindness with an affection only inferior to that of a daughter. One day, however, after she had been fifteen months in his house, she went out with her child in her arms, as if to take a walk, and to the inexpressible grief of Mactaggart, she never returned.

The story, reader, does not end here. Its conclusion was as remarkable in one respect as its commencement; and that we shall now give. In the first place, however, it must be explained that the lady was a daughter of Maclean of ——, in the island of Mull, privately wedded to a young gentleman, whose family residence was upon the opposite coast of Morven. Like Romeo and Juliet, these young persons had formed an attachment in defiance of an inveterate feud between their parents. When Stewart of —— learned the state of his son's affections, he hastily procured a commission for him in the navy, and had him sent off to the station at Minorca, before he could take any measures for acknowledging his bride. On this event, Flora Maclean confessed to her father that she had been secretly married to her lover; but the old man was so averse to an alliance with his rival and enemy, that he commanded her never to say a word of the circumstance, and when a rumour to that effect was circulated, took every opportunity of contradicting it. The passions of her father were of so dreadful a character that, though she soon after found herself in a condition which rendered the avowal of her marriage more than ever necessary, she durst not take any such steps. For some time she hoped that her lover might find some means of rescuing her, but in this she was cruelly disappointed. By the vigilance of her father every means which he took to correspond with her was balked. At length, confounded with the unusual distress into which she was plunged, without a friend to consult as to her future course, and desperate under the extreme cruelty

of her parent, she left her home, and wandered forth she knew not whither, and with no object but to perish in a land where she might be unknown.

Being rescued, in the manner already related, at once from death and from despair, she contrived while living under the roof of her deliverer to correspond with her husband. The elder Stewart in the meantime died, leaving his son to inherit his large estates in Morven and Breadalbane. The youth accordingly returned home, and, as had been concerted, his spouse at a certain time left the house of John Mactaggart, in order to meet him. The secret manner of her departure was the result of considerations arising rather from the artificial ideas of society than from natural feeling. Though grateful and affectionate in the highest degree to her kind protector, she feared to let her extraordinary story follow her into the sphere of life in which she was henceforth to move. Judging, therefore, that to inform Mactaggart of her intentions could not be done without the risk of a divulgement of her secret, she resolved that even he should never know whom he had saved—a resolution to be condemned as seemingly ungrateful, or at least partaking of false pride.

In thus going off in an unceremonious manner, the lady believed that her benefactor required no pecuniary remuneration for his kindness, which was true. Unfortunately, John Mactaggart was not destined to be always prosperous. Already deserted by all his children, who joined the tide of emigration then rolling towards North America, he endured a shock more severe than he could well endure in the loss of the lady and her child. His worldly wealth had been much diminished by the provisions he was required to make for his children; his own listlessness of mind tended further to injure his affairs; and finally, one or two bad seasons completely ruined him. Just at this crisis his wife died, and poor John was left quite alone in the world, to struggle in his old age with hardships he was ill able to endure. He then wandered from his home, with much the same

object as what had been once entertained by Flora Maclean — namely, to sink in some place where his poverty and misery would bring no discredit upon his name or kindred. As he afterwards confessed, he was not without money, but it was only enough to furnish the means of putting him under the earth without assistance from strangers — an object he cherished so warmly, that no extremity of want could have induced him to break in upon the little sum. His course was eastward into Perthshire, and for some days he wandered regardlessly on, receiving here and there food and lodging from people nearly as poor as himself. At length he was overtaken in Glendochart by a very severe snow-storm, with which he struggled for some hours till he was nearly exhausted. 'I once,' he thought to himself, 'saved a fellow-creature from dying in the snow: it now seems likely that such will be my own fate.' He was just about to give up all hope, when he arrived at the gate of a respectable mansion, and on applying for admission, was kindly received into the kitchen, and solaced with some warm soup by the cook. While he sat by the fire pondering on fancies all of which were bitter, a lady came down to give some household orders, attended by a girl of four or five years, who began to play about the kitchen. The lady, seeing the old man's eye fixed upon the child, asked if he had ever seen her before.

'Ay,' said Mactaggart in his native language, 'I have seen both you and her before: it was on a white day that I saw you first, but, alas! the blackest day to me that I ever knew.'

The lady was Flora Maclean, or, more properly, Mrs Stewart. Overcome by her feelings she screamed, and threw herself upon the bosom of her kind protector, where she remained for several minutes in a passion of tears. The noise brought her husband down to see what was the matter, and she speedily explained to him that this old man was he who had saved her own life and that of her child.

John Mactaggart spent all the remainder of his life in this happy mansion, to which he had been led in the very extraordinary manner we have described.

MONOMANIACS.

MONOMANIA is a curious form of mental disease. It is a species of derangement, in which one idea is always uppermost in the mind; and to that all must give way. A familiar and simple form of the delusion is ordinarily known as hypochondria, in which, through some kind of nervous derangement, a person imagines himself to be afflicted with an infirmity for which there is no substantial grounds. He thinks he has a heart-disease, and will be cut off suddenly one of these days; or he knows he has consumption, and cannot last long; or he is alarmed at every little pain, and is sure it means something very bad. But these are simple manifestations. The genuine hypochondriac, who has nursed his delusion till it becomes a settled monomania, believes the drollest things of himself. He thinks he is no longer a human being, and has become a teapot; or he is a hen, and wishes to sit on eggs to hatch chickens. In short, there is no end to such delusions. We once knew a man, sound in other respects, who believed that his legs were made of glass, and would break with the least touch. But this was nothing to what is related of a monomaniac by Pinel, a celebrated French physician; and an account of which appeared in the *Analyst*, a quarterly journal of science and literature, some years ago.

'This monomaniac was a Parisian watchmaker, who lived at the period of the Revolution of 1789. He was infatuated with the chimera of the Perpetual Motion, and to effect the discovery of this, he set to work with indefatigable ardour. From unremitting attention to the object of his enthusiasm, coinciding with the influence of revolu-

tionary disturbances, his imagination was greatly heated, his sleep was interrupted, and at length a complete derangement took place. His case was marked by a most whimsical illusion of the imagination: he fancied that he had lost his head upon the scaffold; that it had been thrown promiscuously among the heads of many other victims; that the judges, having repented of their cruel sentence, had ordered these heads to be restored to their respective owners, and placed upon their respective shoulders; but that, in consequence of an unhappy mistake, the gentlemen who had the management of that business had placed upon his shoulders the head of one of his unhappy companions. The idea of this whimsical change of his head occupied his thoughts night and day, which determined his friends to send him to the asylum. Nothing could exceed the extravagant flowings of his heated brain: he sang, he cried, or danced incessantly; and as there appeared no propensity to commit acts of violence or disturbance, he was allowed to go about the hospital without control, in order to expend, by evaporation, the effervescence of his spirits. "Look at these teeth!" he cried; "mine were exceedingly handsome; these are rotten and decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy; this is foul and diseased. What difference between this hair and that of my own head!"

'The idea of perpetual motion frequently recurred to him in the midst of his wanderings, and he chalked on all the doors or windows as he passed the various designs by which his wondrous piece of mechanism was to be constructed. The method best calculated to cure so whimsical an illusion appeared to be that of encouraging his prosecution of it to satiety. His friends were accordingly requested to send him his tools, with materials to work upon, and other requisites—such as plates of copper, steel, and watch-wheels. His zeal was now redoubled; his whole attention was rivetted upon his favourite pursuit; he forgot his meals, and after about a month's labour, which he sustained with a constancy that deserved a better success, our artist began to think that he had followed

a false route. He broke into a thousand fragments the piece of machinery which he had fabricated with so much toil, and thought, and labour, entered upon the construction of another upon a new plan, and laboured with equal pertinacity for another fortnight. The various parts being completed, he brought them together; he fancied that he saw a perfect harmony amongst them. The whole was now finally adjusted; his anxiety was indescribable—motion succeeded; it continued for some time, and he supposed it capable of continuing for ever. He was elevated to the highest pitch of enjoyment and triumph, and ran like lightning into the interior of the hospital, crying out like another Archimedes: "At length I have solved this famous problem, which has puzzled so many men celebrated for their wisdom and talents!" Grievous to state, he was disconcerted in the midst of his triumph. The wheels stopped! the "perpetual motion" ceased! His intoxication of joy was succeeded by disappointment and confusion; though, to avoid a humiliating and mortifying confession, he declared that he could easily remove the impediment; but, tired of that kind of employment, he was determined, for the future, to devote his attention solely to his business.

'There still remained another imaginary impression to be counteracted—that of the exchange of his head, which unceasingly occurred to him. A keen and unanswerable stroke of pleasantry seemed best adapted to correct this fantastic whim. Another convalescent, of a gay and facetious humour, instructed in the part he should play in this comedy, adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of the famous miracle of St Denis, in which it will be recollected that the holy man, after decapitation, walked away with his head under his arm, which he kissed and condoled with for its misfortune. Our mechanician strongly maintained the possibility of the fact, and sought to confirm it by an appeal to his own case. The other set up a loud laugh, and replied with a tone of the keenest ridicule: "Madman as thou art, how could St Denis kiss his own head? Was it with his heels!" This

equally unexpected and unanswerable retort forcibly struck the maniac. He retired confused amid the peals of laughter which were provoked at his expense, and never afterwards mentioned the exchange of his head.

'This is a very instructive case, inasmuch as it illustrates, in the clearest point of view, the moral treatment of the insane. It shews us the kind of mental remedies which are likely to be successful in the cure of disordered intellect. This disease was purely of the imagination, and the causes which produced it did not lie very deep, neither were they such as, under proper management, were likely to produce any permanent alienation of mind. An intense application to the more speculative parts of his trade had fixed his imagination upon the discovery of perpetual motion: mingling with this, when his judgment was half dethroned, came the idea of losing his own head, and getting a wrong one. And at a time when heads were falling indiscriminately around him, this second freak of the imagination, acting as a kind of interlude or by-play to the first, was one of the most natural that could be supposed. The ideas which produced this man's insanity were rather of a whimsical cast; springing from a mind of no great power, over which none of the passions appear to have exercised any marked or predominant sway.'

To these counsels we would add, that hypochondria and monomania are pretty much a result of leading a moping and retired life, in which the mind communes too much with itself. The preventive is out-door exercise, temperance, and a habit of mingling in the every-day world; for without this there can be no robustness of ideas. Nothing brushes away the cobwebs of the mind so effectually as the cheerful intercourse of society.

THE WALLACE OF SWEDEN.

Some three or four hundred years ago, the two small kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden were in a continual state of feud with each other, in much the same manner as England and Scotland used to be about the same period, and from very nearly the same causes. It was always a great object with the Danes to add Sweden to their monarchy—an arrangement which the Swedes by no means liked, but which they more than once had to submit to. Christian II., king of Denmark, usurped the Swedish crown in the year 1520, and was no sooner proclaimed king, than he set about destroying the dearly-cherished institutions of the country, and putting many of the noblest Swedes to death. One of his greatest atrocities was the beheading of ninety-four Swedish noblemen, in the course of a few days, in the market-place of Stockholm, besides consigning many more to dungeons in different parts of Denmark.

This conduct on the part of Christian was not relished by the people on whom he had imposed himself as king. They, very naturally, murmured at the loss of their liberty, and resolved on seizing the first favourable opportunity of restoring their national independence. It is to be remarked, that in almost all such cases of national disaster, whether in ancient or modern times, some daring spirit has arisen to combat with the usurper, and strike a patriotic blow for his unhappy country. Wallace of Scotland was one of these heroic men, and Sweden had such another, in the person of a young nobleman named Gustavus Vasa. This intrepid individual, who was a descendant of the old royal family of Sweden—a family which had enjoyed the sovereign power prior to the national misfortunes—was endowed with many excellent qualities of mind, and his handsome person and noble countenance prepossessed all in his

favour. His artless eloquence was irresistible; and his prudence was equalled by his courage and the boldness of his conceptions. Having made himself conspicuous by his endeavours to avert the thraldom of his country, he was seized by order of Christian, and lodged in a Danish prison. In the solitude of his dungeon, he resolved that he would deliver Sweden from the usurper. He first directed his attention to the gaining of his own personal liberty, which he at length with some difficulty effected, and forthwith fled in the disguise of a peasant, taking a path which led him back to his native country.

The adventures of Gustavus are now full of interest. The narrow escapes which he made from his enemies, who were everywhere searching for him, resemble more those of romance than the events of sober history. It is mentioned that he wrought for some time in the iron mines as a common labourer; but being very nearly discovered while in this situation, he consulted his safety by leaving the spot, and wandering towards the poor, hilly region of Dalecarlia, where he imagined he should find a secure retreat. The place to which he bent his steps was the residence of a disbanded military officer named Peterson, whom he had formerly known and benefited. 'Peterson—we here quote the account given by Sir Robert Ker Porter in his *Travels in Russia and Sweden*—Peterson received him with every mark of friendship, nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus than that prince was himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers, and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

'Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in the defence of his country, and endeavoured, by the most

impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompense for the personal risks he ran, to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Peterson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity: he named the gentlemen and the leading persons among the peasants whom he hoped to engage in the enterprise. Gustavus relied on his word, and, promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design in execution.

'It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this second Judas resolve to sacrifice his honour to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he went straight to one of Christian's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not courage to face his victim; and telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, who, he said, believed himself to be under the protection of a friend—shame to manhood, to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!—he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. "It will be an easy matter," said he; "for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus."

'Accordingly, the officer, at the head of a party of well-armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Peterson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man, in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her he came in King Christian's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed colour; she immediately guessed

the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise: "If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on the other side of the hill. Some of those soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him."

'The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner, and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and, catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice: "Unmannerly wretch! What! sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!" As she spoke she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side-door: "There, get into the scullery," cried she; "it is the fittest place for such company!" and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him, and shut the door. "Sure," added she, in a great heat, "never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!"

'The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account; but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour while she brought some refreshment. The Dane civilly complied—perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately hastened to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and, by means of a back-passage, conducted him in a moment to a certain little apartment, which projected from the side of the house close to the bank of the lake where the fishers' boats lay: she lowered him down the convenient aperture in the seat, and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence.'

After making this narrow escape, Gustavus was not long in effecting the independence of Sweden. He took the opportunity of a festival, at which the peasants of the canton assembled, and appeared in the midst of them.

His noble and confident air, his misfortunes, and the general hatred against Christian, all lent an irresistible power to his words. The people rushed to arms; the castle of the governor was stormed; and, emboldened by his success, the Dalecarlians—who may be called the Highlanders of Sweden—flocked together under the banners of the conqueror. From this moment, Gustavus entered upon a career of victory. At the head of a self-raised army, he advanced rapidly, and completed the expulsion of the enemy. The Estates first conferred upon him the title of administrator, and afterwards proclaimed him as king. Gustavus, however, was not ambitious of sovereignty, and would rather have remained an elective president, notwithstanding his claims of birth. It was not without a sufficient reason that he hesitated to accept the office of king. At this period (1523) Europe was torn with religious dissensions, and the reigning monarchs had an extremely delicate and difficult task in preserving a balance betwixt the advocates of the reformed doctrines and their adversaries. The behaviour of Gustavus upon this occasion is acknowledged to have been exceedingly prudent. He effected the establishment of reformed usages to the satisfaction of all parties. After performing this important duty, he perfected the legislation, formed by his taste and judgment the character of the nation, softened manners, encouraged industry and learning, and extended commerce. After a glorious reign of thirty-seven years, he died in 1560, at the mature age of seventy.

What became of Sweden after the death of this extraordinary man, is a question which may be asked. It continued a monarchy under his descendants till 1809, when the reigning monarch, Gustavus IV., was expelled from the kingly office for repeated acts of folly and bad government. A collateral branch of the family ascended the throne; but death carrying off the crown-prince, in 1810, the Estates made choice of Bernadotte, one of Bonaparte's generals, as sovereign, and this eminent individual became king of Sweden—which is now united

to Norway—under the title of Charles XIV. His son is now the reigning monarch. In the meanwhile, the expelled imbecile, Gustavus IV., became an eccentric religious fanatic, and for some years furnished amusement to the courtly circles of the continent. His son, we believe, is a lieutenant-colonel in the Austrian service, and takes the name of Gustavson.

YOUNG'S RESIDENCE ON THE MOSQUITO SHORE.*

Some fifteen years ago, a society under the name of the 'British Central American Land Company,' was formed for the purpose of carrying out a system of emigration to the Mosquito Shore—a tract of land south of the Gulf of Mexico, and nearly at the spot on which the unhappy settlement of Poyais was attempted to be made thirty-five years since. By the originators of this new scheme, the author of the narrative before us was appointed deputy-superintendent, and his duty, as he tells us, was 'to proceed with a few others to the Mosquito Shore, to form a settlement at Black River, about eighty miles from the central American port of Truxillo, in the state of Honduras, there to establish friendly relations with the people around, so that in time trade might be opened with the Spaniards in the interior, for the introduction and disposal of such British goods as they might be willing to take in exchange.'

With this sufficiently comprehensive commission, the deputy-superintendent sailed from Gravesend in July 1839, in the brig *Rose*, and after a stormy and far from agreeable passage across the Atlantic, came in sight of that great South American headland, Cape Gracias á Dios, near which the settlement was to be formed. As the

* *Narrative of a Residence on the Mosquito Shore, during the years* 1839, 1840, *and* 1841, by Thomas Young. London: Smith and Elder. 1842.

vessel approached the place of its destination, the weather, as a matter of course, became unpleasantly hot, and the land as it came into sight was so low, and so covered with dark-green vegetation, as to appear a very fit habitation for the insect whose name it appropriately bears. Landed in a boat from the brig, and surrounded by a parcel of natives half clothed, and speaking a jargon of broken English, picked up by their connection with Balize, the deputy-superintendent found things in a rude and unsatisfactory state, but much pleasure was manifested by the assembled Indians; and an Englishman, previously located near the spot, gave the party a hearty welcome. Having tracked his way through the thick brushwood, adorned with rich odorous plants, to a wigwam prepared for his reception, the deputy-superintendent attempts to give us some description of the country and its inhabitants. His story is terribly confused, but we shall try to make something of it.

The Mosquito Shore is that part of the coast of America lying within the tenth and fifteenth degree of north latitude, immediately south of the peninsula of Yucatan, and with a frontage to the Caribbean Sea. Whether it is pretendedly included in any of the new Spanish-American republics, we are unable to say: practically, it is an independent state, under the rule of a native king, half barbarian, half Anglo-creole, named Robert Charles Frederic, a gentleman who, we are informed, received his education in Jamaica, wears a naval officer's uniform, and is friendly to the English. It is stated that he owns allegiance to the British government, but this is not clearly made out; and it only appears that his majesty considers himself in some way under British protection, the fear of his country falling into the hands of the neighbouring Spaniards most likely leading him to make this concession of supreme authority to a friendly power. The English settlements at Balize, and one or two other parts of the coast of Honduras, a short way to the north, formed and supported to aid the shippers of mahogany, further lead to this good-will and submission of the chief of

the Mosquitos. A few days after their arrival, the deputy-superintendent and his companions were visited by the king, accompanied by a number of soldiers and quarter-masters. 'On being presented, and delivering our credentials and gifts, he appeared highly delighted, and taking each of us by the hand in turn, said slowly and distinctly: "You are my very good friend;" altogether, he made a most favourable impression.' A day or two afterwards, a native, named Deverin, who had been guilty of killing Lyndia, an aunt of the king, was seized and brought to justice.

'The next morning the trial commenced before three magistrates and the king; all the white people at the Cape, and several natives, attended. The king was dressed in his plain clothes, but had his naval sword and hat with him. He listened attentively, and repeatedly testified his pleasure at having the prisoner tried in the English fashion. A jury having been formed, and a person well acquainted with the language appointed as interpreter, several witnesses fully proved that the prisoner had maliciously shot Lyndia, the king's aunt. He said nothing in his defence. He was, therefore, after a patient investigation in the open air, under some cocoa-nut trees, unanimously found guilty by the jury, and sentenced to be hanged. To this sentence the natives around shewed no symptom of dissent or dissatisfaction. The prisoner betrayed no emotion, but simply requested that the sookeah woman (native doctor), who advised him to the deed, might be sent for. Messengers were immediately despatched, who soon returned bringing the wretched woman, who had by her advice brought the prisoner to an untimely end. After a long conversation, the king started up, saying angrily: "Let the woman go! —take the man away—to-morrow he dies!" Next day, accordingly, the execution took place; the king at the same time causing it to be proclaimed, that any of his people who did wrong, should be hung, and warning them to beware of putting faith in, or following the bad advice of, the sookeahs.' This circumstance gives a favourable

idea of the king's sense of justice, and wish for the civilisation of his people.

The Mosquitos are described as a courageous tribe of Indians, susceptible of cultivation, and desirous of carrying on an intercourse with British traders; but at present degenerating, from the great increase of drunkenness and the want of good example; 'and such is their degraded condition, that, in a few generations, there will be but few left.' The Mosquitos are also gradually disappearing before the Caribs, an exotic race, who have obtained settlements in the country, and are peaceful, ingenious, and industrious; many carrying on considerable plantations of the sugar-cane and tobacco, and others engaging in useful handicrafts. 'The men can hew and plant, hunt and fish, erect a comfortable house, build a good boat, make the sails, &c.; some are capital tailors, and others good carpenters; altogether, there cannot be a more useful body of men. They often go to the various mahogany works about Roman River, Lymas River, Truxillo, or Balize, and hire themselves as mahogany-cutters, for which, by their strength and activity, they are well fitted: they hire for five or six months, sometimes longer, for eight to twelve dollars per month, and rations. I have known some Caribs of superior manual power, and who understood the whole routine of mahogany-cutting, obtain as much as fifteen and sixteen dollars per month. On the expiration of their engagement, they return to their homes, laden with useful articles, and invariably well dressed. I saw a Carib, belonging to Cape Town, that had just returned from Balize, who sported a pair of cloth boots, a white hat, black coat, white trousers, a fancy-coloured shirt, a pair of splendid braces, and an umbrella.'

In exchange for their labour, sarsaparilla, and provision stuffs, the Mosquitos, Caribs, and another peculiar race called the Sambos, would gladly take strong linens, called osnaburgs, printed calicoes, and handkerchiefs, ribbons, thread, needles, tapes, hooks, looking-glasses, beads, combs, clasp-knives, gunpowder, pipes, and a variety of other articles.

Our author proceeds northward to Black River, along the coast, here dotted with small islands or keys, some of which are inhabited, and very fertile. In his voyage he passes Poyais—a tract of land now termed the province of Victoria, part of which has been purchased and granted by Robert Charles Frederic to the British Central American Land Company. Fort Wellington, the company's settlement at Black River, is backed by impenetrable thickets, and much swampy land; with rivers full of alligators, the woods plenteously supplied with venomous reptiles, sand-flies, and mosquitoes. Hence, the country in this quarter is somewhat uncomfortable to European constitutions: intermittent fevers are troublesome, but, unless with 'free livers,' they seldom terminate fatally. The trees in the country are magnificent, and would afford any quantity of the finest mahogany.

The deputy-superintendent next visits Roatan or Rattan, an island of about forty miles in length, lying off the coast; the land is good, and the vegetation luxuriant. Here the author falls in with what is pretty common in all parts of the earth—a Scotsman, who, like a second Robinson Crusoe, has squatted in the island, and formed a very agreeable clearing, plantain-walks, and provision-grounds. 'Having a large family, he finds them of the greatest service: his two eldest sons, young men, hunt, fish, and attend to the plantations, while other boys and girls are fast growing up to render him essential aid; he himself being occupied in building a small schooner for sailing to and from Balize. I was much pleased with this family, so firmly knit and bound together, and apparently so contented. He invited me to breakfast, his sons having just brought in a fine wild hog, part of which was soon cooked, and ready for us. We sat down to a bountiful repast — wild-hog meat, peas, plantains, and coffee sweetened with boiled sugar-cane juice.' There are altogether about 200 inhabitants on the island, which is more salubrious than the mainland, and has many fine harbours.

Soon after his arrival at Black River, it was determined to ascend that and the Polyer River to visit the Polyer Indians in the upper country. The voyage led to a knowledge of various fertile and beautiful tracts of land, here and there covered with many fine trees, useful for building purposes. 'On arriving at the Embarcadero, we met with new scenery; high rocks on the banks, on which grew mahogany and other trees of a large size, while the bed of the stream was studded with rocks just under water, so that caution was required to prevent our frail pitpans from striking against them, as we poled or paddled along. Proceeding some distance, we came to a small creek leading to the pass over the mountains to the Indian town; the water being very shallow, our pitpans, or rude boats, were hauled up the meandering stream, till we came to a high stony bank, where we encamped for the night, perfectly free from annoying insects of every kind, all that appeared of the insect tribe being small ants, and the indefatigable little stingless bee. Our situation was replete with interest, encamped as we were on a high rock, with the gushing stream leaping under us, and the broad face of the moon shining upon us. We sat up late that evening; started for the Indian town at daylight; and after three hours' hard travelling through a narrow pass, over high hills, crossing brooks up to our loins, we arrived there. The Indian town, to my astonishment, was comprised in one large house of an oval form, about eighty-five feet in length, and thirty-five feet in breadth, in which all the natives resided truly in the patriarchal style. Crickeries were erected all around close to each other, separated by two or three cabbage boards, each family having one of these compartments. At one side of the house a place was divided off, about sixteen feet by ten feet, and hidden from view by green leaves, which were replenished as fast as they faded.

'On our entrance, the women were busily occupied—some pounding cassada and Indian corn together, boiling it, and making it into a beverage called *oulung;* some preparing cassada for bread in the morning; others

rubbing cacao and squeezing sugar-cane; the whole under the management of the chief's wife—the chief, who is called by the English name of officer, being absent. Having partaken of a couple of fowls, some cassada and plantains, cacao and boiled cane-juice, prepared for us by these kind people, we betook ourselves to repose. Early in the morning, whilst in my hammock, an Indian woman timidly touched me, saying: "Englis," at the same time presenting me with a hot roll of bread, nicely done up in fresh leaves; another soon came to me with a bundle of oulung; and so it continued until I had three or four bundles of oulung, and nine large rolls of bread. In return, I presented them with a little tobacco, some needles, and salt, and gave a clasp-knife to the officer's wife. Soon after, I was agreeably surprised by several of the men arriving from the plantations loaded with sugar-cane, plantains, cacao, &c. which we very willingly received in exchange for a few hooks, needles,' &c.

After staying a short time with the Indians, the party returned down the river to Fort Wellington, much entertained with watching the great flights of green and yellow-tailed parrots, the numbers of which are incredible. Other two species of birds were observed with much interest: of these birds, called the *cricum* and *sumpeke*, the following remarkable manœuvres were noticed:—'In walking by the side of a lagoon, a small white bird, the cricum, is seen skimming along the surface of the water, now ascending, and anon darting downwards with its body half under water, for its fishy prey; at length its unwearied efforts are successful, and it flies rapidly away with some struggling fish in its mouth. In a short time, a speck appears in the clear blue sky; nearer and nearer it approaches; till the cricum's mortal enemy, the sumpeke, appears plainly in view in chase. At this period, the scene becomes highly interesting; the cricum using all its art to escape, sometimes ascending higher and higher, at other times darting to and fro with great velocity, then flying in rapid circles, but all in vain; the sumpeke gains the ascendancy, poises itself for a moment, and "with one

fell swoop" seizes the screaming cricum, which in its terror drops the fish; downward darts the sumpeke, and before the fish regains its native element, it is caught and speedily devoured: thus the plunderer is plundered. Away flies the poor cricum, glad to escape from its tormentor; again it skims the surface of the water; again it seizes its fishy prey, and is again compelled to give it up to superior strength and power. The sumpeke is called by us the man-of-war bird; I know not the English name of the other.'

We need not follow the writer of the narrative further, but come at once to the winding-up of the expedition in which he was concerned. By a concurrence of bad management, and unforeseen misfortunes, the initiatory colony fell into disorder; and when, in 1841, the brig *Rose* arrived with a cargo of emigrants, 'instead of Fort Wellington being a settlement and a hostlery of new-comers, it was completely disorganised, and with barely the necessaries of life.' The long-expected vessel was filled with provisions, goods, sheep, hogs, goats, dogs, turkeys, ducks, fowls, &c.; it had also thirty-seven English and Spanish passengers: but disease and death had fastened on the unfortunate brig, and the very elements joined in the work of destruction. When approaching the land, a storm rose and dashed the vessel on the beach, a mass of useless lumber. Goods and stores were saved, while those passengers who escaped became the prey of typhus and other disorders. Mr Houghton, the new superintendent, 'a fine young man, died within five weeks, his death being occasioned by over-anxiety, exertion, and exposure to the sun: with deep anguish did we witness his premature end, and read the beautiful funeral service over this promising young gentleman. Another followed —another—and another, until eight had gone to their final rest. The others fled, panic-stricken, some *viâ* Truxillo to England, some to Roatan,' &c. So ended this scheme of settlement on the Mosquito Shore, which we trust no company of speculators will again attempt to colonise; and the result may well serve to shew how

useless it is for persons without discrimination, judgment, perseverance, and sufficient means, to leave their homes for this ill-fated country.

JUDICIAL TORTURE IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

In the opinion of Sir Edward Coke, torture for confession was held to be forbidden by that part of the Magna Charta which asserts that no freeman can be injured in his person in any way except by the legal judgment of his equals (a jury) or by the law of the land. Whether it was so or not, torture continued to be used in England for many centuries after the celebrated convention of Runnymede. During the reigns of the Tudors, in particular, it was often employed on very slight occasions. Bacon relates of Queen Elizabeth, that, when she could not be persuaded that a book was really written by the person whose name it bore, 'she said with great indignation, that she would have him racked to produce his author. I replied: "Nay, madam, he is a doctor; never rack his person; rack his style: let him have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue his story, and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author."' We are told by King James himself, in his account of the Gunpowder Conspiracy, that the rack was shewn to Guy Fawkes on his examination; and that it was employed at a later period of his reign, is shewn by a warrant of the privy-council, dated in February 1619, and addressed to the Lieutenant of the Tower, commanding that officer to examine Samuel Peacock, suspected of high treason, 'and to put him, as there shall be cause, for the better manifestation of the truth, to the torture, either of the manacles or the rack.'* But in 1628, when a proposal was made

* *Archæologia*, x.

to cause Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, to discover his accomplices, the judges declared that, consistent with law, torture could not be used for that purpose; and it was never afterwards employed in England.

In Scotland, the extortion of confession by this abominable means was a regular portion of the judicial powers. In his work on the *Criminal Law of Scotland*, Sir George Mackenzie has a whole chapter 'Of Torture,' shewing that the privy-council, or the supreme judges, could only use the rack; how those were punished who inflicted torture unjustly; and who were the persons that the law exempted; and he insists that all lawyers were of opinion that, even after sentence, criminals might be tortured for the discovery of their accomplices. The same view is taken by Lord Stair, a lawyer of liberal politics. The most conspicuous instrument of torture used in Scotland was one called the boots, or, as it is usually spelled in old law-books and warrants, the *buits;* which consisted of an oblong square box, firmly hooped with iron, and open at both ends, having loose plates in the inside, and which could be put upon the leg of the criminal or witness proposed to be examined. When the leg was insinuated into this instrument, wedges were put between the loose plates and the solid frame of the box, and while the executioner stood ready with a mallet in his hand, the judge repeated his hitherto unavailing question. At every refusal of the prisoner to confess, the mallet descended with force upon one of the wedges, so as to squeeze the limb; and this was sometimes done so frequently, that not only the blood would flow, but the very marrow be pressed from the bone. We read that, in 1596, the son and daughter of a woman accused of witchcraft were put to the torture to make her confess: the former suffered *fifty-seven* strokes of the hammer in the boots, the mother remaining obdurate all that time. The torture of the daughter, who was only seven years old, was by *pilniewinks;* an instrument of which the exact nature is not now understood, though it may be safely supposed to have referred to the little fingers, as the word is still used in Scotland to describe that diminutive mem-

ber. In the record of the same case, mention is made of *caspitaws* or *caspicaws*, and of *tosots*, as instruments of torture. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, witches were tortured in various ways, by judges, clergymen, and private individuals; but our remarks are for the present confined to the instruments used in the higher courts, and on the more solemn judicial occasions.

After the Restoration, when severe measures became necessary to support a government so opposed in every relation to the spirit of the Scottish people, the torture was used with a frequency unknown before, being applied in the examination of every prisoner who was suspected of possessing useful information. The gentle Hugh M'Kail, while under trial for having accompanied the Pentland insurgents as a clergyman, in 1666, was put into the boot, with the view of eliciting what he might know concerning a suspected plot. Eleven strokes were dealt to him, so as nearly to crush his limb to pieces, though the meek sufferer protested before God, that he could say no more than he had done, though all the joints in his body were in as great torture as his poor leg. After all this suffering he was condemned to death. The boots were used almost exclusively for such purposes till towards the close of the reign of Charles II., when a new and equally efficient instrument, which had the advantage of being less brutal in appearance, was introduced by General Dalyell, who had seen it used in Russia, during the time when he was in the service of Alexis Michaelowitsch.* It was called the *thumbikens*, and consisted of two pieces of iron, the upper of which could be pressed downwards upon the lower by means of a screw, so as to squeeze the thumbs of the prisoner.† The first person upon whom it was tried was one William Spence, a servant of the unfortunate Earl of Argyle, who had previously endured the boot, without making the desired confessions respecting the concern of his master in the Rye-house Plot. This poor

* *Fountainhall's Decisions.*

† A print, accurately representing it, is given in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, 1817.

man, being found peculiarly obstinate, is said to have been put into a hair shirt, pricked, and kept from sleep for nine nights—and all this under the domestic superintendence of a member of the privy-council! Every other means having failed, the thumbikens were brought into play; his thumbs were crushed beneath the merciless instrument, and still he held out. It was only by the threat of a new application of the boot that he was finally brought to the terms of his inhuman persecutors. An act was at this time passed by the privy-council, stating, that 'whereas there is now a new invention and engine called the *thumbikens*, which will be very effectual to the purpose and intent foresaid [that is, to force the confession of the particulars useful to the government], the lords do therefore ordain, that, when any person shall by their order be put to the torture, *the boots and thumbikens both be applied to them*, as it shall be found fit and convenient.'

In giving an account of the efforts of the Earl of Perth to recommend himself to the favour of the Duke of York, with the view of being made Chancellor of Scotland, Bishop Burnet gives some curious information respecting the use of the torture. 'When any are to be struck in the boots,' says he, 'it is done in presence of the council, and upon that occasion almost all offer to run away. The sight is so dreadful, that without an order restraining such a number to stay, the board would be deserted. But the duke, while he had been in Scotland, was so far from withdrawing, that he *looked on all the while with an unmoved indifference; and with an attention, as if he had been looking on some curious experiment.* This gave a terrible idea of him to all who observed it, as of a man that had no bowels or humanity in him. Lord Perth, observing this, resolved to let him see how well qualified he was to become an inquisitor-general. The rule about the boots was, that, upon one witness and presumption together, the question might be given; but it was never known to be twice given, or that any other species of torture beside the boots might be used at pleasure. In the courts of inquisition, they do, upon suspicion, or if a

man refuses to answer upon oath as he is required, give him the torture, and repeat it, and vary it, as often as they think fit, and do not give over till they have got out of their mangled prisoners all that they have a mind to know from them. This Lord Perth now resolved to make his pattern,' &c. The bishop then proceeds to describe the variety of tortures applied to Spence, as above related.

Another of the persons seized on suspicion of a concern in the Rye-house Plot, was the celebrated William Carstairs, subsequently Principal of the College of Edinburgh, and the depositary of the confidence of King William III. respecting the government and crown patronage of Scotland. This young clergyman, being supposed to possess very valuable information, was brought before the privy-council, on the 5th of September 1684, and asked by the Earl of Perth if he would answer upon oath such questions as should be put to him. He boldly answered, that, if any accusation were brought against himself, he would do his best to answer it, but he positively refused to say anything respecting others. He was asked if he had any objections to be put to the torture! and replied that he could not but protest against a practice that was a reproach to human nature, and as such had been banished from the criminal courts of every free country. The executioner was then brought forward with the thumbikens, and the screw pressed so hard, that, according to Burnet, it could not be relaxed till the smith who had manufactured the instrument was brought with his tools to undo it. During this horrid interval, the face of the prisoner was suffused with perspiration, and the Earl of Queensberry and Duke of Hamilton, overcome by their feelings, rushed from the room. Perth, however, sat still, without betraying the least emotion. On the contrary, when Carstairs exclaimed that he believed the bones to be broken to pieces, his lordship told him he hoped to see every bone in his body broken to pieces, if he should continue obstinate. Having kept his victim under this terrible torture for an hour and a half, without producing any confession, the chancellor ordered the boots

to be applied; but owing to the inexperience of the executioner, he was balked in this design, and Mr Carstairs was finally remanded without further injury.

Under the threat of a renewal of his sufferings, and the assurance, ratified by a decree of court, that whatever he told should not be employed against any individual, this gentleman subsequently communicated a few particulars, by which he saved himself, but which were used, without scruple, as an *adminicle of proof* against the unfortunate Baillie of Jerviswood. Carstairs, however, received much approbation from his party for his general conduct throughout the whole of these trying circumstances. He possessed at this time some secrets of great importance, which had been intrusted to him by Fagel, the celebrated Dutch minister, and a divulgence of which would have not only saved him from every other question, but procured him some considerable benefits from the government. From his concealing these, Fagel, as he himself assured Burnet, saw how faithful Carstairs was, and this was the foundation of the extraordinary confidence afterwards reposed in him by William III., who made him virtually, if not nominally, the viceroy of Scotland.

It is worthy of remark, that, after the Revolution, when Carstairs had come into high power, the privy-council, then composed of different persons, presented to him the identical instrument by which he had been so severely tortured a few years before. It is related that, being one day at court, the king said to him: 'I have heard, principal, that you were tortured with something they call thumbikens: pray what sort of an instrument of torture is it?' 'I will shew it you,' answered Carstairs, 'the next time I have the honour to wait on your Majesty.' The principal was as good as his word. 'I must try them,' said the king: 'I must put in my thumbs here: now, principal, turn the screw. Oh, not so gently—another turn—another —Stop! stop! no more: another turn, I am afraid, would make me confess anything.'

It is curious to know that the addition of the thumbikens to the torturing apparatus of the privy-council gave a

shock to public feeling, and would have fixed some opprobrium upon the members of that all-powerful body, if they had not contrived thereby to gain a few confessions—success thus covering in some measure the atrocity of the means. We are indebted for this information to the painstaking Lord Fountainhall, who very coolly adds, that, in some of these successful cases, the thumbikens had proved their efficiency over the boots, *because tried upon persons having small legs.* It is not the least interesting circumstance connected with what is here related, that, after the Revolution, when Carstairs, and other sufferers under the iniquitous government of the latter Stuarts, were elevated to places of deserved honour, with the enjoyment of the highest popularity, the Earl of Perth was visited by a punishment, irregular it is true, and reprehensible in as far as it partook of popular violence and tyranny on the part of the government, but yet only a natural retribution in the course of circumstances for his odious cruelty. Leaving his house in Edinburgh a prey to the populace, and trembling for his life, he embarked in a small vessel at Burntisland, designing to follow King James to France. The vessel became an object of suspicion to some individuals at the neighbouring sea-port of Kirkcaldy, from which a boat was immediately launched with an armed company, and, the earl being overtaken, was detected under a mean disguise, stripped of everything he had, and thrown into the common prison of the latter burgh. There was not now a more wretched or abject man in the kingdom than he who had lately held its highest state-office. It appears to have been with some difficulty that he was rescued from the populace, and immured by the new government in Stirling Castle, where he endured a contemptuous captivity of four years, after which he became a fellow-exile with his unhappy master.

Notwithstanding that King William would appear to have been made acquainted with the nature of the torture used in Scotland, his accession did not produce an abandonment of the disgraceful practice. In the *Claim of Right* framed by the Scottish parliament in April 1689, it

is only declared that the using of torture, without evidence, or in ordinary crimes, is contrary to law. It requires no elaborate commentary to prove that, when there was evidence of extraordinary crimes, torture might still be lawfully used in Scotland, subsequently to the Revolution. There is at least one case in which the thumbikens were employed under the sign-manual of the new sovereign. This was the case of Neville Penn or Payne, the person to whom George Duke of Buckingham addressed his *Essay on Reason and Religion.* He was accused of having gone to Scotland to form a Jacobite plot, and was accordingly by virtue of the king's warrant, put to the thumbikens, but without making any disclosure. This was probably the last occasion of the use of torture in our country; but it was not till the year 1708, when the legislature of England and Scotland had become one, that the practice was theoretically abolished. An act of the British parliament, passed in that year for improving the union of the two kingdoms, was the legal deathblow of the system, by enacting, among other beneficial regulations, that no person accused of any crime in Scotland should thenceforward, under any circumstances, be liable to the torture.

ENSIGN MARTYN'S FIRST SCRAPE.

I WAS just nineteen when I saw myself gazetted to an ensigncy in Her Majesty's ——th Highlanders. What a proud day that was for me! My kind, good parent, gave me *carte blanche* on that prince of all tailors, Buckmaster, and I hastened up to London, determined to avail myself of it to the utmost. My outfit was splendid. My epaulets would have suited a captain; my claymore was at least three inches longer, and my satin scarf six inches wider than the regulation: and I sent to Scotland for a Cairngorm brooch, as large as a saucer, to loop the

latter up with. Before I had time to shew off in my uniform, I was ordered to join the depôt of my regiment —then, alas! entombed in the depths of Ireland. With many a sigh I was obliged to relinquish dear Cheltenham in all its gaiety. One consolation, however, remained, which was—the certainty that my departure would occasion the most profound grief to some half-a-dozen belles. On my arrival in Dublin, I devoted a few days to see all that was to be seen, and then started to join my depôt, which was quartered in Birr, or Parsonstown, as it is sometimes called, chiefly celebrated for a huge statue of the famous Duke of Cumberland, and a superabundance of young unmarried ladies. I was agreeably disappointed in the barracks, which are handsome and commodious. In truth, I must confess I had landed on the Green Isle with not a few of the English prejudices which are so generally entertained against Ireland. I was received with the utmost cordiality by my brother-officers, and for many weeks could not help feeling a slight degree of pride when a soldier saluted me. The well-appointed mess, too, had its charms, where all was light-hearted gaiety and badinage.

About a month after I had joined, I received by post the following letter:—

'STOKWELL STREET, *Glasko.*
July 3d, 1839.

MY DEREST LUVE—A glad and a happie woman was I to sea you had suckseded in yure endeevors to get the apointmant you have bene so long trying about. Yure own name, two, in print. Yure mother was sore overcome with the joy. But just to think you ar at last an offisher. Wel, William dere, you were in the rite, I now sea, insteed of stayin hear, drawin teeth for a sixpense, and bleedin and blisterin for sometimes naething at al. I wood have wrote to you long ago, but thot you wood like some littel time to settel down, and get things made cumfortabel for mee in baraks. Rite to mee, my dere husband, and say when I am to cum to you, for I am weerying to sea you once more; four yeres is a long time

to leeve yure wife and bairns; but as our neeybor Jenny Haivers sais, a' is for the best. Yure mother is quite wel; only her site not quite as it used to bee. No more at present, but hopping too here from you sune.—Yure luving wife, til deth, ISABELLA MARTIN.

The babby's ar wel.'

This elegant epistle, directed to Mr William Martin, Esq. ——th regiment, Parsonstown, was folded in a most original manner, and closed with a red wafer, which bore the unique and humble impression of a thimble. I examined the precious *morceau* minutely, and was not long in determining from whom it came. 'Some more of Lacy's confounded tricks: another of his numerous hoaxes,' I exclaimed; and I resolved to answer it in manner conforming. As nearly as I can recollect, I wrote as follows:—

'ADORABLE ISABELLA — Your letter has given the greatest pleasure to your too long separated husband. Come, dearest, immediately, and complete my happiness. Without thee, life even in a barrack-room—embellished as it always is with unpapered walls, two wooden chairs, one small table, and half a poker—could not be long supportable. In the midst of my brother-officers, a set of unfeeling youths, who dance, ride, fish, shoot, and smoke cigars, without a single thought of matrimony, I only sigh and think of thee—thee whose elegance and accomplishments I have never seen equalled in all my wanderings. Come, then, my angel, and never more be parted from—Your ever-affectionate husband,

WILLIAM MARTYN.

Mrs William Martin, Stockwell Street, Glasgow.'

This rhapsody I carefully consigned to the letter-sergeant, being quite confident it would soon find its way back to the author of Isabella's fond effusion. At mess that evening I fancied I detected a lurking smile of intelligence pass between Lacy and Power: I kept my own counsel, however, quite pleased with having paid them off with their own coin. A few weeks elapsed,

and the angelic, deserted Isabella and her epistle had been consigned to oblivion; when, very early one morning, Duval, my Swiss valet, entered my bedroom, and with an expression of curious and unwonted meaning, announced that a lady desired to see me.

'A lady wishing to see me?' I cried—'a lady wishing to see *me*, and at this time in the morning? Impossible!'

'*Vraiment!*' exclaimed Duval, with that indescribable shrug with which foreigners contrive to convey volumes. He was evidently highly elated at the unexpected honour done me, and kept bustling about, arranging, rearranging, folding, and unfolding, every article of my toilet, appendages, and uniform.

Recovering, by an effort, my composure and breath, I desired Duval to look out my most becoming morning costume, restricting his services to last twenty minutes. [I may, by the way, remark, and every ensign in Her Majesty's service should profit by the hint, that it is invariably the best plan to allow your valet to choose your dress. For his own sake, he will take care to dress you well.] Of my four morning-gowns, he selected a rose-coloured satin one. An embroidered dove-coloured cashmere waistcoat and velvet slippers completed a costume which *he* deemed worthy of the occasion. Entering my sitting-room, I gave one hasty glance at a rich silk dress, blushed (remember I was but nineteen), made a profound bow, and handed the lady a chair. But instead of quietly seating herself, she rushed towards me with the energy of a dancing-bear, and the rapidity of the Falls of Niagara, and giving me a warm embrace, exclaimed: 'Dear, dear Wully!' in a tone and with an accent the vulgarity of which was unequalled. Judge of my astonishment! It was too dreadful. I extricated myself as well as I could, and sunk half fainting on the nearest chair. The idea rushed into my mind that, in my apartment, and in *propria persona*, there was present—she of the well-spelt letter. It had not been a trick after all! An instant sufficed to make me fully sensible of the awkward scrape into which I had got, and at least a

portion of its consequences, including the merciless jokes to which it would necessarily subject me at mess, and the more grave regard which it might attract from my commanding-officer. I mentally execrated the rash folly of answering such a letter in such a style, and groaned to think that I was only made aware of this by experience.

'Eh, Wully, how very braw ye've turned sin' ye was made an offisher! but I daursay ye'll no deny that I'm weel put on mysel, and fit to be seen as your wife ony day. My freends saw to that before I cam awa, for we had mair sense than no ken that ye wad like to see me decent-like when ye introduissed me to your brother offishers and their leddies. Eh, truly, how glad I am to be here at last, and see my ain Wully again!'

Such was the address of my fair visitor as she possessed herself of my easy smoking-chair, and arranged herself in it with an air of the greatest possible freedom. Though nigh confounded with the horror of the occasion, I could not help taking a hasty glance of the being who seemed to have come on purpose to torment me, and beheld a coarse woman about thirty, overloaded with diverse-coloured finery, and bearing an aspect in which vulgarity was strangely relieved by an appearance of eccentricity. She had a large face, of fair complexion, slightly marked with small-pox, no eyebrows or lips, but a profusion of wiry ringlets; and I could observe, even at that moment, that while all the rest of her clothes were of silk, she wore white woollen stockings and thick-soled shoes. She was evidently a woman of humble rank, and, I made no doubt, had actually been deserted by some sort of husband; but then I—unfortunate I, William Martyn, Esquire, of Her Majesty's ——th—was not the man!

'Madam,' said I, 'this seems to be a strange mistake on your part'—— But ere I could complete the sentence—

'Oh, nae mistak' ava,' she broke in. 'How can ye gang, Wully, to say that? Hae I no been sair eneuch tried already by your leaving me sae lang wi' the bairns, and are ye no gaun to be kind to me noo, and mak a' odds evens?'

'But, madam, you are mistaken, if you suppose me to be your husband. I never saw you in my life before: and you must or ought to know, from my appearance, that I am not the man.'

'Eh, did ony body ever hear the like o' that?' she exclaimed; 'to gang and say that you are no my man after a'! The very bairn here—our ain young Wully—wad ken ye, let-a-bee mysel, if it hadna been that he was only a sookin' wean when ye gaed awa.' And here she pointed to a member of the company whom I had not before observed—namely, a boy of about five years old, who was making strenuous efforts to get hold of my epaulets, as they lay on the table, fortunately beyond his reach.

'If this is your son, ma'am,' said I, 'I think he is rather a witness against than for you, as he shews that it must be several years since you were married. Now, I am only nineteen last birthday, and so far from being married years ago, I do not intend to be married for years to come.'

'Ah, but ye're my ain Wully for a' that,' said she: 'nae doot something different fra what ye was whan ye keepit the 'pothecary shop i' the Stockwell; but then it's only your braws that hae changed ye. We a' ken that fine feathers mak fine birds, and that, in fack, as Jenny Haivers says, dress is everything. I'm no sure but some o' my ain auld neebors wad scarcely ken me, noo that I'm a dressed-up offisher's leddy. But ye've just the same bonny dark hair and whuskers that ever ye had, and the vera same rollin ee that first wan my puir virgin heart, waes me, that hae been a deserted meeserable woman for four lang year for want o' ye. Ah, Wully, it was an ill turn to gang awa leavin wife and bairns to tak care o' theirsels, and scarcely write a scrape o' a pen to me sin' syne. But let a' byganes be byganes, noo that I've gotten my Wully again, as the sang says. Somehoo, I aye thought ye wad get on to be something after a', for ye had aye a notion o' being up in the warld; and glad am I to find that I hinna been mista'en.'

All this was addressed to me with such an accompaniment of coaxing and ingratiating looks, winks, and smiles, as would have at any other time made me expire with laughing. Alas! I felt but little disposition to mirth at that moment. Like Frankenstein, when visited at home by his monster, I could think of no better course than to leave my tormentor in possession of the field. It happened, too, that I was engaged that morning to breakfast with Major Ellis, commanding-officer at our depôt, and to accompany him afterwards upon a shooting excursion. There was, therefore, little time to argue out the matter with my new Glasgow friend, or to take measures of any other kind to assure her of her error, or to get quit of her. This led me to a wrong step, which I afterwards had reason to repent of, though I did it for the best. With the hope of keeping her absurd story quiet, I asked her to remain in my lodgings till my return, under the care of Duval, who undertook to get breakfast ready immediately for her and her little boy. Then hastily accoutering myself for the field, I proceeded to Ellis's lodgings.

In the course of our forenoon's walk, Ellis shot beautifully, and quickly filled his bag; but I, though reputed his equal, missed every bird I aimed at. This excited his surprise, and in connection with sundry other marks of confusion in my conduct, induced him to ask if anything was the matter with me. I had previously determined to keep my own secret, but it now occurred to me that it might be as well to make a confidant of the major, as it was not impossible that he might yet have something more to do with the case. I therefore related to him the whole circumstances, only entreating that he would not communicate them to Mrs Ellis, or to any other person, unless as a corrective to any less faithful version of the story which might become public. He agreed to this, and we returned late in the morning to dress for mess. Inquiring for my unlucky visitor, I was informed by Duval that Madam Martyn—I think the rogue's eye twinkled as he pronounced the name—had left my rooms soon after breakfast, and had not since returned.

It was almost with satisfaction that I found the immediate presence of the incubus taken off; but I could not suppress a dread that worse was yet to befall me. No sooner had I entered the ante-chamber which served our mess as a drawing-room, than I became mortifyingly aware that the whole affair was blown abroad. My appearance was the signal for a universal peal of laughter, in which Major Ellis himself could not help joining. Inquiries after Mrs Martyn's health, comments on her youth, beauty, and elegant style of speech, met me on every side. I was overwhelmed and stunned, insomuch that I scarcely knew which of my foes to face or reply to, or whether it would be most advisable to treat the matter seriously, or to take it as a joke. As the dinner proceeded, I heard nothing but lamentations that they were likely so soon to lose me as a regular member of the mess; but all agreed, with mock solemnity, that husbands *ought* to dine with their wives, if wives they had, and that many officers were improved by domestic life, though it was not the case with all. I soon ascertained that the fearful woman, on leaving my lodgings, had found her way to the quarters of the commanding-officer, where, Ellis himself being from home, she had obtained an interview with Mrs Ellis, and made her acquainted with the story, following it up with the most strenuous averments that *I* was her missing husband, with no change but what dress and improved manners might easily account for. Mrs Ellis, a sharp, lively Irishwoman, fond of a joke, and rather held in terror on that account in the regiment, took up the case in a moment, and with a serious air assured the stranger that there was no fear but Ellis would see her righted, supposing that she could make good her claim. Though of course feeling no doubt of my innocence, she could not suppress so glorious a quiz against the fine young ensign, but immediately commenced a round of morning-calls, to laugh it all over with the other ladies of the depôt. In short, long before our return from the shooting excursion, 'this strange story of young Martyn and

a lady from Glasgow' had been repeated to everybody connected with the regiment.

I returned home that night with a burning heart, furious at my brother-officers, at Mrs Ellis, and, above all, at my odious Scotch visitor. At an early hour next forenoon, I had a note from the major, begging me to step across the way; and when I obeyed the summons, the first object which met my eye in his parlour was the frightful Isabella. Mrs Ellis received me with an affectedly rigid and serious air, as if she felt that things were looking very bad for me; and even Ellis was scarcely so cordial as usual. I saw that I was to be put upon trial, but thought it best to submit to the inquest with a good grace.

'Well, Martyn, this is really a strange circumstance. Here comes a lady'—a slight elevation of the eyebrows at the word lady—'from Glasgow, to join you as your lawful wife. She insists that you are her husband, and I must say it is odd that you should have written a letter acknowledging her as your lady, and requesting her to come to you. I know you say that you thought her epistle a hoax of your brother-officers; but how am I to be sure of this?'

I could not believe him half in earnest; but his address was annoying in any shape in which I could take it, and I hardly knew how to treat the matter, so ridiculous at once and so serious had it become.

'I assure you, my dear major,' I said, 'that I have given you a candid account of the affair of the letter. I wish my hand had been burnt when I wrote it; but certainly it was only with a view to turn back a bad joke upon its authors. If it has been the means of bringing this lady so far from home, I am sorry for it, and I shall be happy to make a proper reparation for the consequences of my unlucky *jeu d'esprit*.'

'Aih, ye're just my ain Wully, now,' interrupted the fair claimant, or plaintiff, as I may rather call her in the present circumstances. 'Come, come, my dear, acknowledge me for your leddy at ance, and make nae mair

wark about it. Aih, Wully, Wully, did I ever think to be disowned by ye, when lang syne ye used to court me on the Sunday nights, walking along the Gallowgate, or when we were livin' sae cozily in our bit back-shop in the Stockwell after we were married? It has been a sair weediehood to me sin' syne, this four lang year; but ye'll mak' it a' up to me yet. And the bairns, puir things, we'll hae them a' brought here, and they'll be sae glad to see their papa again. The best o' our days are afore us, Wully, my dear, if ye'll only listen to reason, and own me for your lawfu' wedded wife, as I am.'

'Come now, Martyn,' said Mrs Ellis, with the face which I knew she always had when bent on tormenting any poor wretch with her wit; 'if this lady is really Mrs Martyn, why not say so at once? We'll all be glad to see her in the regiment; and consider what a lot of young recruits she brings with her! I must say her story tells wonderfully well; and I would say it is most likely you really are her husband, as I never yet knew any wife who might not have sung, as Mrs Gordon sometimes does—

> Weel would I my true love ken,
> Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

Certainly she should know best. And really, it would be a great hardship to have come all the way from Glasgow, in search of a missing husband, and not get him after all. I fairly let you know I'm of Mrs Martyn's party.'

'My dear Mrs Ellis,' said I imploringly, 'this is really no jesting matter, for the poor woman has surely been sufficiently deceived already. Upon my soul, I'm sorry for her, and I'll give her enough to pay for the expenses of this expedition, and a little more, if she'll only agree to go back and trouble me no more. My family is not known to any one here; but I have only to write to Cheltenham to get evidence of my having been a boy at Sandhurst at the time when this lady alleges I was keeping shop with her in some confounded street in Glasgow.'

'Well,' said the major, 'let us hear what Mrs Martyn says to this.'

'Oh, oh, what a hardened heart he has!' blubbered forth the lady in question. 'To offer me siller to gang awa and no trouble him, when I'm his married wife, as sure, mem, as ye're your ain gudeman's! That's what I ca' adding insult to injury, mem; and nae honest woman can stand it. Isn't his name the same? And did we no hear, first, that he had got or was gettin' into the service, and then see him put into the papers as a full ensign in the ——th; and then, was na there my letter answered by him as my dutifu' lovin' husband, and a' the rest o't? And is he no the vera man, there where he stands—joost the exack hicht, the eedentical face and figure—a' the same, in fack, but the bits o' fine claes he's got on noo, as richt he should? My friends never misdooted that he was my man when they saw the letter, and that was the reason they made up a lock siller to fit me decently oot as an offisher's leddy; but hae na I the yevidence o' my senses into the bargain? O Wully, ye're surely my ain man, and the bairns's father, and I can nae langer keep frae fawing i' your airms, little as ye may think o' me, for weel I wat nature's strong and maun hae her way.'

And, ere I was aware, the fair tigress had actually precipitated herself upon me, and taking me firmly round the neck, while her slobbered face and dirty crumpled-up handkerchief reposed upon my bosom. It was the most embarrassing situation imaginable, for I was obliged to give her some support, to save the poor creature from falling; and, on the other hand, there stood Mrs Ellis declaring that it was the most affecting *reconnaissance* and reunion she had ever beheld. Was ever gay young ensign in such a dilemma before? But I was now beginning to be a little savage at my situation, and strong and decisive measures were evidently becoming necessary.

'Woman!' I said, 'take yourself away from me, and give up this shocking humbug, or I'll have you taken before a magistrate, whatever Major Ellis may say or do.

I'm not to be hoaxed any longer in this way, I assure you. So be off, I tell you again! Do you hear me?'

But the poor creature had before this time fainted in my arms—a clear proof, at least, that she fully believed me to be her husband, though how she could mistake a mere stripling for a man who, from her own account, must have been at least thirty, was what I could not account for on any theory consistent with her possession of common reason. There, however, was she, in a genuine swoon, brought on evidently by the intensity of her feelings. Things had now reached a most distressing crisis to all of us, and even Mrs Ellis seemed affected. Between concern for my own honour, the sense of the ridiculousness of my situation, and pity for the unfortunate woman, I knew not what to do or say—when, just as my fair burden was coming to her senses, enters Curran, my groom, with a look which from the first I thought a herald of relief, and, addressing himself to Major Ellis, said: 'Plaze you, sir, I think we've found the raal husband. We've been on the puzzle all morning, ye see, about this mighty odd business, and now we've sure got light on't.'

'Well, my good fellow, tell us what you know.'

'Why, then, major—this lady's right enough about her husband having joined the ——th; but sorra a right she is about the man; that's all. It's not Ensign Martyn at all, at all, d'ye see, but William Martin, a poor private, like myself, in Captain Gordon's company.'

'Can it be possible?' was the simultaneous exclamation of the whole party, excepting Mrs Martin, who seemed to listen in a kind of incredulous bewilderment.

'By the powers, it's as true as my name's Phil Curran. We thought the fellow looked rather quare this morning, and his wishing to be excused from parade confirmed us, your honour. So, Bill, says we, what if you are the lady's husband the sell o' thee? And he looked quite red, then, your honour. So we all fell upon him for desairting so swate a creature and her four small childher into the bargain, and it all ended in his not being able to say he

was not the woman's husband—sorra take him for a skulker as he is!'

'Bring up the fellow here instantly,' cried the major, 'and we'll have the affair settled one way or another at once.'

While this order was in the course of being executed, I learned that private Martin was a superior sort of man, though of reserved manners, who was supposed to have seen better days, and to have enlisted under the pressure of want. He had conducted himself since he joined the regiment with so much propriety, that all his comrades thought him in the fair way of that promotion for which an education somewhat better than theirs seemed to qualify him. No one had anything to say against him, except that he kept himself much apart from his comrades, though this they excused, in consideration of his having once been better than they. All this was stated in presence and hearing of Mrs Martin, who said: 'Weel, it'll be a sair dooncome if my man's only a preevat; but yet it's better to hae a man o' some kind, than be a widow bewitched, that's neither fish, flesh, nor gude red herrin'. Jenny Haivers hersel wad allow that.'

Martin soon appeared, and, when confronted with the fair lady of the Stockwell, looked as sheepish as I ever saw any man look in my life. It was rather odd that he did bear a considerable resemblance to me, though, I flatter myself, at a deuced long interval in some respects.

'Now, madam,' said Ellis, 'will you please say if either of these men is your husband, and which of them?'

'Aih, losh, major! I'm sure that ane o' them maun be the man; but it's ill to say whilk ane it is. The ensign's sic a bonny lad, and sae like what my Wully was when I married him, that I could maistly swear he's the thing yet. But, again, when I take a look o' the tother ane, faith I believe I've been mista'en, and this is my ain Wully after a'!'

'To cut this matter short,' said Martin, 'I confess myself to be this woman's husband. I can only say, in excuse of my conduct, that it was misfortune in business

which first made me leave her. I had some hopes of finding a new opening in Ireland, where I had some friends, and came here to see after it, but was disappointed. Instead of being able to send for my wife and children, I was in the greatest poverty myself, being only employed sometimes as a clerk by butchers. From shame I ceased to write to her; and besides, I heard that her brother, who is in tolerable circumstances, had taken charge of her. At last I was obliged to enlist as a common soldier. Yet I still intended, if I ever got any promotion, to ask her to join me. This is the plain truth, and the whole truth, I assure you, gentlemen. I am really sorry that Mr Martyn has been put to so much trouble. It is partly owing to my wife being not just so sharp in the judgment as some other people, as you all must have seen. If he considers this, and my own misfortunes, I hope he will excuse us both.'

'Aweel, weel, Wully,' said his wife, shaking him by the hand (how cool, compared with the accolade she bestowed upon me!), 'we'll just mak it a' up, and I'll sell my braws, and tak up my quarters i' the barracks, and aiblins ye'll be as gude an ensign yet as Mr Martyn there, and sae I may be an offisher's leddy after a'.'

Matters were now accommodated to the satisfaction of all parties, and it only remains for me to say, that we soon got Mrs Martin and her blooming progeny comfortably settled. Martin has since got a couple of cheques across his arm, and his wife washes linen beyond all competition. Lacy and Power were confoundedly quizzical upon me for a month or two; but it's now all pretty well blown over, and a true Mrs Martyn is yet in the bosom of destiny.

interest he could with his Majesty to procure a pardon; but all that could be obtained from the king was an order that the unhappy lady should be executed by decapitation, and that at such an early hour in the morning as to make the affair as little of a spectacle as possible. The space intervening between her sentence and her execution was only thirty-seven hours; yet in that little time, Lady Waristoun contrived to become converted from a blood-stained and unrelenting murderess into a perfect saint on earth. One of the then ministers of Edinburgh, has left an account of her conversion, which was lately published, and would be extremely amusing, were it not for the loathing which seizes the mind on beholding such an instance of perverted religion. She went to the scaffold with a demeanour which would have graced a martyr. Her lips were incessant in the utterance of pious exclamations. She professed herself confident of everlasting happiness. She even grudged every moment which she spent in this world, as so much taken from that sum of eternal felicity which she was to enjoy in the next. The people who came to witness the last scene, instead of having their minds inspired with a salutary horror for her crime, were engrossed in admiration of her saintly behaviour, and greedily gathered up every devout word which fell from her tongue. It would almost appear, from the narrative of the clergyman, that her fate was rather a matter of envy than of any other feeling.

The execution of this wretched woman took place at four o'clock in the morning, on the 5th of July 1600, at the Watergate, an open spot at the foot of the Canongate of Edinburgh, near Holyrood House. According to her sentence, she was beheaded with an axe. At the same hour, her nurse was burnt on the Castle Hill—an open esplanade which had been a common place for executing this kind of capital punishment. It is some gratification to know that the actual murderer, Weir, was eventually seized and executed, though not till four years after.

ENGLISH CHARITIES AND CURIOUS BEQUESTS.*

GREAT BRITAIN is celebrated amongst the nations of Europe for two happy characteristics — extensive and useful charities, and the security afforded to property. Political revolution, which has from time to time convulsed and changed the condition of society in neighbouring countries, has only in one instance been seriously felt in England. And even during the Protectorate, the rights of private property were respected quite as fully as the nature of the times would permit. For this reason, many of the charitable bequests which were made hundreds of years ago, still continue to be preserved, and distributed with integrity. The oldest institutions of a charitable character, therefore, in Europe, exist in Great Britain; some of them having accumulated from small beginnings to a degree of affluence, which has enlarged their sphere of benevolence far beyond the most sanguine wishes of the long-departed donors.

But it is not extraordinary that, out of the vast amount of good which has thus been accomplished, some evils should have sprung. Benevolence, prompted by the best intentions, is occasionally misplaced. In some instances, the objects selected for its exercise are not worthy of, or not even benefited by, the giver's liberality. It is, again, in the very nature of many charities to hold out assistance to persons who would otherwise obtain it by exerting themselves, and thus to withdraw those motives of self-action and self-reliance which should never be damped even by benevolence. An instance of this kind occurs at Stanton-upon-Wye, Herefordshire. 'George Jarvis, Esq., gave, by will, in 1790, L.30,000 to be invested in

* *A Collection of Old English Customs and Curious Bequests and Charities, extracted from the Reports made by the Commissioners for Inquiring into Charities in England and Wales.* By H. Edwards. London: Nichols and Son.

government securities, in trust, to apply the yearly produce thereof in money, provision, physic, or clothes, to the poor of this parish, of Bredwardine and Litten. The funds applicable to the objects of the donor's will in these parishes, in 1822, had increased from L.30,000 to L.92,496, 17s. 9d. On this case the commissioners observed, "that the population of the three parishes was only 1180, and the income arising from the charity nearly L.3000 per annum: it must be obvious that, even under the most judicious system of management, such a charity would be likely to be productive of considerable evils, and accordingly it appeared, at the time of the inquiry, that it had encouraged a spirit of discontent, and a disposition to idleness and improvidence, and had attracted to the parishes numerous persons from other districts, with a view of entitling themselves to a participation in the charity."' Neither is it wonderful, that in a long series of years, many charities should become mismanaged and misapplied; but, upon the whole, it may with safety be affirmed, that these are exceptions, as appears from the Report made by the Commissioners for Inquiring into English Charities. Institutions for the sick and for the young, are happily most abundant and the best supported, because they are the most needed. Hospitals and schools abound in every corner of the country; many of them of ancient date; though the great increase of such establishments has taken place in the present century.

The compilation before us, giving, as it does, accounts of singular bequests, is more curious than important. As a selection from the oddities of posthumous benevolence, it may be placed beside a book of droll epitaphs. Legacies for all sorts of objects and purposes are here recorded. Some individuals, possessing a love of good cheer, have left behind them prandial insurance funds for Christmas-day. 'At St Mary Major, Exeter, it appears, from a statement of charities in an old book, that John Martyn, by will, 28th November 1729, gave to the churchwardens and overseers of the poor of this parish twenty pounds, to be put out at interest, and the profits thereof

to be laid out every Christmas-eve in twenty pieces of beef, to be distributed to twenty poor people of the parish, such as had no relief, on that day for ever.' The chamberlain of the corporation of Stafford pays, to certain old inhabitants of Forebridge, Staffordshire, six shillings every Christmas, to be laid out 'in plums, which are divided into equal quantities, and made up into parcels, one for each of the houses, fifteen or sixteen in number, entitled by the established usage to receive a portion, without reference to the circumstances of the inhabitants. It appears that several years ago the payment was discontinued, but on application from the late Mr Clarke of Forebridge, it was resumed by an order of the corporation; and from that time the money has been paid to Mr Clarke during his life, and since to his son, to whom the occupiers of the privileged houses apply on Christmas-day, and receive their plums.' At Piddle-Hinton, in Devonshire, mince-pies, ale, and bread, are distributed every Christmas to upwards of three hundred persons.

Some charities have sprung from quarters whence they are seldom expected. Several instances are noticed of beggars being the founders, either by design or accident, of usefully benevolent funds. There is a kind of poetical justice in those who during life existed upon charity, having their effects distributed in charity after their death. The parish of Upper Holker, Lancashire, 'possesses five acres of land, which were bought by the inhabitants with the sum of 185½ guineas, which were found in the pocket of a travelling beggar who died in 1799, in a lodging-house in Upper Holker.' And at Slindon, in Sussex, the 'sum of L.15 was placed in the Arundel Savings' Bank in the year 1824, the interest of which is distributed on St Thomas's Day. It is said that this money was found many years since on the person of a beggar, who died by the road-side, and the interest of it has always been appropriated by the parish officers for the use of the poor.'

Bequests for church bell-ringing are numerous in every

part of England. Some of them are left by enthusiastic amateurs out of a pure love of the Bob-Major art; others to commemorate victories and occasions of national rejoicing. A variety of modes for commemorating events are provided by testators, prompted either by patriotism or private affection. At St Nicholas, Bristol, and Stroud, Gloucestershire, provision is made for the preaching of sermons on each anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar. The following is one of the most interesting private memorials in the collection:—'Mrs Elizabeth Cook, of Clapham, Surrey, widow of Captain Cook, by her will, dated 8th April 1833, gave to the minister, churchwardens, and overseers of St Andrew the Great, and their successors, L.1000 three per-cent. consols, upon trust, to apply the dividends and interest in and towards the keeping clean and in repair the monument and inscription put up by her in the church to the memory of her husband, Captain Cook, and family; as also, a stone in the middle of the said church, with her name and the names of her sons inscribed, and to be inscribed thereon; and after payment of the charges incident thereto, and of L.2 annually to the minister for the trouble he might have in the trust, the residue of the interest and dividends to be distributed yearly, on 21st December, equally between five poor aged women of good character, resident within and belonging to the parish, and not receiving parochial relief, to be named by the minister, churchwardens, and overseers for the time being, or a majority. After payment of the legacy-duty, the residue was invested in the three per-cent. consols, in the names of trustees, and produces L.27 a year.

There are many bequests for keeping up the ancient custom of ringing a curfew-bell. This is done every night at Chertsey, in Surrey; at Cropredy, Oxfordshire; at St Margaret's, Kent; at Presteign, Radnorshire; and in several other parish churches. Besides these, a great number of wills are quoted, in which money is left to awaken sleepers in, and to whip dogs out of, church; to encourage marriages, by giving portions to deserving

couples; to discourage it, by donations to old maids and bachelors; to strew places of worship with new rushes and straw every Sunday. Some of the last date as far back as the reign of King Stephen; but the funds are—now that flooring consists of more durable materials—otherwise applied.

A singular instance of prospective liberality occurs in the will of Mr William Vick, a merchant of Bristol; who, being 'of opinion that the erecting a stone-bridge over the river Avon, from Clifton Down, in Gloucestershire, to the opposite side of Leigh Down, in the county of Somerset, for carriages, as well as horse and foot passengers, toll free, would be of great public utility; and he had heard and believed that the building of such bridge was practicable, and might be completed for less than L.10,000; for the advancing and effecting of so useful a work, and for the encouragement of contributions thereto, he directed that the said sum of L.1000 should be placed out at interest, until the same should accumulate or increase to the said sum of L.10,000, which, when effected, the society was to expend so much thereof as should be necessary in erecting such stone-bridge, and in defraying the needful expenses. The total amount of accumulated principal and interest on the 14th October 1821, was reported to be L.4139, 9s. 8d.; and it was estimated that, supposing the interest on this sum to continue to be accumulated in a compound interest ratio, it would amount to L.10,076, 0s. 10d. on the 14th October 1851. The commissioners were subsequently informed, that, in consequence of suggestions which had emanated from them, a higher rate of interest had been computed on by the society, which was carried back in the calculations to 1782, and that thereby the accumulated principal and interest (which appeared to be in the company's hands), on 2d October 1821, was L.6074, 17s. 5d.' So much having been accumulated, an iron bridge has been erected at the place named in the will.

There are some remarkable charities connected with cows. In the parish of Bebington, Cheshire, a small benc-

faction was made, in 1620, by William Hulme of Poulton, to enable the minister and churchwardens to lend a cow, at eight groats a year, to each of three poor and godly parishioners. Others have since added to the bequest, and, in 1835, as many as eight cows were on the roll. Each individual contributes five shillings a year for the use of his cow; and these contributions, with occasional additions from small fines imposed by the magistrates, enhance the value of the charity. On the 25th of April, in every year, these parish cows are publicly inspected. At Woodchurch, and at West Kirby, in the same county, there are similar charities, one having thirty-nine, and the other twenty-four cows. At Marston, Oxfordshire, there is a piece of bushy land, extending to about twenty-six acres, on which twelve of the poor have a right of common for a cow. The privilege, which is considered worth from 25s. to L.2 a year, is conferred by votes of the landowners and the vestry. At Minehead, Somersetshire, there is a farm of twenty acres of land, with the necessary buildings, and a certain amount of stock, the whole producing a revenue of about L.1100, which is distributed annually to the poor in coats, cloaks, blankets, and money. This charity arose out of the operation of an act of parliament in the eighteenth year of Charles II., against importing cattle from Ireland, and giving half the proceeds of any seizure of illegally imported animals to the poor. A seizure having been made at Minehead in 1669, the profits of the moiety purchased the property which now supports the charity. At Waddesdon, in Buckinghamshire, the Duke of Marlborough bequeathed the milk of a cow to the poor of the parish, fixing the charge of the animal and its keep on the tenant of his farm of Lodge Hill. The cow is called the 'Alms Cow;' and in 1833 its milk was distributed to twenty-two individuals daily, one person receiving it in the morning, and another in the evening. At Alresford, in Essex, 'Edmund Porter, by will, dated 27th May 1558, directed that John Porter should have a house called Knapps, with the appurtenances, church-fences, and caprons, which comprised thirty-

one acres of land, to him and his heirs, upon condition that they should give, for ever, the morning milk of two able milk beasts to the poor people of this parish every Sunday yearly, from Whitsunday to Michaelmas; 3s. 4d. on Good-Friday; and a like sum on Christmas-day. This milk-tribute has subsequently been commuted for a money-payment, which is distributed in bread amongst the poor.'

We often hear of wealthy individuals endowing hospitals for the benefit of claimants of their own name. The following conceit of a Derbyshire legatee is only a degree more absurd:—'Henry *Greene*, by will, dated 22d December 1769, gave to his sister Catherine *Greene*, during her life, all his lands in Melbourne and Newton, and after her decease to others, in trust, upon condition, that the said Catherine *Greene* should give four *green* waistcoats to four poor women every year, such four *green* waistcoats to be lined with *green* galloon lace, and to be delivered to the said poor women on or before the 21st December yearly, that they might be worn on Christmas-day.' Melbourne, in Derbyshire, has had more eccentrics than Mr Greene. A Mr Gray rivals him in oddity. 'Thomas *Gray*, by his will, bearing date the 25th April 1691, directed his executrix, Mary *Gray*, and others, to lay out L.200 in the purchase of lands; and out of the profits of such land to lay out six nobles yearly to buy six waistcoats of *gray* cloth, edged with blue galloon lace; and 40s. to buy three coats of *gray* cloth, to be faced with baize; and that four of the said waistcoats should be given yearly to four poor widows, or other poor women living in Castle Donnington, who were to be of good behaviour and endeavour to live honestly: and the other two waistcoats to two poor widows or women of like behaviour of the parish of Melbourne: and two of the coats to be given yearly to two poor men of Castle Donnington, and the other to a poor man of Melbourne.'

There are a few charities in support of bull-baiting, but now properly devoted to better objects. At Prince's Risborough, Buckinghamshire, a charity of unknown anti-

quity, called the Custom of the Bull and Boar, is still in operation, but also in a modified form. 'Up to about 1813, a bull and a boar, a sack of wheat, and a sack of malt, were given away to the poor by the lord of the manor of Prince's Risborough about six o'clock every Christmas morning. This practice was then discontinued, and for about five or six years after the discontinuance, beef and mutton were distributed to the poor about Christmas, in lieu of the above articles.' The change was judicious, for, of old, when the doors were opened, 'they rushed to the feast prepared for them with so little decorum and forbearance, that often, in their zeal for priority, they inflicted wounds on one another with their knives. The whole of the remaining portion of Christmas-day is also stated to have been spent by many of them in public-houses.'

The work under notice professing to afford nothing beyond examples of curious charitable bequests, is of course silent upon the gross amount of capital yearly expended in England for benevolent purposes. From other sources we are enabled to add, that in 1839 the compulsory poor-rate amounted to L.4,406,907. In 1835, the gross revenues of endowed schools and other educational institutions supported by voluntary bequests and contributions was, as nearly as could be ascertained, L.748,178. The hospital charities of the country are supported by a gross sum, certainly not less than a million annually; whilst such bequests as form the subject of the volume before us may, at a moderate conjecture, be set down at L.100,000 per annum. Leaving out, therefore, all calculations of casual charity, of funds collected by societies for the relief of specific objects of commiseration and want, missionary and other religious communities, &c.; exclusive of these, the sum collected and distributed in England every year may be with confidence said to exceed *six millions sterling*, or twice the amount of the total revenue of the kingdom of Belgium!*

* In 1839, the total revenue of Belgium was 94,967,326 francs.—*Budget général* for that year.

A CANADIAN SCENE.

On a raw Sabbath morning, after a night of heavy rain, in the month of August, we were assembled round the breakfast-table in our log-cabin, when the sound of a horse's hoofs, followed by a smart rap on the door, announced a visitor. It was Mr Reid, who informed us that his child, which had been missing on the plains the night before, was not yet found, and begging of us, as we were near the ground, to turn out and assist in the search.

What are called plains in Canada are ranges of high ground, which stretch through the country, usually parallel to some lake or river, and extend in breadth from two or three to twenty or thirty miles. The soil is sandy, and, except near a stream, thinly wooded; while the ground is covered with swarth, intermixed with the most brilliant wild-flowers, and occasional beds of blaeberries and wild strawberries; thickets of brush, frequently interspersed, rendering it difficult for a stranger to keep his course.

It is usual to make picnics to these fruit-gardens, and several of our number had been there the day before. On their return, they mentioned Mr Reid searching for his child, but we had no apprehensions for its safety. Some immediately started for the appointed rendezvous, while those who were left behind to look after the cattle were not slow in following. Scarcely had we reached the foot of the ridge, which was about a quarter of a mile from our house, when a severe thunder-storm commenced, accompanied by heavy rain; and as we entered the forest, the roar of the storm, with the crash of fallen trees, had a most awful effect. We thought of the terrors which must be felt by the poor lost one, and fervently wished it might be in some place of safety. Holding on our way, the smoke of a large fire soon brought us to head-quarters, where we found a number of people assembled, going about without any sort

carried on with less energy as the prospect of success diminished: the day was spent in traversing the woods in long ranks, but many seemed careless; and though the finding of a saucer which the child had carried seemed to revive hope, we parted at night fully persuaded that we should never find her alive.

Mr Reid had now been out with us every day, and looked fatigued both in body and mind. This morning, on meeting in an altogether new quarter, he told us he had now no hope of finding his child alive, but it would be some satisfaction to ascertain her fate; and if we would use our utmost endeavour this day, he dare hardly ask to trespass further on our time.

We now started with a determined energy, and beat round for some hours. At length we mustered the whole party to go back four or five miles to a burn, beyond which we imagined she would not wander; every thicket was examined, and many places seen which had been missed before. It was beautiful to see the deer bound harmless along our track, as the old hunters raised their sticks, wishing they had been rifles; yet we reached the hill overhanging the burn without success. Here we at once stretched ourselves on the sunny bank, and soon stripped the blaeberries of their black fruit. The younger part of us raked about the banks of the burn, while the elders lay down to rest, satisfied that our fruitless labour was now done. When the sun began to decline, we all started homewards, like the company breaking up from some country race-course. Many used praiseworthy endeavours to bring us to order, but in vain. Sometimes we formed line; again it was broken by a startled deer or a covy of pheasants; after which numbers bounded, shouting and yelling with unseasonable merriment. Some trudged along, deep in conversation; while others, in short sleeves, overcome by heat, seated themselves on a log, or, leaning on their companions, jogged lazily along. At length we descended into a hollow thicket, in whose cool shade we again recovered a sort of line. Scarcely had we begun to ascend the opposite hill, when a faint

cheer was heard; immediately the woods re-echoed the response of our whole line, and we rushed onward, heedless of every impediment, until we reached a large clearing, amidst which stood an empty frame of a house, and approaching it, there was Mr Reid, with his child in his arms. I will not attempt to describe his joy: we all crowded round to get one glimpse, and then returned to our homes, elated with our success. After being in the woods from Saturday morning until Thursday evening, the child was found by a party of two or three who had straggled from the rest. They saw her standing on a log, and her first question to one of them who advanced was: 'Do you know where Mr Reid lives?' What had been the sufferings of the little creature for three days and two nights in the open forest, may be left to the imagination of the reader.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

BY SIR HENRY WOTTON [BORN 1568, DIED 1640.]

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath:

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend:

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

THE SOUTH-SEA MARAUDERS.

It used to be a common phrase among the most roving and wild class of sailors, 'that there was no peace south of the Line.' This was certainly the case during the chief part of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the tropical regions of the West were so dreadfully infested by bucaneers or pirates. These desperadoes belonged to mostly all European nations, but were chiefly English, Dutch, and French, and the whole burden of their cruelty and rapacity fell upon the Spaniards. Against the 'Dons,' as they called them, they waged a continual war, and, as it appeared, on the specious pretence of revenging the cruelties which the Spanish nation had committed upon the Indians. So much did the Spaniards suffer in this way, that they at length adopted the inglorious expedient of desisting from carrying on an intercourse with their South-American colonies. This, however, served but to excite instead of allaying the plundering propensities of the bucaneers, who now landed from their ships and attacked the colonists in their cities. Curiously enough, these

depredations met with little attention in England, or in any country to which the pirates belonged. At this period, the English and other courts of Europe generally winked at the evil deeds of the bucaneers, except when pressed to convict and punish them for their murders and robberies on the high seas. So far as the English were concerned in these enterprises, there can be little reason to doubt that the antipathy which both the nation and the government had to the Spaniards—an antipathy originating, in a great measure, in the attempt of the Spanish Armada on the country, in Queen Elizabeth's time, and which lasted even up till the middle of last century—was one of the prevailing causes of the piratical aggressions, and the impunity with which they were committed.

One of the most audacious piratical leaders about the middle of the seventeenth century, was Henry Morgan, a Welshman, who contrived to gain the favour and patronage of Charles II. Morgan levied war on his own account, and that of his companions, on a great scale. In 1670, he undertook a grand expedition against the Spanish South-American colonies, with thirty-seven sail of vessels and 2000 men, the vessels being well provisioned, and the crews armed to the teeth. After holding a council of war at Cape Tiberoon, it was determined to proceed to attack and plunder the rich town of Panama. But this city was situated on the Pacific side of the South-American continent, and the vessels of the pirates were in the Atlantic. It was hence proposed to leave the ships on the coast, and march overland to the place of meditated destruction. The daring project, which would have daunted less resolute men, was instantly put in execution. Morgan landed at Fort San Lorenzo, on the West India side of the Isthmus of Darien. Having captured this stronghold, in which he left a garrison of 500 of his men, and having committed the charge of the ships to 150 more, the advance towards the shores of the Pacific was commenced. At first, the party ascended the river Chagre in canoes, which took them a certain length. After surmounting incredible difficulties, both on the river and on land, and enduring

dreadful fatigue in carrying along their artillery over huge mountains, as well as suffering from famine, they at length, on the ninth day, saw the expanse of the Pacific or South Sea spread out before them. As evening approached, they came in sight of the church towers of Panama, when they halted, and waited impatiently for the morrow. At this period, Panama consisted of 7000 houses, and was a place of considerable magnificence and wealth.

When the bucaneers resumed their march at an early hour next morning, the Spaniards at once guessed their desperate intentions, and determined on giving them battle. They marched out from the city to meet them, preceded by herds of wild bulls, which they drove upon the adventurers to disorder their ranks. But the bucaneers, as hunters of these wild animals, were too well acquainted with their habits to be discomposed by them; and this attack of the van does not seem to have had much effect. The Spaniards, however, must have made an obstinate resistance, for it was night before they gave way, and the bucaneers became masters of the city. During the long battle, and indeed all that day and night, the bucaneers gave no quarter: 600 Spaniards fell. The loss of the bucaneers is not specified, but it appears to have been very considerable.

When master of the city, Morgan was afraid that his men might get drunk, and be surprised and cut off by the Spaniards: to prevent this, he caused it to be reported that all the wine in the city had been expressly poisoned by the inhabitants. The dread of poison kept the fellows sober. But Morgan had scarcely taken up his quarters in Panama, when several parts of the city burst out into flames, which, fed by the cedar-wood and other combustible materials of which the houses were chiefly built, spread so rapidly, that in a short time a great part of the city was burnt to the ground. It has been disputed whether this was done by design or accident—by the bucaneers or the despairing Spaniards; but it appears that Morgan, who always charged it upon the Spaniards, gave all the assistance he could to such of the inhabi-

tants as endeavoured to stop the progress of the fire, which, however, was not quite extinguished for weeks. Among the buildings destroyed, was a factory-house belonging to the Genoese, who then carried on the trade of supplying the Spaniards with slaves from Africa.

The licentiousness, rapacity, and cruelty of the bucaneers, had no bounds. They spared in these, their cruelties, no sex or condition whatsoever. As to religious persons—monks, and nuns, and priests—they granted them less quarter than others, unless they procured a considerable sum of money for their ransom. Detachments scoured the country to plunder and to bring in prisoners. Many of the unfortunate inhabitants escaped, with their effects, by sea, and reached the islands that are thickly clustered in the Bay of Panama. But Morgan found a large boat lying aground in the port, which he launched, and manned with a numerous crew, and sent her to cruise among those islands. A galleon, on board which the nuns of a convent had taken refuge, and where much money, plate, and other effects of value, had been lodged, had a very narrow escape from these desperadoes. They took several vessels in the bay. One of them was large, and admirably adapted for cruising. This opened a new prospect that was brilliant and enticing: an unexplored ocean studded with islands was before them, and some of the bucaneers began to consult how they might leave their chief, Morgan, and try their fortunes on the South Sea, whence they proposed to sail, with the plunder they should obtain, by the East Indies to Europe. This diminution of force would have been fatal to Morgan, who, therefore, as soon as he got a hint of the design, cut away the masts of the ship, and burned every boat and vessel lying at Panama that could suit their purpose.

At length, on the 24th of February 1672, about four weeks after the taking of Panama, Morgan and his men departed from the still smouldering ruins of that unfortunate city, taking with them 175 mules loaded with spoil, and 600 prisoners, part of whom were detained to carry burdens across the isthmus, and others for the ransom

expected for their release. Among the latter were many women and children, who were made to suffer cruel fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and artfully made to apprehend being carried to Jamaica, and sold as slaves, that they might the more earnestly endeavour to procure money for their ransom. When these poor creatures threw themselves on their knees, and, weeping and tearing their hair, begged of Morgan to let them return to their families, his brutal answer was, that 'he came not there to listen to cries and lamentations, but to seek money.' This idol of his soul, indeed, he sought from his comrades as well as his captives, and in such a manner that it is astonishing they did not blow his brains out.

Having accomplished their fatiguing march back to San Lorenzo, the bucaneers divided their spoil, and soon after separated with their vessels, most likely to go upon new expeditions. As for the arch-villain Morgan, he subsequently came to England, and received the honour of knighthood from the hands of Charles II., who afterwards sent him to Jamaica to fill a judicial office. Here he behaved with his wonted cruelty, and in a few years was transmitted home a prisoner at the instance of the Spanish court; but no charge being preferred against him, he was liberated. Circumstances such as these give us a curious insight into the state of morals towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century.

The plundering of Panama by Morgan fired the imaginations of the bucaneers, who now planned similarly daring expeditions to the South Sea, the coasts of which and their cities seemed to them like a newly-discovered mine of wealth—a place where gold was to be had for the gathering. This became known to the Spaniards, and gave rise to numerous forebodings and prophecies, both in Spain and in Peru, of great invasions by land and sea.

After one or two ineffectual attempts of parties of pirates to cross the Isthmus of Darien, an expedition was planned, in 1680, by a set of English adventurers, who found means to procure the friendship and co-operation

of the Indians who inhabited the line of route. The bucaneers who engaged in this expedition were the crews of seven vessels, amounting altogether to 366 men, of whom thirty-seven were left to guard the ships during the absence of those who went on the expedition, which was not expected to be of long continuance. There were several men of some literary talent among the marauders, who have written accounts of the proceedings, which have the most romantic interest. These were Basil Ringrose, Barty Sharp, William Dampier—who, though a common seaman, was endowed with great observation and a talent for description—and Lionel Wafer, a surgeon providently engaged by the bucaneers.

It was on the 16th of April that the expedition passed over from Golden Island, and landed in Darien, each man provided with four cakes of bread, called 'dough-boys,' with a fusil, a pistol, and a hanger. They began their arduous march marshalled in divisions, each with its commander and distinguishing flag. Many Darien Indians came to supply them with provisions, and to keep them company as confederates: among these were two chiefs, who went by the names of Captain Andreas and Captain Antonio.

After enduring tremendous fatigues, the party at length reached Santa Maria, a town situated on a river which falls into the South Sea. This place they plundered, and put to death numbers of the inhabitants. As their booty was not great, they resolved on pushing onwards by the river to the ocean. On the 17th of April, the expedition embarked, and fell down the river to the Gulf of San Miguel, which they did not reach until the following morning, owing to a flood-tide. They were now fairly in the South Sea! The prophecy of the Spaniards was accomplished, and the bucaneers looked across that magnificent expanse of waters with sanguine hope. On the 19th of April they entered the vast Bay of Panama, and captured at one of the islands a Spanish vessel of thirty tons, on board of which 130 of the bucaneers immediately threw themselves, overjoyed to be relieved from the cramped and crowded state they had endured in the canoes

—though of a certainty, even now, so many men on board so small a vessel could leave small room for comfort.

It would be tiresome to recite minutely the adventures of these marauders. By means of their boats or canoes, they had the boldness to capture several vessels lying in the Bay of Panama, and in less than a week from their appearance on the coast, they possessed a tolerably well-equipped fleet. In the battles by which they had captured these ships, they lost a number of men; still this did not discourage them. They chose a new commander, one Richard Sawkins, in the room of their deceased leader, and prepared for a cruise. Panama was, luckily, now well fortified, and held out against their attacks. After staying ten days here to no purpose, they retired to the Island of Taboga, in the neighbourhood. Here they stopped nearly a fortnight, in the expectation of the arrival of a rich ship from Lima. The ship came not, but several other vessels fell into their hands, by which they obtained nearly 60,000 dollars in specie, 1200 sacks of flour, 2000 jars of wine, a quantity of brandy, sugar, sweetmeats, poultry, and other provisions, some gunpowder, shot, &c. Among their prisoners, was a number of unfortunate negro slaves, which tempted the Spanish merchants of Panama to go to the bucaneers, and to buy as many of the slaves as they were inclined to sell. Those merchants paid 200 pieces of eight for every negro, and they sold to the bucaneers all such stores and commodities as they stood in need of.

Ringrose, one of the bucaneers, relates, that during these communications the governor of Panama sent to demand of their leader 'Why, during a time of peace between England and Spain, Englishmen should come into those seas to commit injury?—and from whom they had their commission so to do?' Sawkins replied: 'That he and his companions came to assist their friend, the king of Darien (the said chief Andreas), who was the rightful lord of Panama, and all the country thereabouts. That as they had come so far, it was reasonable that they should receive some satisfaction for their trouble; and if the

governor would send to them 500 pieces of eight for each man, and 1000 for each commander, and would promise not any farther to annoy the Darien Indians, their allies, that then the bucaneers would desist from hostilities, and go quietly about their business.' The governor could scarcely be expected to comply with these moderate demands.

Tired of waiting for the rich ship from Lima, the bucaneers in a short time sailed on a cruise, determined to take whatever fell in their way. Generalising the account of their expeditions, it may be stated that they, from time to time, fell in with and captured both richly and poorly-laden vessels; but quarrels among them about the division of the spoil were incessant, and they lost to one another by gambling their hard-won plunder. Diminished in numbers by their encounters, to a crew of seventy men, under a new leader Barty Sharp, they at length bethought themselves of returning to the Atlantic. While in this mind, they had the 'good-fortune,' as they termed it, to pick up three valuable prizes. The first was a ship called the *San Pedro*, with a lading of cocoa-nuts, and 21,000 pieces of eight in chests, and 16,000 in bags, besides plate. The money in bags, with all the loose plunder, was immediately divided, each man receiving 234 pieces of eight. The money in chests was reserved for a future division. Their second prize was a packet from Panama, bound to Callao, by which they learned that in Panama it was believed that all the bucaneers had returned over land to the West Indies. The third was a ship called the *San Rosario*, which made a bold resistance, and did not submit until her captain was killed. She came from Callao with a cargo of wine, brandy, oil, and fruit, and had in her as much money as yielded ninety-four dollars to each bucaneer. Through their ignorance of metals, they missed a much greater booty: there were 700 pigs of plate which they mistook for tin, on account of its not being refined and fitted for coining. They only took one of the 700 pigs, and two-thirds of this they melted down into bullets, and otherwise squandered away. After having beaten along

the coast, coming at times to anchor, making a few discoveries, and giving names to islands and bays, but taking no prizes, they sailed early in November from the shores of Patagonia. Their navigation hence was more than could be imagined: it was like the journey of travellers by night in a strange country without a guide. The weather being very stormy, they were afraid to venture through the Strait of Magellan, but ran to the south to go round Terra del Fuego. Spite of tempests, clouds, and darkness, and immense icebergs, they doubled in safety the redoubtable Cape Horn, after a cruise of nearly twelve months' duration.

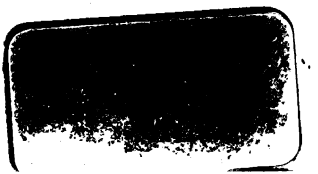
These ocean-robbers had the fortune to be left in quiet possession of their spoils. Two or three were tried and hanged; but on this, as on other occasions, the bulk of the party were never called to account, or if they were, they found means by bribes to escape a well-deserved punishment. Some had even the impudence to write and publish narratives of their piratical expeditions; and a sort of apology for their crimes has been hazarded in modern times, on account of their discoveries in the South Seas.

One of the last of the class of sea-robbers we have been noticing, was the noted Captain Kid, who figured principally as a rover in the East Indian seas. This worthy finished his career on the gallows at Execution Dock in London, in the year 1701.

The foregoing sketch is presented with the view of giving our readers an idea of the lawless state of society at a period as late as the close of the seventeenth century, and, therefore, of shewing by contrast the improvement which has since taken place in national manners. Fortunately for commerce, and the friendly intercourse betwixt nations, all systematic piracy on a great scale such as we have alluded to, has been long since extirpated by the concurring efforts of every civilised power.

MOCK SHAVING AT OXFORD.

At Oxford there formerly prevailed a very curious custom—namely, a mock ceremony of shaving on the night preceding magistration. At a visitation of Oriel College, in 1531, by Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, he ordered one of the fellows, a priest, to abstain, under pain of expulsion, from wearing a beard and pinked (yellow) shoes, like a laic, and not to take the liberty for the future of insulting and ridiculing the governor and fellows of the society. About the eleventh century, and long before, beards were looked upon by the clergy as a secular vanity, and accordingly were worn by the laity only. Yet in England this distinction seems to have been more rigidly observed than in France. Malmesbury says that King Harold sent spies into Duke William's camp, who reported that most of the French army were priests, because their faces were shaved. This regulation remained among the English clergy at least till the time of Henry VIII. Among the religious, the templars were permitted to wear long beards.—There was a species of masquerade celebrated by the ecclesiastics in France, called the Show of Beards, entirely consisting of the most formidable beards. Gregory of Tours says that the abbess of Poitou was accused of suffering one of these shows, called a Barbatoria, to be performed in her monastery.—Hearne endeavours to explain an injunction in the statutes of New College, against a mock ceremony of shaving on the night preceding the solemn act of magistration, by supposing that it was made in opposition to the Wickliffites, who disregarded the laws of Scripture, and in this particular instance violated the following text in Leviticus, xix. 27, where this custom is expressly forbidden: 'Neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard.' Nothing, says Warton, can be more unfortunate than this elucidation of

our antiquary. The direct contrary was the case; for the Wickliffites entirely grounded their ideas of reformation, both in morals and doctrine, on Scriptural proofs, and often committed absurdities in too precise and literal an acceptation of texts. It is styled 'Ludus,' a play, and is to be ranked among the other ecclesiastic mummeries of that age; for one of the pieces of humour in the celebration of the *fête des foux*, in which they had a bishop, an abbot, and a precentor, of the fools, was to shave the precentor in public, on a stage erected at the west door of the church.

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